McCALL'S

★

10¢

SEPTEMBER

In This Issue

THE PRINCE WHO DOES NOT WANT TO BE A KING

The Chinese-American Girl
Types of American Beauty Drawn by
NEYSA McMEIN

Armstrong's Linoleum

for Every Floor in the House

An attic bedroom floor of Armstrong's Printed Linoleum, Pattern No. 8247

Look for the CIRCLE "A" trademark on the burlap back

Ⓐ

Room *or* Attic? The Floor Decides

ONCE she had thought of an attic as merely a storeroom for junk, with a rough, splintery floor. It was only when Junior wanted a room of his own that her imagination started to work—and turned to the neglected attic! There was a fearful array of odds and ends in it, but her imagination was game.

She said to herself: "I'll give away some of this truck. I'll keep the bureau. I'll paint the old wooden table a nice green blue. That old bed I'll have refinished—but the floor, the floor!"

Then she thought of a floor of Armstrong's Linoleum and followed her thought through.

And when the man came and laid the new linoleum floor in the attic, it was hard to tell who was the more pleased with the *new room's* look—Junior or herself.

Here was an attic bedroom—an additional room secured at slight expense; for the linoleum floor was Armstrong's Printed Linoleum, selected to match its walls and window-curtains; a practical floor for a boy to romp on, easily swept, easily kept in condition.

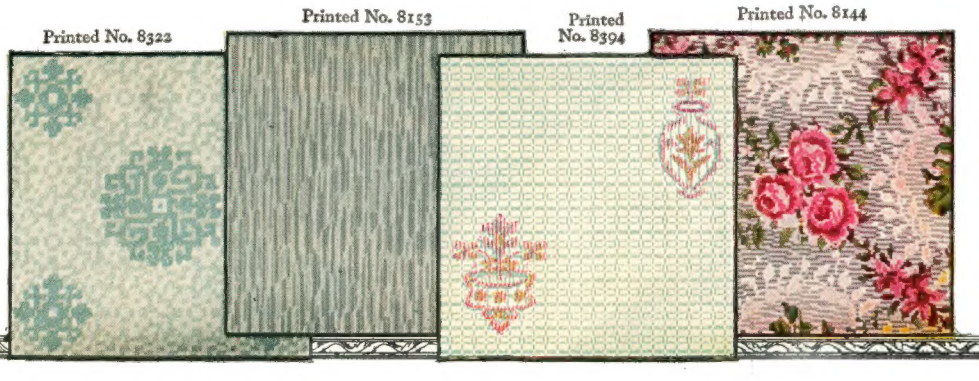
"What is linoleum?" asked Junior.

"Linoleum is made of powdered cork, oxidized linseed oil, and burlap," she replied. She had read "Floors, Furniture, and Color," a book issued by the Armstrong Cork Company.

Cork comes from a tree in Spain, and is springy, and waterproof, and sound-deadening. So is this floor. Linseed oil is pressed from flaxseed, grown in the Argentine. The oxidized linseed oil binds the cork together and makes this the durable floor it is. The burlap is made from jute, grown in India. Jute is used to make heavy rope. The burlap woven from jute forms the back of linoleum. So linoleum is hard to tear.

These are the facts. It is for you to insist that your merchant show you genuine linoleum made of cork, linseed oil, and burlap. So look for the Circle "A" trademark on the burlap back.

If there is no burlap back, the material is not genuine linoleum. If the Circle "A" isn't there, it is not Armstrong's Linoleum.



"FLOORS, FURNITURE, *and* COLOR"

By Agnes Foster Wright

Mrs. Wright was formerly President of the Interior Decorators' League of New York. Her book contains colorplates and suggestions for color schemes in home decoration and furnishing. It will help you choose linoleum floors suitable for any room. It will be sent on receipt of twenty-five cents, (in Canada sixty cents). If you desire, our Bureau of Interior Decoration will send you color schemes for floors, wall coverings, and draperies.

ARMSTRONG CORK COMPANY
Linoleum Division
827 Virginia Avenue, Lancaster, Pa.

A Great Mystery Story

By

Jeffrey Farnol

Deep buried beneath black waters of the Thames it lay —the dark secret that kept bringing that evil genius, Sir Nevil Loring, to skulk about the grim wharfs; while, at the same time, a young American, nameless and outcast, although the rightful heir to a great name and vast riches, wandered the lonely roads of old England, befriended only by the tinkers and gypsy folk until came Anticlea—beautiful, high spirited, red-haired Anticlea—riding her white horse down the green aisles of the beechwood straight into David Loring's stricken heart. Watch for—The Loring Mystery—the newest and greatest novel by Jeffrey Farnol, beloved author of "The Broad Highway" and "The Money Moon," in the—

October McCall's

Table of Contents

FICTION

	PAGE
Should the Doctor Tell? By Coningsby Dawson	5
Out of the Running By Eleanor Ecob Sawyer	6
Spanish Sunlight . . . By Anthony Pryde	8
Mister Teacher . . . . By Crosby George	10
The Shadow Man . . . . By Owen Oliver	14
The Girl in Golden Rags By Robert W. Chambers	17
The Unknown Quantity By Ethel M. Dell	19

ARTICLES

Helping Brother . By Gene Stratton-Porter	2
The Prince Who Does Not Want To Be a King . . . By Major Frank Verney	12
I Tune In On the Universe By Mary Meek Atkeson	16
Eat What You Like By E. V. McCollum and Nina Simmonds	26
The New-Comer in a Town By Emily Post	32
Little Things That Count By Charles Gilmore Kerley, M. D. . . .	49
Mrs. Wilcox's Answers to Women . .	94

Copyright, 1924, by The McCall Company, in the United States and Great Britain. Entered as Second-class matter August 5, 1897, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry as Second-class matter at Dayton, Ohio, at San Francisco, Cal., at Seattle, Wash., at Des Moines, Ia., at St. Paul, Minn., at Council Bluffs, Ia., at Harrisburg, Penn., at St. Louis, Mo., at Albany, N. Y., at Lynchburg, Va., at Milwaukee, Wis., at Galesburg, Ill., at Utica, N. Y. All rights reserved.

Published monthly by The McCall Co., at Dayton, Ohio, U. S. A. Send all remittances to our New York Office.

McCALL'S MAGAZINE

September, 1924 Volume LI, Number 12

$1.00 PER YEAR

Canadian postage, none; foreign postage, 50 cents

Main Office: 232-250 West 37th Street, New York, N. Y.

BRANCH OFFICES: 208-212 S. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill.; 40 Second St., San Francisco, Cal.; 80 Boylston St., Boston, Mass.; 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga.; 70 Bond St., Toronto, Can.

WILLIAM B. WARNER, *President and Treasurer* — O. B. CAPEN, *Secretary* — ROBERT CADE WILSON, *Vice-President* — H. P. BURTON, *Editor*

If your magazine wrapper is stamped "EXPIRES," your subscription expires with this copy. Send your renewal within ten days, so you will not miss the next number. All subscriptions are stopped promptly at expiration unless renewed. Should you change your address, please give four weeks' notice; also kindly clip your name and address from the last copy received and forward it to us with your request. Give your old address as well as your new address, and, if possible, the date you subscribed.

McCall's will not knowingly insert advertisements from other than reliable firms. Any advertisement found to be otherwise should be reported immediately to THE McCALL COMPANY.

Gene Stratton-Porter's Page

They will not marry a girl who has dissipated her moral strength in jazz dances and "petting parties"

Illustrated by Arthur Fuller

Helping Brother

By Gene Stratton-Porter

Author of "Freckles," "The Girl of the Limberlost," "The White Flag," etc.

"Brother is the man of tomorrow. When I compare the boys of today with the boys of my generation my heart aches. It is so rare for me to see a specimen of young manhood who looks sound and honest, morally clean and mentally alert."

—An excerpt from Gene Stratton-Porter's article on this page

IF YOU ask me, I do not think brother is being fairly treated or having a particularly happy time at the present minute. I base this opinion on a statement of Leslie M. Shaw, one of our high government officials, who very recently produced figures to prove that the soldiers we sent overseas, to a percentage averaging over one half, had the mentality and the culture of a fourteen year old boy. It is only fair to the men in the army to state that their numbers included negroes, Indians, and youths from certain of our states having large areas of illiteracy. Nevertheless, the figures are the figures and there they stand. Then there must be added the reports coming from all over the country from police stations and welfare workers that say that over half the percentage of the bandits, bootleggers, and perpetrators of petty crimes and horrifying crimes, are boys ranging from fourteen to twenty-five. This big per cent of hardened criminals is of an age when the men composing it should be in school or college or at least studying for some occupation that would help them to put our nation on a reliable basis instead of degrading it.

It has been the custom for a few years past to blame every high expense, every crime, every deplorable state of affairs to the conditions entailed by the war, and I am ready to agree that to a large extent this is true; but I am also of the opinion that it could not possibly have been true had there been right physical and moral training going on in the homes and the schools of our country previous to the war. The truth of the business is that fathers and mothers of the past generation committed a glaring blunder when they ran amuck themselves. They dropped the Bible from the schools; they laid it on the shelf at home. In the place of the fine old faith in which our forefathers founded this government and dedicated it to God and the people, their grandchildren and great grandchildren forgot their example, their stability and sterling integrity. They ceased to respect the constitution our forefathers worked out for us to follow. They took no time to worship God, being busily engaged in finding out just how to circumvent their neighbor, if not to swindle him, in the amassing of money.

THEN our whole country ran amuck on the subject of entertainment. As the nation grew in population and wealth, no one seemed to be satisfied with what had entertained our ancestors. Even homes were not good enough any more for entertainment. Everything must be carried to hotels and public halls and cafés while orchestras played music of which the people who paid for it did not in the least approve, and into these public places there was also introduced an element for which people entertaining there could not be responsible. Men stepped from under the responsibility of rearing their children as if they did not belong to them. Women thought they had done their whole duty if they kissed the baby good-bye when they entered their cars at nine o'clock in the morning for a full day of shopping, clubs, lectures, afternoon card parties and evening entertainment that very seldom returned them home before midnight, when the most careful of them ran into the nursery to see if the baby was covered and the most careless *trusted* that nurse would have mothered her family properly.

I am ready to grant that our forefathers were severe in almost any kind of training that you could mention. They had to be men having the strength to cut down forests, to build homes, to cultivate land, to face savage opposition to their entrance into a country truly belonging to its aboriginal occupants. They had to have the spiritual integrity, each man to constitute himself a minister in his own environment, and frequently he was the only educator that could by any possibility enter his home for a long time to come. It is not necessary to go into great detail in these matters. They do not need proof. All of the fathers and mothers of the régime in existence in my day were born in the homes of these pioneers and they started out feeling that the hardships and the deprivations that they had endured must not fall upon their children. Repeatedly I have had men and women of my own age [*Turn to page 69*]

Chaliapin! Gluck! McCormack!

Hear them in your own home tonight. Hear them as the artists themselves have elected to be heard—on the Victrola. Regardless of size and price all Victrola Instruments—made for that one purpose—reveal the full beauty of the marvelous Victor Red Seal Records. Don't think you can get as good music from an inferior talking-machine by using Victor Records or vice versa.

Twenty-one Victrola styles from $25 up, each representing the highest quality and the utmost value for the money.

© Kubey-Rembrandt

CHALIAPIN
Victor Artist

Every Victor Record which Chaliapin has made is a drama in sound. It has been said of the great Russian basso, and rightly said, that he not only sings but acts his songs. Listen to any one of these records and judge for yourself how true this is:

	Double-faced	
Midnight Review Two Grenadiers	6057	$2.00
The Prophet Song of the Volga Boatmen	6058	2.00
Boris Godounow—In the Town of Kazan Prince Igor—Recitative and Air of Prince Galitsky	558	1.50

© Mishkin

GLUCK
Victor Artist

Alma Gluck's ninety-eight Victor Records proclaim her opinion of Victor recording and afford triumphantly beautiful examples of lyric song, sung in a voice of classic perfection, clear and cool as a mountain stream. She has made some splendid duets, with Caruso, Homer and Reimers, and the following, whether the solo, the solo with chorus, or with obbligato, are of extraordinary charm:

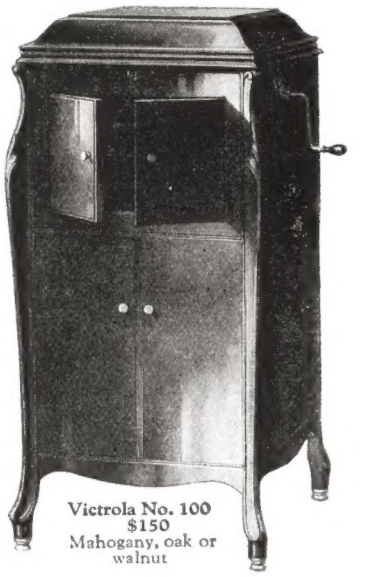
	Double-faced	
My Old Kentucky Home Aloha Oe	6143	$2.00
Home, Sweet Home Listen to the Mocking Bird	6142	2.00
Darling Nelly Gray Nelly Was a Lady	653	1.50

© Mishkin

McCORMACK
Victor Artist

John McCormack and his Victor Records interpret in music the heart of the American people, and this famous artist's popularity is equalled only by the popularity of his Victor Records. The reason is that the Victor Records are John McCormack's other self. His voice is easy to record because his tones are so perfectly produced. Out of not less than one hundred and sixty-six records we can only mention:

	Double-faced	
Dear Love, Remember Me I Hear You Calling Me	754	$1.50
Dear Old Pal of Mine Little Mother of Mine	755	1.50
Ah! Moon of My Delight Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes	6197	2.00



Victrola No. 100
$150
Mahogany, oak or walnut

Victrola No. 210
$110
Mahogany, oak or walnut

Victrola No. 405
Walnut, $250; electric, $290

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"
REG U.S. PAT OFF.

There is but one Victrola and that is made by the Victor Company—look for these Victor trade marks

TRADE MARK
Victrola
REG U.S. PAT OFF.

Victor Talking Machine Company, Camden, N.J.
Victor Talking Machine Co. of Canada, Ltd., Montreal

"But you don't know me, sir."
"Ah, but I do, Lady. Thy fair face betrays thy maskèd eyes. Thou'rt none other than the charming Sally of my dreams!"
RAYMOND THAYER

The simplest, safest aid to natural beauty

MOST women know that daily cleansing with pure soap and water is indispensable if one is to achieve and maintain a clear, healthy skin. Indeed, this, together with good health, constitutes the only sure foundation for a really beautiful complexion.

But many women do not yet realize that soap's *only* function for the skin is to *cleanse*. Magical promises of cures or transformations cannot be carried out by any soap, whatever its ingredients or price.

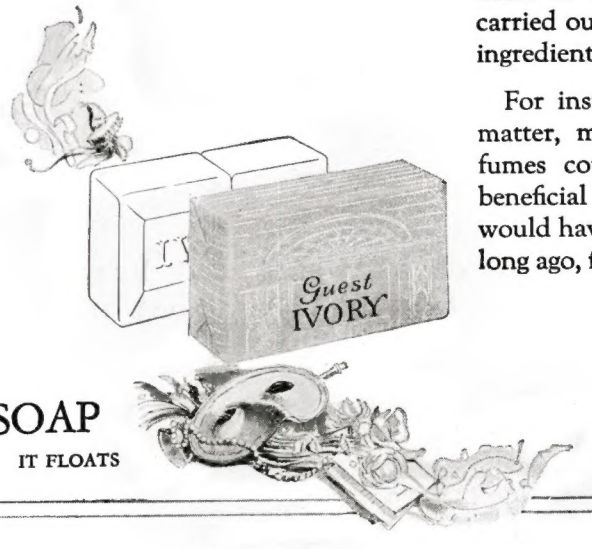
For instance, if artificial coloring matter, medicaments or heavy perfumes could add anything to the beneficial qualities of pure soap, we would have put them into Ivory Soap long ago, for our aim has always been to make, in Ivory, the finest possible soap for the skin.

But no! Ivory is, and will always be, simply pure *soap*—white, mild, gentle, delicately fragrant, *safe!*

The gentle stimulation of a face-bath with Ivory and warm water, followed by rinsing and a dash of cool or cold water, brings fresh color—the natural glow of cleanliness. If your skin is dry, use a little pure cold cream afterwards.

In Guest Ivory, designed for slim, feminine fingers, we offer you genuine Ivory Soap in a dainty size especially for your washstand. Guest Ivory's modest price, five cents, is not a measure of its value, for if we were to charge you a dollar, we could give you no finer, purer soap.

PROCTER & GAMBLE



IVORY SOAP

99⁴⁴/₁₀₀% PURE IT FLOATS

© 1924, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati

Illustrated by W. E. Heitland

In the candle light, her bare arms and the slender column of her throat were delicately appealing

Should the Doctor Tell?

By Conings by Dawson

Author of "The Coast of Folly," "The Garden without Walls," etc.

FLORA STEINER sat at her window looking out on the long grey, twilit street of Grez. She had laid aside her book and had taken up a little baby-garment which still required an hour's work to bring it to completion.

And yet she did not work—she was dreaming. This first glimpse of France seemed so unreal and wonderful to her; it was all so different from the orderly and prosaic friendliness of her father's Surrey rectory. Its strangeness was rather terrifying when Roger was absent in Paris, getting copy for his New York paper, and she was left by herself. Being unable to speak French made her such an exile. She smiled tenderly and put one more stitch into the little shirt. That would soon be changed when there were three of them.

She raised her eyes, glancing down the village street. As she looked, her gaze concentrated on a man. Threading her needle in her work before laying it aside, she hurried to the door and stepped out into the garden. He caught sight of her at once and waved his cap. "Hulloa, Flossie," he cried, "I've bully news. We'll have our evening together, and then I'm due back in Paris early tomorrow morning."

At the words her heart sank.

"Back in Paris!" she echoed. "But I thought we'd planned to have all tomorrow together."

"I'm sorry, dear," he replied.

"Why?" She rested her hands on his shoulders, reaching up to him. *"It isn't another journey?"*

"I'm afraid it is; but this time it's the last. Come into the house and I'll tell you."

They went over and sat down by the window. "It isn't a journey at all as we reckon distance [*Turn to page 40*]

Out of the Running

By Eleanor Ecob Sawyer

"Woman's love for woman"—can it be as compelling and overpowering as woman's love for man?

Illustrated by Frederic Anderson

He had power of life and death over the natives in that Congo village

"OH, JULIE, I forgot to tell you. Selden Stone's going to be in town this week." Mrs. Post, impatiently occupied with her tea-things, did not notice the wave of pallor that washed the color from her guest's face.

"When does he come?"

"To-night, I think. They met him on a trip to the Congo Belge, where Papa Reynolds went to look after his mining interests. Mama Reynolds gives me to understand that Marian brought him home captive to her bow and spear."

Julie felt her heart change rhythm. This time she could say nothing at all. The flood of afternoon sunshine on the terrace where they sat must have betrayed some change in Julie's face. For Julie saw her friend's eyes sharpen with remembrance. "Oh, that's so. Selden used to be a flame of yours, didn't he?"

"I used to see a lot of him ten or twelve years ago. I think I was about twenty when—" Julie faltered.

"When he went off on that first job in the Congo. Have you ever seen him since?" asked Mrs. Post.

"No. There was the war, you know. And then other jobs. I don't think he's been in this country more than once or twice, till now."

"I don't believe he has. Wasn't he a fascinating person, though?" There flashed painfully upon Julie's mind, in all the sharp lines and colors of reality, a portrait which for a dozen years she had been turning patiently to her mental walls. A composed brown face; crisp dark hair; wood-brown eyes, direct and pleasant, with a glint of mischief in them. The face smiled at her; white teeth showed, and a crease, which in a woman would have been a dimple, folded itself into one thin cheek. . . . She remembered the night when he had told her good-bye. . . . In one moment she had thought he was going to propose to her.

Julie moved abruptly and set her cup back on the table. "Yes. He was attractive."

Evelyn Post laughed her hearty, negligent laugh. "You certainly fooled us all. I'd have sworn my best oath that was going to be a match, but I might have known that even 'Stonie' wouldn't have a chance with you. The rest of us would have given our eyes—but of all the callous coquettes—" She craned her neck to look at a car slowing up at the steps below the terrace. "What a bore! It's Mrs. Reynolds and Marian. Never mind, we'll make them give us Stone for an evening. I'd like to see him again, wouldn't you?"

Her tall, gracefully rangy figure lounged over to the steps to meet the two women ascending. "How are you, Mrs. Reynolds. Hello, Marian."

Julie acknowledged introductions to a lax, apologetic woman of forty-five and to a young girl who nodded without troubling to speak and passed directly by to the tea-table. This was Marian, who had 'brought him home captive to her bow and spear.' She had shining blond hair, meticulously waved, and netted in smooth buns over her ears. There was a clear, rich color beneath her skin; her eyes, blue-green like shallow sea-water, held an audacious twenty-year-old light. From her there emanated a cool, self-centered power.

"Going to have a nice man this week, Postie," Marian said after equipping herself with sandwiches and tea.

"*Don't* call me that."

Marian grinned. "Forgot. He answers to the name of Selden Stone. Mining engineer."

"Yes. Miss Houghton and I know him very well," said Evelyn. "Why not trot him around to see some of his old friends while he's here?"

"Yes, I was just thinking," Mrs. Reynolds interrupted—"or perhaps you and Miss Houghton—couldn't you lunch with us to-morrow at half past one?"

"We'd love to and we won't break in on Marian's man-eating party long."

Marian came deliberately back to the table with her plate. "He had power of life and death over the natives in that Congo village, Postie."

"Power of life and death!" thought Julie. "He had that over me, too!"

"Quite a remarkable young man." Mrs. Reynolds gave a pleased laugh. "I never saw Marian so—of course men are always falling in love with Marian, but I never saw her—"

"But I make it a rule never to like other people as well as they like me," amended Marian.

"You'd better watch your step, Marian." Evelyn laughed too, not very agreeably. "You haven't got him yet. He used to be a suitor of Miss Houghton's in the old days."

Marian turned upon Julie the first real look she had given her—a look of crystalline surprise. She saw a woman past thirty, with a mass of glowing mahogany hair; eyes of the same warm tone; strong, lovely features;—and crows' feet hinting about the eyes, shadows beneath them; tints a little faded; textures subtly loosened; contours not quite firm.

"Really?" said Marian. Her stare changed quality, became so nearly insolent that Julie felt her color rise to meet it.

"Yes, really, Miss Conceit," snapped Evelyn.

Julie was thinking: "Of course to a girl her age I look a mummy. Selden is older than I am. But because he's a man he's still young." She said quietly: "I think Miss Reynolds won't be too much alarmed. Certainly she needn't be."

Mrs. Reynolds laughed tactfully. "I'm sure Marian must be very careful. Mustn't you, Marian?"

Marian vouchsafed no reply. But, conscious at last of Julie's existence, she turned, as they started toward the steps, with a wave of her hand. "Want me to take you two up in my plane to-morrow?"

Julie said with a smile: "Thank you, nothing would induce me. You have to be caught young to enjoy breaking your neck. Good-bye!"

Mrs. Post turned back to the tea-table with a relieved sigh. "What an odious creature! Eternally showing off—utterly unscrupulous! And to think a girl like that walks off with a man like Selden Stone!"

"Was I as bad as that when I was her age, Evelyn?"

Mrs. Post's laugh welled. "You were bad enough, but not like that. You were hot instead of cold. And one thousand per cent more attractive. Remember how we girls used to hate you because you were so stuck on yourself—and because you took all our men away from us? You certainly have changed, these last few years.—Fresh tea, please, Dixon.—I've often wondered. It almost seems as if you were a different person."

AFTER a moment's silence Julie said: "I'll tell you how it happened. I think I can, now. It was at a dinner-dance for some débutante or other, three years ago. You know how I kept on going to those things. Of course the girls and boys were years too young for me, and I hated it. But—there was a man I was—interested in, and I—hadn't seen him for some time. You know how men used to like me, Ev? Well, I made up my mind that when he came back he must find me like that still—gay and pretty and sought after—the center of everything. Of course I could see I was losing my grip, but it only made me more determined than ever to hang on. And then, at this dance, I happened to hear two men talking about me."

She waited while Dixon brought his tray to the tea-table. Her hands received a cup and her ears heard her hostess dismiss the butler. "Yes?" said Evelyn.

"One of them was Chris Long, and the other was a young-

The night when he had told her good-bye—for one moment she had thought he was going to propose to her

ster I didn't know—always evaded being introduced to me. He wanted Chris to go to the smoking-room for a drink, but Chris wouldn't because he had the next dance with me. And this boy laughed and asked him why he didn't cut it, and why everybody gave Old Ironsides a duty-dance anyway. And Chris said he felt awfully sorry for me."

"Oh!" cried Evelyn. "Chris Long, who used to go around threatening to commit suicide because you wouldn't marry him!"

Julie nodded. "He told this boy what a beauty I used to be. 'You couldn't get anywhere near her for the crowd,' he said. 'If you wanted a dance with her you had to telephone for it two weeks in advance.' And this boy said, yes, very likely, in grandma's day. But I ought to be resting peacefully on the scrap-heap now. 'Why does the poor old girl want to hang on like this, anyway?' he said.—Evelyn, I let go, right then. I went down so far I thought I was never coming up. I thought I was going to drown. But I didn't, of course. People don't, even if they wish they could."

Julie felt a scalding heat on her knee, and heard Evelyn's voice: "Julie!"

She looked down and saw a trickle from her crooked cup spreading a straw-colored stain on her white skirt. Evelyn came round the tea-table, took the cup away, drew a chair beside her and got hold of her hands. There were tears in Evelyn's eyes, and her voice was sharp with sympathy. "Julie, my poor old darling! It's Selden, isn't it? I always thought you were interested in him, but I never dreamed it was like this."

YES, it's like that. The queer thing is, he loved me, too, Evelyn. I'm sure of it." Indeed she had seen that look in men's eyes too often to mistake it.

"Love you? I should say he did. I've always thought he treated you abominably."

"No, you might as well be fair to him. He just didn't love me enough."

"But Julie, he's coming back! Just think—to-morrow! Perhaps this time—"

Julie shook her head. "I tried every way I knew. If I couldn't make him love me enough before, when I was pretty, what can I do now?"

"You're better than pretty. You're distinguished. You're beautiful!" Mrs. Post was fiercely touched.

"In your eyes, dear girl. And I'm not vivacious any more, nor daring. Anyway, Selden's not like ordinary people—not like us. Tickle us and we laugh, pinch us and we cry. But you couldn't make Selden laugh or cry unless he wanted to. You couldn't make him love you. He'd love you, or he wouldn't; that's all. Besides," she went on after a pause, "there's Marian."

She rose and walked over to the balustrade, less to hide the moment from sympathetic eyes than to give herself a breath in which to conquer it. "Of course I knew he'd marry some day," Julie told herself. "But I never really faced it, like this. Even knowing he isn't going to marry me, the idea of his marrying any one else seems wrong, somehow—shocking—impossible."

Evelyn crossed the terrace, put her hands on Julie's shoulders and squared her about. "Julie Houghton, you're fifty times smarter than Marian, and one hundred times as nice. But you've let your get-up go completely. You don't bother to present yourself at all. Look at your clothes. Look at your hair. You've been wearing it that way for the last three years. Fortunately your [*Turn to page 62*]

Spanish Sunlight

By Anthony Pryde

Author of "An Ordeal of Honor," "The City of Lillies," "Nightfall," etc.

Is Spain still the world's land of great romance, as always it has been? In this fascinating novel you will find revealed the hidden lure in Spanish sunlight

Illustrated by James H. Crank

IS that you, Roden?"

"Querida Emilia, yes. Heavens, what a racket! What on earth are you doing? Can't Carmen do it?"

"Just my luck," answered a very gay, deep, and arch voice out of the shady patio; "just because I've at last screwed up my courage for a real English spring-clean, first Milly and then you must needs choose this day of all days for turning up to lunch! But come in, come in—I wouldn't mind taking a little rest if you want to sit down. Claret or coffee, Roden?—Who lent you a mount?"

"Coffee, thanks.—Jack Ewing."

"Has he come too?"

"No—would you have liked me to bring him?"

"Not in the least. Not without warning. Lunch for Milly and me will cover you, but Jack has a terrible appetite."

"Did he want to come?" put in a graver voice.

"I suspect he would have given his soul to come—assuming that he has one."

"Well, I wish you'd brought him, then. He hasn't been over since Christmas. Jack's a lonely sort of chap and I hate letting him drop out. Knocking about in hotels like he does, it does him good to keep in touch with any sort of home life: steadies him down a bit."

"What an original point of view! Milly, my own darling. I love you better than anyone else in all the world: did you know that?"

"Go away—get out: I won't be canoodled! You're making me drop my pipe—"

"She looks fagged," said Roden. He threw himself into a bentwood rocking chair and began with deft fingers to roll and light a cigarette. "Did you get up at six this morning to give St Mildred his breakfast? And you were not in bed, I dare say, much before midnight. You will lose your bloom, my dear, if you burn the candle at both ends."

"This," said Emilia Faneaux, sitting on the edge of the table with her arm round St Mildred's neck, "is Satan rebuking sin with a vengeance."

It was February, the month of almond flower in orchards of the Mediterranean. Through the parlour window of Son Febrer a south wind came in laden with perfume of orange branches and of the lilac plumes of a nispero tree lingering out of season in a shady corner and smelling warmly of heliotrope. The sun was already hotter than in an English July, and the ravine of Deyá streamed with light and fragrance and frail petalling of fruit blossoms.

THE Faneaux were an English family who lived in Majorca all the year round and saw little of the migrant English colony in Palma. St Mildred, Emilia, Roden: so ran the names in the family Bible, which Emilia kept on her bookshelf, though it may be owned that she rarely read in it. Their work, their pleasures, and many of their friends were of the island; they had Spanish blood in them, and Emilia and Roden occasionally found themselves thinking in Spanish. They had in fact assimilated themselves so completely to their surroundings that they were free to love their own country, the England which St Mildred alone had seen, with an undiscriminating enthusiasm rarely found among her sons.

St Mildred was a wireless engineer and second in command of the Spanish station at Sóller four or five miles away. Emilia—called Emma by her friends, as St Mildred was invariably called Milly—earned her bread by keeping the household going at Son Febrer on means which to an English housewife would have seemed terribly slender. Roden alone had no profession. He lived in Palma by his wits.

St Mildred was a thickset man of nine and twenty, with immensely powerful square shoulders, a swarthy skin, and a lock of hair tossed low on his forehead to hide an old scar. Responsibility had aged him—he might have passed for nine and thirty; he was constitutionally fearless, strong as a mule, and gentle as a woman; a man greatly beloved by his friends, though in working dress he was frankly disreputable, and when well washed he looked like a rather truculent mechanic in his Sunday clothes.

The promise defeated in St Mildred was fulfilled in his sister, for Emilia at twenty-five was a beautiful woman; dark like the others, and strongly built, and carrying her loveliness with the level-gazing pride of Aragon, yet youthfully slender below the firmly held breast and shoulders, and smooth as satin from head to heel. Light of her feet was Emilia, the activity of the Englishwoman animating the inert grace of a Spaniard, who may take no exercise except a stroll on the Borne under escort of her duenna. Emilia had not lived that kind of life at all. She had never had a duenna. Her mother's early death had left her to grow from childhood into womanhood unaided.

But from that loss it was Roden who had suffered most—Roden, on whom Emilia's eyes dwelt with an expression half melancholy and half caressing. She had no illusions about him; she knew he was going fast downhill and had already dropped below the line of social toleration, but her affection for him was immutable. All the Faneaux were fond of one another; they were an attached family. Yet love gave her no influence over Roden. No one except Dona Inés had ever had any influence over Roden, though he was the youngest of the trio, Emilia's junior by two years and St Mildred's by six. He never had submitted to any authority. Even in boyhood his cold smiling insolence had frightened Mr. Faneaux and irritated his professors in the Academy of Palma, where he had received what could only by courtesy be called his education. Roden like

Hither came the rougher spirits from the Island, townbred rascals from the manufacturing centers of Inca and Manacor, smugglers from the coastwise hamlets, sailors from the Port

He threw himself down without waiting for leave, and so close to Emilia that, dark as it was, he could feast his eyes on her

Emilia was strikingly handsome, with his dark hair and eyes and face like an ivory mask, nor for all his indolence did he want vitality; his body in repose was like a coiled steel spring.

Under pressure from Dona Inés, Mr. Faneaux had entered St Mildred with the oldest and most solid of those educational institutions that teach white, black, and brown by correspondence in the four quarters of the world. Milly had matriculated at sixteen, and in a last expiring flutter of paternal duty Mr. Faneaux had sent him to London to work for his degree. St Mildred did not often speak of those early years. He got a boy's job in an enginering shop; his mother sent him a few pounds from time to time—all she could wring out of Gerard Faneaux—to buy books and pay his examination fees; there were nights when he slept under archways, and days when in what should have been his dinner hour he hung round Euston saying "Carry your bag, sir?" He was piteously shabby and hungry, cheerful and determined. Yet when, after his father's death, he returned to Majorca with second-class honours to his credit, it became plain that Mr. Faneaux in throwing him overboard to sink or swim had done better by him than by Roden, a precocious sixteen, secretive and defiant.

RODEN was by then past government. St Mildred a martinet among his Spanish workmen, did not attempt it. St Mildred was humble-minded, and shrewd too. "He's such a clever chap," he said once, when Emilia begged him to check Roden, "miles cleverer than I am: he'd never stand the curb from me." Burning the candle at both ends? Roden's candle was blazing merrily: and yet it was worth conserving—a refined nature ruined not by weakness but by some malady of the will.

"You're looking fagged if you like, Roden! How white you are! Aren't you well?"

"Perfectly, thanks." He had lit his cigarette and was already rolling a second. It was not often that Roden had not one in his fingers or between his lips; the faint scented fumes were less pleasant to Emilia than those of Milly's honest briar. How idle it was to question Roden! She dropped that subject. "Milly, I suppose Mr. Bassett paid you this morning—will you let me have my allowance to-night instead of tomorrow?"

St Mildred almost dropped his pipe. "Look here, you told me at breakfast you had enough to carry on till next week!"

"Yes, but afterwards I met Miguel and paid him for two loads of wood. D'you mind?"

"M'm—well—it'd have had to be paid some time or other. No, never you worry, we'll manage somehow. Only the thing is I ran into young Castro and he cleaned me out!"

"Cleaned you out!"

HE'D got into a pretty bad mess. Too much billiards and bridge with fellows that know the ropes better than him." St Mildred took some pains not to glance at Roden. "That's a plague-spot, that half and half Casino of Ángel's. It plays the mischief with these youngsters. But Felipe's had his lesson. I made him promise not to go near it again for six months. Then I lent him all I had."

"We shall never be rich!" said Emilia, aghast. She laughed. "We haven't a farthing between us! Can you get down to the bank to-night?"

St Mildred shook his head. "I'm going on night shift at six, and the Sóller bank never opens much before seven."

"Altruist!" said Roden. "Do you imagine that Castro will either pay you back or leave off going to Ángel's?"

"Oh, I expect so. There's nothing much wrong with him except being twenty-one. And I've been twenty-one myself, come to that."

"You still are," said Roden. He felt in the pocket of his well-cut, loosely fitting tweed jacket and drew out a pocket-book—Russia leather, gold clasp, gold crest. "Fortunately for you, my dear Emma, I am not. If a couple of hundred pesetas will stand between you and destitution—Can I spare it? Naturally I can spare it! I expect to be in funds to-night."

Emilia very gratefully stuffed the notes into her own purse, asking no questions for conscience' sake. They were as likely as not to have originally come out of young Castro's pocket, for Roden was a frequenter of the Casino and eminently capable of beating Felipe in games of either skill or chance. Still they were Roden's now, nor would they, if she refused them, be returned to their rightful owner—and after all it was always possible that Roden was their rightful owner.

"That was most awfully kind of you," said St Mildred as the door shut on her. "I say, though, old fellow—don't get riled with me—I know it's no busines. of mine—but I couldn't help noticinig just now that pocket-book of yours—"

"Impairs the sit of my coat? Thanks, I'll transfer it to my trouser pocket."

St Mildred paid to this remark exactly as much attention as it deserved. "You'll think it pretty cool of me, when I shall be living for the next week on what you've given Emma, and it ain't as if you could afford it. But I don't mind taking it from you. You wouldn't thank me to shut up because of that about....that crest."

"Crest, what crest?"

"Father's. We've no right to it."

"Ah!" said Roden softly.

St Mildred got up and stood in the window, turning his back on his brother. "It's hard on you and Emma."

"On all of us."

"Makes no great odds to me. I'm used to it. But I hate it for you two."

Roden lifted himself out of his chair with the lithe smooth spring that had earned him [*Turn to page 22*]

Mister Teacher

By Crosby George

Her thoughts became suddenly very confused—she looked wildly past him

Illustrated by Dalton Stevens

What happens when day meets night? They eternally pursue one another—but suppose they were to meet? In this story it is the day-school teacher and the night-school teacher whose pursuit of each other ends in a revealing encounter

ORDINARILY Ethel Rand would have been exhilarated by the charming caprice of the weather this February morning. As she emerged from the subway kiosk and set out eastward toward School Two Hundred and Nine, she became aware that a spring day was blossoming weeks before its time. The East-Side streets were damp and there was a pleasant softness in the air. The very tenements that bulked along her way seemed to smile at her with an air of languorous good-humor that was positively Spanish. Spring was indubitably on its way. Spring!

Ethel felt a wave of panic run through her at the thought. Winter must not die. While it gripped New York, life had been blessedly matter-of-fact and unromantic. Its surly snowfalls had been balm to her aching heart. They had helped her to forget. Spring must not come to awaken her to recollection and to pain.

The winter and the city had helped her to dim so many things that would have kept torturing her had she remained in her native South Corners. In the stony checkerboard of New York streets and the unending miles of New York's houses, she had forgotten the dark, broad fields over which Will Hanley and she had so often watched a rising moon. In the hurry of New York life, in the nerve-draining labor of teaching she had actually drowned out the memory of a wonderful hour spent on One Mile Hill. Will in the windy glow of an early spring afternoon; their first kiss; the sweet, foolish things they had said.

It had been longer, however, before the last poignant scene in which Will had figured had faded from memory. Under the calmness with which she went about her daily labor, for months there throbbed the memory of the evening at the South Corners' dance when she had accidentally come upon Will and Lora Sanders. A gleam of light had revealed Will's face wearing a foolish look of palpitating admiration. She knew that she regarded his look as foolish merely because it was directed at Lora's big green eyes and corn-colored hair instead of at her own dark hair and black eyes, "black as an Italian girl's," he had once caressingly said. She had gone back to watch the dance. Then, out of the light-sprinkled void spinning about her, she heard Will's voice:

"Nothing serious between Ethel and me really, Lora. Can't take a girl like that seriously—always raving about clouds—and sunsets."

THE rush of the city in winter had dulled even that memory. Calm had come to her at last, a calm like that after a racking fever. But as Ethel approached her school this morning, she knew that her calm was being broken. What on earth did she desire? Life was just as she wished it, uneventful and busy. Why was she so restless, nervous? She must get a grip on herself, exercise just a little firmness and conquer, as she had a month before, this invasion of her tranquillity.

She entered the principal's office, glad to find a number of teachers already there. She listened gratefully to the commonplace, school-room topics.

"Good morning, girls!" A clear, careless voice, alive with youth and vitality, sang into the chatter.

They all looked up to greet Miss Mathilde Coye who was removing her cloak

Old Mrs. Kramer's eyes lighted up. "What a charming costume!"

A chorus repeated her compliment. Miss Coye tossed her bobbed, curled hair and pirouetted on her high heels, making the Alice-blue silk dress swirl. Her face, just a trifle too full, turned upon the drably dressed ladies. She moved her blonde head pertly and the ear-drops, of a blue that matched her eyes, danced merrily.

"Got a date after school," she announced. "Thought I might as well dress in the morning and save time."

"Who is it this time, Tillie?" asked Miss Stein enviously. "The young man who waited here for you last week?"

"Oh, no!" said Miss Coye decidedly. "He wants to improve my mind with German philosophy and vegetarianism. I'm through with him."

Ethel felt a momentary envy of Miss Coye whom she had always considered aimless and a bit silly. That was the way to take life—lightly. When one man displeased you, you flitted to another. Yes, that was the way to take love—if one chose to take it at all. Better not take it at all, came the echo to her unhappy heart.

Some of the children were already in room "412" when she entered. Sammy Fiddlebaum jumped up as she entered, and flung his hand violently out at her.

"Good morning, Miss Rand," he sing-songed, "looka, teacha, there's writin' on all the blackboards again from the night-school!"

Ethel surveyed the blackboards with exasperation. They were covered with the large, untidy scrawls of the foreigners who used room "412." It had happened many times previously and had merely annoyed her; but in her irritation of this morning it tore at her nerves. She sat at her desk and wrote swiftly:

To the Evening-School Teacher:

Will you be good enough to have the blackboards cleaned each evening at the end of your session? It is very annoying to find them all scribbled over each morning.

Very truly yours, Day-School Teacher.

She placed this note under her inkwell where the evening-school teacher could not fail to see it.

It was the voice of the self-same Sammy Fiddlebaum that greeted her the next morning as she came into her room. "Good morning, Miss Rand, looka, the boards is all clean like bran'-new."

Under the inkwell there was a note:

To the Day-School Teacher:

I am not bad at heart but merely careless. Thank you so much for your stimulus to walk in the path of righteousness. From now on the blackboards will be immaculate.

Gratefully, Arthur Talbot.

"Let's hope so," murmured Ethel, tearing the paper into strips.

Ethel felt the primitive urge to tear and kill—then she sank into cold despair

Next morning she found the boards covered with immigrant hieroglyphics.

She wrote a shorter and more vigorous note.

Dear Sir:
May I call your attention to the disgraceful state of the boards this morning. It is exceedingly annoying.
E. Rand.

The boards were models of cleanliness the next morning. And again a contrite note.

A fire-drill drove us all out of the building the other night at 9:45 and it wasn't until I was on my way home that I remembered, it explained.

That was Friday. The following Monday morning the boards were still immaculate. Mr. Talbot's class in English to Foreigners had not had an opportunity to use the boards since it did not meet Friday nights, Ethel knew. On Tuesday morning she discovered that the contriteness of Mr. Talbot had lasted over the week-end. Not only had the boards been carefully dusted of chalk, but had been washed as well!

And there was a brief note under the inkwell:

Dear Miss Rand:
How do you like them this morning?
Arthur Talbot.

THAT provoked a smile from Ethel in spite of the inexplicable cloud under which she was still laboring. And when she was cleaning up her desk preparatory to leaving that afternoon, it occurred to her that it had been nice of this night-school teacher to be solicitous of her feelings in this matter. He ought to be encouraged to continue in acquiring a habit of neatness. She wrote:

I like them very much.
E. Rand.

But when she spied a note under the inkwell the morning after this, she opened it wondering what on earth it was all about.

Dear Miss Rand:
Finding a note under the inkwell each evening enlivens my routine wonderfully. Do you mind continuing the correspondence? Of course, if you must have a reason for doing that, I can easily see to it that the blackboards are disfigured each morning for you.
Hopefully, Arthur Talbot

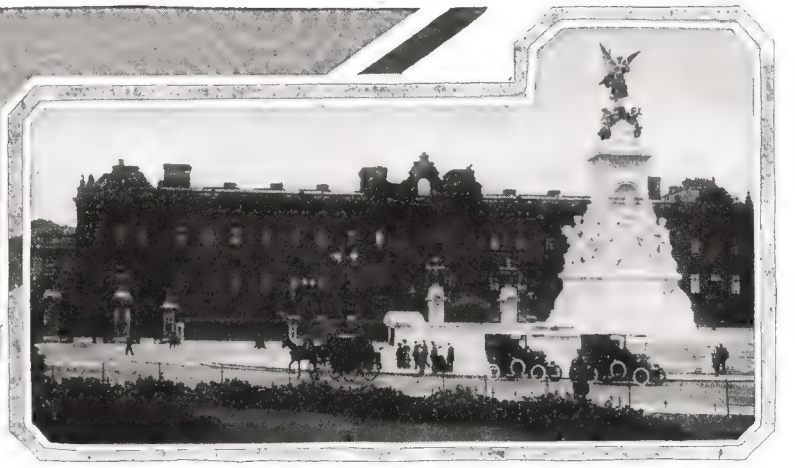
Ethel flushed faintly. This bordered on the impertinent. Disdainfully she tossed it into the basket. She left no answer. Her dignified silence should speak for her.

It did. There was no note from the cheerful Mr. Talbot the next morning. She found that she had been wondering what sort of answer there would be to her silence. So she was conscious of a pleasant interest Friday morning when there was another epistle for her, until she read—

"But since you haven't forbidden my writing, I take it you don't mind my continuing. Subject of this evening's debate: Are you a tall, blonde lady with [*Turn to page 48*]

The Prince who Does Not Want To Be a King

Major Frank E. Verney, a personal friend of the Prince of Wales, who writes this article by special permission of H.R.H.



Buckingham Palace, London, the official residence of the King's family

By Major Frank E. Verney

British Military Cross, Order of St. Stanislaus, Knight of the White Eagle of Servia

The first portrait of the heir to the British throne to be given by a close friend, and one by which we discover that if H.R.H., the Prince of Wales, could choose his own career, he would become a simple army officer!

An interview with the Prince of Wales, one of the very few he has ever given, which appeared in a recent issue of this magazine, has caused a great deal of comment everywhere—even among the friends of H.R.H. One of these friends, Major Verney, is the author of the accompanying article which is the most intimate picture yet given in print of the young man who occupies the most public position in the world today and yet is the least known, possessed as he is of an unconquerably retiring disposition

H.R.H.'s house on his 6,000 acre ranch at Pekisko, Alberta, Canada

I AM so tired of reading the sentimental drivel that is written about "P. W." and of hearing conversational inaccuracies regarding his habits and characteristics, that I welcome this opportunity of talking a little horse-sense on H. R. H. from the point of view of a brother British officer; and I am not going to conduct this chat in highbrow English, or conventional journalese, but in the language and spirit of a place and community of which the Prince is as much an integral part, as much in his real home and setting, as I myself am—namely the anteroom of a regimental officers' mess.

This is a spot where all are equal, and where all must play that thing we call "the game" in act and in word; the one community where the penalty for inconsideration, self-seeking, indiscretion and other breaches of good form and taste is rapid and thorough. So if you are anticipating the revelations of a Peeping-Tom acquaintance of the Prince, or the paragraphs of a sleuth journalist with a paramount passion for prying into a Prince's privacy, you are going to be disappointed.

I make this reservation for two reasons: one is that I don't care about writing that kind of stuff, and the other is that the Prince does not care about its being written. I don't like it, and HE doesn't like it. He has not told me so. He would not be likely to tell me. He does not have to tell me: I know perfectly well he does not like it. He is too much of a *Sahib* to raise a row or make a song about his wishes. Regarding other people's discretion he would never be guilty of the inferential suggestion that any one with whom he comes in contact—duke or dancer, writer or rustic, would overstep good taste or good manners. *A Pukka Sahib* regards decency as something that does not have to be asked for, but is always there. As a native *Havildar* of *Sikh* Infantry said to me in the Punjab—his bearded face gleaming with loyalty—"The Prince *Sahib* is the *Bara Sahib* of the *Sahib Logue*."

What is the Prince really like? is the query that probably registers highest in the statistics of much-asked questions. Everybody asks it, everywhere. Everybody wants to know, and quite a lot of people have a shot at providing the answer as the result of an occasional sight of him, coupled with what they may glean from tthe effusions of snappy society paragraphists with little or no knowledge of their subject.

The Prince of Wales, as a matter of actual fact, is very like the best type of British officer. He has a strong sense of duty to his job but does not allow its great responsibilities to destroy his sense of proportion or overweigh his cheery humanness. As an individual, when he has a job to do, he does it as it should be done. When he is on parade he is on parade and that's that kind of thing. But like the type he represents, his humour and vitality are never far from the surface and show themselves attractively when they get half a chance.

To him the dignity of his high office as second in command to the King and head of the British Empire is neither a burden nor a halo. He is not self-conscious about it, as would be a man of different mould and heritage if placed in such a position—as, for instance, you or I would be.

He is not obsessed by his own dignity and estate as many princes of the past have been. He does not bracket himself with the Almighty, nor think half as much of himself as the average president of some big commercial combine, and he would smile at the divine right of princes about which history is so eloquent. If he lives to be one hundred, and the nations step back to the feudal past or forge ahead to republicanism he will never be a royal Mugwump.

WHEN the Prince of Wales is taking the lead at some great function, surrounded by a glittering staff of great men, he carries it off with a natural ease and unaffected simplicity and an absence of swank which impels a warm, generous thrill of affection and admiration in all present. The little touch of nervousness he sometimes betrays sends this feeling well up to high water mark and touches the sentiments of the feminine participants and onlookers to the limit. In fact, a certain very attractive and otherwise intelligent lady, in whom I am more than a little interested, bored me stiff at one of these shows by constantly exclaiming with more than a little fervour, "Isn't he an absolute *dear!*," and I thereupon decided that I would not take my bride with me to Africa on the Prince's ship, whither I am scheduled to sail with him.

BUT whether the occasion is a full dress, court function in an atmosphere of state, decorations, crowns, tiaras, wonderful women and brilliantly-uniformed soldiers; an official dinner or luncheon by a company or corporation; the inspection of a guard of honour, or the unveiling of a War Memorial, His Royal Highness always is the unassuming British officer—a little anxious perhaps, but keen to do his job properly and to play up to what is expected of him.

Always cheery and ready, when all is going rightly, to grin and enjoy any light relief that may crop up, and with a weather-eye open, too, for anyone attractive to talk to, he nevertheless gets more real enjoyment out of a show where he himself is not the principal figure. For instance, the other day when his brother, Prince George, was made a Freeman of the City of London, and the Prince of Wales was for once a secondary guest, and able to talk and joke as his fancy dictated—his enjoyment of the proceedings, unmarred by any anticipation of having to make a long speech, was distinctly noticeable. In fact, as I have heard more than one person say of him, "He is the most charming man one has ever met."

I can tell you that York House, in spite of its atmosphere of comparative calm, is no retreat of leisure and relaxation and the Prince no Prince of the average conception, dancing with pretty girls and playing polo.

Does the Prince like dancing? Of course he does—he loves it and dances whenever he gets the opportunity. What decent-looking fellow who is a fit human being and popular, doesn't? Naturally, he finds the formal state ball a bit of a trial when he and his partner have to open the dancing with a *Pas de Deux* with everybody watching. But he smiles as cheerfully as if he liked it.

H. R. H. The Prince of Wales

from a portrait painted especially for McCall's by Howard Chandler Christy

When the floor is crowded, or at a private dance where he can amuse himself more or less away from the limelight, he has a great time. Of course all the women, young and old, want to dance with him and, being the Prince and wholly courteous, he has to make a martyr of himself fairly often although he usually manages to work in a few partners of his own choosing.

There are times when he gets away to a dance where he can please himself quite a bit, and dance even half a dozen dances with some attractive girl who pleases him as much as he pleases her. If this happens on a couple of occasions with the same girl and she is by any stretch of imagination a possible starter matrimonially, the dear old ladies of both sexes at once start the gossip rolling. For that reason he has the best time dancing when he goes on the continent *incognito*. This is one of the reasons why he likes Paris. When he is there he can to a greater extent amuse himself like any other decent commoner, and he has a perfect right to do so.

He is quite a decent dancer and does not go in for stunt dancing but for the smooth, simple style, and he keeps in touch with the latest steps by wandering informally into a little dancing school on the north side of Piccadilly.

Women make an awful fuss about the [*Turn to page 56*]

It screamed as I had never heard a baby scream—a deep, angry, fiendish yell

The Shadow Man

By Owen Oliver

Illustrated by W. T. Benda

Does the radio possess great secret powers to control human life which are as yet unguessed? Here is a great story that suggests startling possibilities for this newest of our discoveries. Don't read it when you're alone at night for it is one of the most uncanny tales that McCall's has ever printed

I AM Eric Connolly, M. R. C. P., M. R. C. S., London (Guy's). I practise my profession of doctor at Dedenham. My age at the time these events occurred was thirty-six. My wife is just my wife and she was, and is, very pleasing to me. Her name is Angela. Her disposition is affectionate but "quick." She was thirty-one. Our second baby was sixteen days old, and Angela was an impatient convalescent, downstairs in the deck chair. We were considering the great family question of the moment—baby's name—when the parlour maid brought in a telegram.

Dr. Connolly, Spencer House, Spencer Road, Dedenham. Professor Wain very strange. Come at once. Mrs. Marker.

Professor Augustus Wain, F. R. S., &c., &c., was Angela's father. He was a great authority upon electricity, and had made several important discoveries and inventions. He lived at Wroxham, in a bungalow upon the river. Mrs. Marker was his housekeeper.

"Strange!" Angela cried. "Whatever does Marker mean? Of course father is 'strange'! But there's nothing wrong with his mind."

"No, no!" I said. "I suppose he's excited over some experiment. It's only something like that. I'll ask Polson to attend to the practice, and go at once."

"You can go in the motor, and take me and baby!" she proposed.

"It might have the same effect as poisoning you," I told her. "You're no more fit to motor ninety miles than you are to fly."

I arrived at Wroxham at about five in the evening. The Professor came out immediately. He seemed a bit jumpy; but otherwise his usual self. "I felt that I needed a day in the fresh air," I said glibly. "So I thought I'd run down and have a look at you."

"There's no need to humbug me," he grunted. "As a matter of fact, I heard you and Angela arranging it."

"Eh?" I cried sharply.

"Sounds mad, doesn't it? But I'm not. Angela and the brats all right?"

"Quite. Well, what's up, governor?"

"Come into the dining-room. Marker mustn't hear. It would confirm her suspicions about me. As a matter of fact, I should have wired for you, if Marker hadn't. Now, my boy, I have to make you believe the unbelievable. So I'll put you in the right frame of mind by beginning with an 'impossibility' which I can prove to you—that I heard you and Angel arranging this visit. At twelve five, by your morning-room clock, you were sitting on the table, talking to Angel, who was sitting in a big cane chair among an army of cushions. The chair is a new one—new second-hand, eh?—since I was at your place. I suppose you bought it for the girlie to come down to, eh?"

"Did she write and tell you?" I asked.

"No. Anyhow she wouldn't write that it had a label on the back, 'The Voyager Chair'; or that there was a black stain running down the left hand side, chair's left hand, toward the front Some voyager upset the ink-pot, eh?"

"Look here, governor!" I protested in amazement.

"Don't interrupt. You were sitting on the arm of her chair, discussing the baby's name, when the girl knocked at the door, before bringing in the telegram. Angel said I was always 'strange'—the hussy! You decided to 'drop in on me,' and pretend it was just casual. She wanted to come, but you wouldn't hear of it. Quite right! Quite right!—Now, Eric, my boy! Are you in the frame to hear some more 'impossibilities' without assuming that they are the delusions of a lunatic?"

"Yes, yes," I agreed. "*Your* mind's all right. Have you found some new kind of wireless? Or what?"

IT LOOKS rather as if I've found a visitor from another world. I shouldn't think it was a very good world either!"

"The devil!"

"I don't say he's that. The best guess I can make is that he's some disembodied spirit from somewhere; from one of the planets of our system, possibly, but that's mere guess. He finds himself in a world which is no use to spirits unless they live in bodies. So he wants to inhabit one. As all the living bodies are already occupied, he can only get a house by turning the tenant out. For about twenty-seven hours he turned me out of mine. It's a fact, old man. For over a day I was an invisible, incorporeal thing wandering in space. That's how I came to your morning-room. I've proved that I was there, don't forget. I'm back inside myself again; but I don't know what's become of the brute. Probably he's lurking about listening. I don't know how much he can understand. We've got to chance it. . . . It's only a shadow in that corner, I suppose? Behind the pedestal? . . . . Have a good look at it."

"Only a shadow," I reported. "Begin at the beginning, governor. Better take a peg first."

I mixed the Professor a glass of whiskey and water, and he drank half. "Deuced upsetting," he said. "You've no idea what it feels like to be detached from your machinery. You can do what you like, and you don't have gout in your toe—mine's hereditary, you understand—but there's nothing to do and nowhere to go; and no toe to have gout in! . . . And all the time to see some other being making a fool of you! The Professor was strange, Eric; but he was this infernal creature not I. He—well, I'd better begin at the beginning and tell you the whole story:

"I've been experimenting on a development of the wireless idea. What do the waves transmit? Not sound, but something which a human contrivance translates sound into; and, at the other end, another human contrivance translates back. It occurred to me that anything else which we can translate into and form the waves is just as transmittible. Life—personality—is probably only vibrations. Why not try to transmit those, I thought.

"I fancied I'd found the dodge. About half-past nine yesterday morning I was in my laboratory upstairs

working at the rough model of the transmitter. The receiver was already completed. No use sending out till there's something to 'listen in'! I was joining up wires with a soldering iron. I happened to glance at the receiver. In my first rough model I use a lidless biscuit tin as the 'bell,' out of which the results will come. I fancied I saw an extremely attenuated, transparent, white smoke coming out.

"Mind you, I can't absolutely swear that I saw anything from first to last. What I fancied that I saw was no more substantial than the ghost of a mist. I wiped my spectacles to make sure that it wasn't my breath on them but I still seemed to see an almost invisible blur floating at the mouth of the biscuit tin. It was quite transparent. I could see the wall through it. It didn't seem to grow any more substantial; but it gradually shaped itself to an extent, till it took a form something like a man built of a child's bricks—shadow bricks. It had no features, no fingers and toes. It was only a vaguely outlined, squarish blob of mist, about six inches square, on top of an oblong blob of mist, say the size of a cabin trunk, for head and body; and four big squarish rolling-pins for legs and arms.

I DIDN'T want to interfere with its development, sat staring at it, with my mouth open, expecting it to become —well, hardly human; say planetary. But after a time it stopped at what I have described, remaining transparent and only just visible. Then there was a sudden snap—I seemed to feel the snap without actually hearing it—and the whatever-it-was flitted away from the box—like a soap bubble floating out of the pipe, but not a tenth part so visible.

"I thought that the receiver had gone 'out of tune,' and was getting up to go and fiddle with the adjustments; but, just before I was quite off my chair, the thing was on me. . . . It seemed to go through me and back again; seemed to be trying to grasp me. The soldering iron in my hand went right through it, but there was no hiss. However, the iron may have grown cold. I didn't feel any physical effect from it; no push or drag, or heat or cold, or hurt; but I was so startled that I overbalanced, and fell with my head against the table. Here's the bruise, see? The knock stunned me.

"When I next knew anything I was a disembodied consciousness; quite invisible; incapable of producing any effect on matter; unable to make any sound. Matter was unable to make any effect upon me; except that somehow I could still see and hear. I was right outside my body, you'll understand. Inside that was the one place where I couldn't go. The man of shadow bricks was no longer to be seen, but there was my body—the body of Professor Wain—stumbling round the room, making noises like a flustered ape.

"My conjecture, Eric, is that, when I was stunned, my mind lost its hold upon my brain; and the shadow-brick thing pushed it out and got in. A disembodied spirit tries to get a body of some sort, as surely as a sponge drinks up water. But it can't get into a body which is already occupied. I tried yesterday, tried for hours, grabbed and grabbed at myself; but my arms went through and through it; or it went through and through me. I don't know which. I could only flit and flit about the place, going through things—walls and all that—and watch the tenant now in my body, practising and experimenting with it, and gradually acquiring control of my organs and limbs.

"It seemed to go right through me and back again; seemed to be trying to grasp me"

"It was an intelligent tenant; a being with a better brain than man. That's what made me funk. At first it breathed as if each breath was an individual effort; but in half an hour it had learnt the trick, and the breathing had become automatic. After an hour's practice it walked quite well. At first it kept bumping into things, and occasionally overbalanced. This graze on my cheek was made when it fell against the fender. It practised all the morning at picking up things with my hands, and at making sounds with my mouth. When Mrs. Marker brought my lunch, it managed to eat and drink. At first it let bits go 'down the wrong way,' and nearly choked; but it managed to finish the cold chicken and most of the bread. It drank every drop of the whiskey, nearly half a bottle. Then it lost some of its control of my limbs.

"It was in that state when it reeled and staggered downstairs. Eric, I can talk to you about its behaviour during the afternoon. You'll have a lurid account from poor Marker. Heaven knows how I'm going to live it down. I had to flit about outside myself and see my image behaving like a fuddled gorilla. The servants left, except good old Marker and the gardener. He put it to bed at last. Old Marker cried like a baby 'to see the master come down to this'!

"I thought perhaps I could oust the devil during his drunken sleep; but I couldn't . . . . couldn't . . . . I gave up the attempt after a few hours, flitted round the house all night; read newspapers or anything lying about. The darkness made no difference to my seeing; but I could only read what was lying open—couldn't turn pages. There was a twopenny novelette lying on the top of the kitchen coal box. The page ended, 'Lady Marguerite sprang up with a new light in her eyes, and said . . .' Do you know, I shall always want to find out what Lady Marguerite said; but they lit the fire with the novelette the next morning, and I don't know its name. I stood by and watched the fire burn up, just for something to do; but I couldn't feel warmth, or cold—not even cold. I'd rather have been burning or freezing than insensible, inhuman.

"The next morning the thing masquerading as me went on experimenting with my body; began to find my strength, and revel in exercising it. Perhaps it was exultant and experimental rather than intentionally vicious. Anyhow it threw the teapot at Marker. It didn't like tea; wanted 'wisk.' No doubt it meant [*Turn to page 51*]

I Tune In on the Universe

By Mary Meek Atkeson

"So, Mr. Campaign Speaker, be prepared with a speech that is really worth listening to, if you hope to gain the votes of the farmer by radio—for he is used to good speeches now, just like his city brother. Since the last campaign, every dirt road in America has tuned in on the universe!"

Illustrated by Frank Street

I'LL not deny that ever since that first exciting moment when, after many disappointments, I twisted the dials and tuned in on the universe, I have been a radioler right. How well I remember it! There was a sputter and a spatter of static, like grease popping over on the kitchen stove, a buzz and a rumble and a sharp snap when suddenly out of nothing came a tune, a real honest-to-goodness tune, that somehow carried on in spite of all the interference of an amateur crystal set. It dropped out of nowhere plump into our farm dining room—and there I was with the table set for breakfast, and me with my kitchen apron on, and my hands still damp from the dishwater, as I fumbled with the dials. It was a concert. So I pulled off my dirty apron and dropped it behind my chair, straightened my hair a little, and wished I had a powder-puff handy. I heard the folks clapping their hands at the end of the number, and they seemed so near I almost looked around to see if there wasn't someone I knew. And I wondered if they couldn't see the crumbs under my table, that I hadn't taken time to brush out.

But I don't mind the city folks now, I've met so many of them over the radio. They seem real sensible, too. Nearly always when they are listening to speeches they applaud just where I would do it—and when a speech gets awfully long and tiresome I hear a rustle, like folks leaving, just before I tune out in disgust. So I guess we feel pretty nearly the same about most things. It is sociable, too, to hear the rustle of the programs and the applause, especially on those lonesome evenings when all the rest of my folks have gone to town But the biggest joy of the radio is that I can really associate with city people in my everyday shoes and my everyday corset. When I am too tired to spruce up after supper I drop in on them right out of the dishpan, you might say, and they're not a bit the wiser, nor think any less of me for it. I don't have to put in a half day of hard work dressing up in uncomfortable clothes and taking the train to the city, as we used to do to attend a good concert. Yes, and get home at one or two o'clock in the morning with a thumping headache to hang over into the next day. I tell you, country people used to pay a big price for all the city music they heard in the days before the radio.

I SOMETIMES feel it's almost wicked to be so comfortable when I listen to a sermon. But I notice that when I'm tipped back in a big cushioned rocker with my feet laid up in another one, the preacher gets my attention more than ever he did before.

The first time I heard the collection plate go round, and heard the money go "jink!" as it dropped in, I dug in my pocket and had it all ready— before I remembered that the church I was listening in on was more than a thousand miles away! I do think, though, they ought to fix it so we country folks could send in our collection. It doesn't seem just right to hear a good sermon without giving something to the Lord.

But the music is what I like best about the city church service. The voices float out so sweet, till you think the angels are singing. And I always join in the hymns, whether I can sing them or not. I notice the city folks like just the same old-fashioned hymns we country folks do—"How Firm a Foundation," "Lead, Kindly Light," and all the rest. I don't need any book for those, either—I know them all by heart.

I can't say that I like the radio speeches so much. I often wonder why, when the announcers for the different stations can sound like human beings, the other speakers can't. A man begins to talk on some subject that I want to hear about, but his voice sounds all hollow in the middle, and sort of curled up round the edges, as when you yell down the rain-barrel. Or else he sounds as if he were practicing a speech he didn't know so very well. Anyway I am often quite sure that he is not enjoying himself, and is almost as glad as I am when it is finally over.

But I have one consolation—I can always tune out! I've often thought about the agonies we human beings endure because we get into meetings and then can't get out. I'm sure, as the statistician says, if our sufferings from that cause alone were put end to end they'd reach two or three times clear around the universe. Just my own sufferings would reach a considerable piece. So many things make us stay on and suffer when we wish we didn't have to. We don't want to seem impolite, for one thing, and we're afraid of what somebody will think if he sees us going out. Even though we try to look as if we had to catch a train, or had forgotten something at home that might boil over on the stove, or something like that—we never can be sure we are getting it across. We've a sneaking feeling that everybody knows we are just plain bored— [*Turn to page 75*]

So I pulled off my dirty apron and dropped it behind my chair

The Girl in Golden Rags

By Robert W. Chambers

Famous Author of "Cardigan," "The King in Yellow," "The Firing Line," "The Fighting Chance," "The Hi-Jackers," etc.

The candid offer of a child's devotion flung at him with all the ardor of heart and mind and soul

IN a wild and neglected mountain farm, seventeen year old Jacqueline, daughter of Philip Ardres who gave his life for France before America's entrance into the War, and his still beautiful wife Anne, lives happy and careless despite her rags. A laughing, life-loving child, she remains undaunted by the spectre of poverty which menaces them until chance and the October shooting season bring the ardent millionaire sportsman P. J. Connor with Roger Aylward and young West Halton to board at Ardres Farm.

NOONDAY dinner at the Ardres Farm resembled the same function in every farmhouse throughout the State.

The three men seemed to be half starved. Anne's golden autumn butter melted away by the half pound on the hot, golden Johnnycake; fragrant slices of crisp ham, still sizzling, vanished at an amazing speed; fried potatoes followed by the dishful; a dozen fried eggs accompanied them. Three times the coffee-pot was emptied.

Connor's lively gaze returned always to a certain custard pie reposing on a platter not far from his elbow.

He said to Anne: "Not since I was a bare-legged boy, and until this hour, ma'am, have I had what I like to eat, all I want to eat, and cooked the way I want it!"

Anne flushed: "I'm glad you like it. . . . You'll have some more, won't you?"

But she had nearly filled him now. Only a great bowl of cracked green hazelnuts lured him to further gastronomic effort.

Connor said: "Many a hazelnut I've cracked on a stone by the brook. . . . I was a ragged, hungry lad sent after the cows. . . . But those are the magic days that come no more, ma'am. . . . They come no more."

She said, faintly smiling: "You have forgotten the reality; you remember only the magic."

"Well, then, that's the greatest mercy God sends us. Blessed are they that forget! Who dwells on past troubles will know worse some dark day. And who can't remember yesterday's happiness, God pity! . . . I was a poor lad once. And many a time I laughed—I did so . . . With ten cents in my fist—and pockets too ragged to trust! Well, as I say—those are the days that come no more—" He turned abruptly to Jacqueline, his Irish eyes a-twinkle: "What may *you* be thinking, my golden lass?"

She looked up at him out of sober brown eyes: "I was thinking of what you were saying. . . . And of the goodness of God."

"Is He so good to you, lady-lass?"

"Yes."

Connor said: "It's a long way to heaven and blessings come by slow freight sometimes. . . . But you tell me you get yours right along, do you?"

"Yes."

"Every day?"

Connor caught Anne's eye, waited for the effort, saw her make it without a tremor.

"Yes," she said, "we have been blessed—in many ways." She did not look at Connor as she spoke.

Anne rose; the others got up. Connor and Aylward walked out to the side porch and seated themselves on the rickety, sun-blistered steps. The two dogs—who must not be fed until the end of the day—came up to be fondled.

Aylward said in a low voice: "For the sort of thing we're considering, P. J., this rather seems to fill the bill. Twenty thousand acres of cover . . . . And a pond. . . . And a camp ready made. What would buy it, do you think?"

"Very little money, I believe."

"It's a gamble, of course, unless we try it out—"

"And why not try it out?" grunted Connor.

"You mean come back here after the first frost north of us?"

"Or—stay where we are."

Aylward reflected: "Of course we could do that—"

"If she'll have us," said Connor.

"She will—"

"Easy, Roger! Who knows how she's feeling after seeing you eat."

"*Who?*"

"*You,* then! West ate nothing and I less—"

They both laughed lazily in the sunshine.

Jacqueline was very busy aiding Anne to clear the table, wash and dry dishes, pots and pans.

TWENTY dollars!" she repeated in a guarded voice. "Isn't that wonderful, Mother? Just for giving them dinner, and letting them shoot in the alders?"

"It is too much," said Anne. "They shouldn't have given me so much."

"Maybe they'll come back to supper. And we can feed their dogs, too. . . . And let them stay all night, and give them breakfast. . . . That would help. . . . But even then—*twenty* dollars!"

She brushed the crumbs from the cloth, shook it out, folded it, laid it away, and flung a red checkered cloth over the table.

"Now, Mother, I'm through," she announced.

"What are you going to do with yourself, Jacqueline?"

"Is there anything more you want me to do?"

"Not for a while. . . . But—I don't think I'd bother those gentlemen if I were you—"

"Can't I talk to my friend, J. West Halton?"

"Perhaps they prefer to be by themselves."

"I'm sure *he* doesn't."

"Be *very* sure, Jacqueline."

"Yes, I will."

She washed her hands, dried them carelessly, went out by the rear door through the chicken-yard. Beyond that she took to her light heels and arrived on flying feet at the rendezvous behind the barn.

"I wondered if you'd wait," she said breathlessly. "I had to help Mother. Shall we take a walk in the woods? How soon must you start hunting? Have you time?"

He looked at his watch and said he had.

She took his hand: "It's only a step to our wood-lot . . . I do want to talk to you, West. . . . But isn't it strange?—I don't seem to know what I want to say—"

Nor can the starved eat much in the beginning.

"Yes," he said, amused, "what shall I tell you?"

"I don't know. Anything—until I can think what I have to tell you."

"Well," he said, "a fellow knows more about himself than anything else. . . . Would you like to know about me?"

The masculine egotism remained unnoticed by her; only the new charm of him persisted.

"Tell me, West," she said, pressing his hand.

Now for the first time, to her, he looked alien, unfamiliar—an arrival from another planet

"I don't wish strangers to overpay me—out of kindness—"

In the west the sun went down, cherry red, tinting the world with delicate pastel shades of mauve and rose where the great honey-colored moon hung, bewitching earth and sky. Supper was ready at the Ardres Farm, but no hunters had returned.

Once or twice, softly from the distant graying wastes of misty alders, came the report of guns. The Hunter's Moon still held them in her thrall.

Anne, in fresh shirt-waist, black skirt, and apron, came from the kitchen to the side porch, where Jacqueline sat on the steps cradling the kitten. Anne looked at her daughter with mingled pride and heartache. The amber woolen cloth of the sport suit, the pale yellow waist, brown stockings, brown shoes, had transfigured her to a lovely harmony more warmly golden than an autumn leaf in the sunset glow.

"There isn't much. I live in New York. Yale was my university. . . . Well, that's about all."

"Do you work?"

"Yes, I've a place down town where I work."

"What kind of work?"

"I draw pictures I'm an illustrator."

"What a perfectly wonderful business!"

"It's jolly. You have to work hard. You have a lot of vexations. If you have a rotten story to illustrate it isn't much fun. Sometimes a model leaves you flat in the middle of a serial."

"A—model?" she repeated.

"You know—men and women who make a profession of posing for artists."

"Y-es. . . . I didn't know you *had* to have them."

"Oh, yes. You can't fake. You've got to have real people to draw from, and real clothes and costumes, too."

They strolled along in silence for a while. All about them were big beeches with foliage turned golden in spots. The sun, burning through here and there, made a golden place of it; and Jacqueline, a golden thing herself, seemed to burn and fuse into the aureate living light as though born of it. The boy's artist soul was quickened: "You're so pretty," he managed to say.

Not far away a whistle blew shrilly, three long blasts.

"Hang it," said young Halton, "that's P. J.'s dog whistle. And he means *me*."

She watched him through the trees until he disappeared among the sunlit woods beyond.

There was a swamp maple near her; she leaned against it as though a little tired. For a while she remained quite motionless, only her shoulder in contact. After a little she rested her cheek against the cool gray bark.

Two small ragged butterflies, the color of smouldering coals of fire, darted in and out of the sunbeams and whirled around her, sometimes alighting on her, sometimes on the bark, sometimes on a brilliant fallen leaf which matched the burnished hue of their wings.

She rested against the tree for a few moments longer. Then she straightened up and began to walk slowly through the ferns toward the house.

She was right; there always would be pleasures in the world for her, always happiness, always happy resources, because they originated within herself.

She arrived through the chicken-yard and entered the house by the rear door. Her face bore a thoughtful expression. She continued on into the pantry and helped herself to a cookie.

Anne was coming down stairs carrying broom, duster, and mop.

"Where have you been, Jackie?" she asked.

"In the back wood-lot. . . . I said good-bye to my friend, West. Mother, I don't know what to do with myself this afternoon. . . . I believe I feel lonely for that boy—"

"Don't be sentimental, Jackie!"

"Oh, no. . . . I wish I had my new clothes though."

YOU are going to have them. That pretty sport dress at the Emporium—do you remember? You and I are going to Drifting Bridge this afternoon to buy it."

"With your twenty dollars? Ought you to spend all that for me, Anne darling?"

"Indeed I ought, poor baby!"

"All right. But I'd better hook up old Jim, first—"

Anne flushed a little: "No; we're going to the village in Mr. Connor's automobile."

"Whose!" exclaimed Jacqueline, delighted. "Where is it?"

"They came to the village in an automobile. It is at the hotel. That Welch Verril drove by while you were in the woods, and Mr. Connor asked him to tell the driver to come up here and take us to Drifting Bridge."

"But—Mother? . . . . Are *they* coming back for supper?"

"They're going to stay and hunt for a week, and board with us—"

"Oh! I'm *glad!*"

"I've been up tidying their rooms. . . . I asked them seven dollars a week, but they—Mr. Connor—insisted that I take seventy-five dollars for themselves and their dogs . . . . It isn't right or decent. . . . But Mr. Connor wouldn't listen. . . . He talked so loudly, and he laughed at everything I tried to say. . . . I don't know whether I like such treatment—"

"Anne, he just wants to be kind to you!"

She looked so tall, seated there with the soft wool skirt at a decent length, her little new tan shoes crossed, and her slim, water-roughened fingers caressing the playful creature in her lap.

Into her hair she had tucked an orange colored flower—one of the self-seeded calendulas that persisted season after season in what once had been a flower bed at the corner of the older wing of the house.

Anne looked down at her daughter, at the smooth nape of her neck where the brown hair grew paler, soft as an infant's.

At that instant, all that ought to be done for this child—all that she ought to know and have and be, surged up and almost overwhelmed the mother's mind.

Far across the dim valley a light sparkled on the Verril Hill. Anne went back to the kitchen, lighted three oil lamps, left one there and carried two to the dining-room, which also was the sitting-room. As she turned to come out she heard Jacqueline's joyous cry:

"O, West!"—heard the loud purring of a motor, saw the yard and trees illuminated by the headlights.

The men came stamping across the porch with a metallic rattle of guns and loosened cartridge loops—Connor first—his hearty voice dominating all:

"We're late, ma'am, and we're sorry and ashamed, but the sport was grand!—There was a whirr and a twitter at every rod! . . . Grouse too, ma'am;—we've our limits in cock and grouse—even the gay lad, yon!—look at him now, with his pockets full!—"

Young Halton was dragging out grouse and woodcock and handing them to Jacqueline who, enchanted, stood with both hands full of feathered game. Anne took two other clusters of birds from Aylward and Connor. The latter went out to the veranda, gave directions to his chauffeur, who had deposited several suit cases, rugs, overcoats, and bundles on the porch. The car backed in a demi-tour, circled, glided away into the night. [*Turn to page 66*]

The Unknown Quantity

By Ethel M. Dell

Author of "Charles Rex," "Tetherstones," etc.

Gradually her interest in the revue began to awaken

ONE by one the gilded columns of Jeannette Wyngold's structure of happiness have crumbled into dust. Gone for ever are the wealth and glory of her girlhood, for her father, an embezzler who died by his own hand, has left her nothing but a darkened name and a host of rich friends. All of these, however, she quickly dispatches, including the several noblemen who offered themselves in marriage—and excepting only Buck Wetherby, a rather stupid yet devoted admirer, and Lady Varleigh, the dear friend and patron, through whom Jeannette secures a position in the home of Lord Kingswold. But misfortune is not yet done with Jeannette and because Lady Kingswold is jealous of her husband's attentions, the young girl is forced to leave and seek work among the tawdry lights of London's theatrical world.

OTTO PAUL, immense in his stoutness, sat in his private room at The Caravan Theatre and smoked a large cigar, studying the returns of his latest revue "The Brain Wave."

His fat pale face as he studied the papers in his podgy hands was practically devoid of expression, save for an occasional glint in his beady eyes which might have denoted either pleasure or anger. Otto Paul's features never betrayed any reliable indication as to the state of his mind or the contents thereof. In his deadliest moods—and he could be deadly on occasion—he invariably looked the incarnation of mild self-satisfaction, and his voice was never other than unctious and benevolent though the words he uttered might hold the sting of scorpions.

No one ever liked Otto Paul at first sight, and very few had occasion to do so afterwards. He stretched forth a finger and pressed an electric button on the table at which he sat.

Immediately the door opened and a slim, liveried urchin with a scared face looked in on him.

"I can see the lady now," said Otto Paul.

The boy vanished. Otto Paul replaced the cigar in his mouth and leaned back in his chair, his head resting reposefully against the rolled leather cushion. His black eyes, nearly closed, watched the door.

It opened again in a few moments with the same stealthy silence as before. "Miss Wyngold!" piped the urchin.

Otto Paul sat slowly forward. A girl, very upright, with dainty carriage and pale, set face, came into the room.

"Ah, Miss Wyngold!" he said rather fatuously, and held out his hand with a slight upward hoist from his chair which dispensed with the ceremony of rising. "I'm afraid I have kept you waiting. You see how busy I am," with a glance at his littered desk.

"Yes, I see," said Jeannette.

She spoke with brevity. She hated the man, but she had come on business and it was something of a relief to find that he desired to waste no time upon convention.

Otto Paul's eyes gleamed in their inscrutable way. "You are a wonderful girl," he said. "Now what can I do for you?"

"You said you would be able to put a business proposition before me which you thought I would accept," said Jeannette.

"Ah, yes." He looked at her appreciatively. "That was exactly it. It was your face, was it not? Let me see! You were with Sir Jervis Kingswold, I think?"

"I have just left them," said Jeannette. "They are going abroad, and in any case I want something different."

HE nodded his understanding. "Something of a more interesting nature to develop more fully the undoubted gifts of your attractive personality?"

"Something by which I can earn my own living," said Jeannette.

"Ah, quite so, quite!" He opened his eyes a little wider to take her in. "Have you ever been on a stage before?"

"In private theatricals, yes," said Jeannette.

"You have played a leading rôle?"

"Once or twice; not often." She spoke with a hint of impatience. Did the man really imagine that she expected to be offered anything more than the part of a super?

He regarded her with amusement in his little, cunning eyes. "Now, Miss Wyngold," he said, "will you please do me a favour?"

"What is it?" said Jeannette.

"Take off that feather-bed of a coat and let me see your figure!"

She looked at him for a moment, just for one moment of outraged dignity; then very quietly she rose and slipped out of her heavy coat.

"Ah, that is nice!" said Otto Paul.

He leaned back again with a voluptuous sigh and suffered his gaze to move slowly over her. Again the gorged look was on his face.

Jeannette stood perfectly still.

He spoke at length in soft, almost sleepy tones. "You are exactly what I want, Miss Wyngold. Dressed as I should like to see you dressed, you will be superb."

That awoke a sudden doubt in Jeannette's mind. Her grey eyes flashed over him without lingering. "I am not prepared to wear anything indecent," she said bluntly.

He waved a deprecating hand at her. "We are never indecent at The Caravan, my dear Miss Wyngold. Indecency of the open, blatant kind is going out of fashion. Didn't you know? Like divorce, it has become too ordinary to be the smart thing any longer. No, no, no! What I meant yas something quite different, infinitely more artistic. By the way, have you yet seen 'The Brain Wave'?"

"No," said Jeannette.

"You shall see it tonight—from the manager's box. You will give me the pleasure of dining with me first."

A slight tremor went through Jeannette. She spoke with quiet decision.

"Thank you, Mr. Paul. I appreciate your kindness. There is one thing I wish to say however. If you think fit to make me an offer which I find myself able to accept I wish to take another name."

He smiled at her with great amiability. "I do not press the point, Miss Wyngold. You are a queen in your own right."

"Will you tell me what exactly it is that you have in view for me?" said Jeannette.

"I will—with pleasure." With obliging alacrity he made reply. "You will play a part which I propose to create for you—a part in which there will be action only, no words—a symbolic part, my dear Miss Wyngold, which will reveal to the public something which I do not think they yet realize. It is the part of a goddess who comes down from her temple, clothed with a splendour and a radiance beyond all dreams. And the splendour is withdrawn, the radiance vanishes, but—the wonder remains. She is left among her worshippers—a woman, the most marvellous being in the world, stripped of all romance, and yet romance incarnate. Do you catch the idea? I want an effect that will set the hearts of the audience on fire. You can do it. You have the poise. The marvel of your eyes will draw them. Has anyone ever told you that your eyes are marvellous—marvellous? The mystery of them, it is like a dream, magnetic, haunting. Ah yes! I can make of you a wonder picture which no one will ever forget. A queen in her own right, did I say? You will be a goddess, and all London shall rave about you."

His soft voice sank to a whisper. He lay heavily in his chair as if exhausted by the sheer delight of the vision he had conjured up.

But down in the bleak greyness of the December street, as she walked rapidly away, Jeannette uttered a remark which, though philosophical, gave some vent to her feelings and did her good.

"Some of the stepping-stones are sure to be filthy, but one can always change one's shoes when one gets there!"

She had found a lodging over a little baker's shop in a side-street not very far from The Caravan Theatre. She had a little money, that which she had earned during her month with the Kingswolds, and she would earn more—much more, if Otto Paul were to be taken seriously—before that was spent.

As for Otto Paul, well, he was just an unpleasant factor that would have to be endured as stoically as possible. She was not in the least afraid of him, nor did the idea of going on the stage dismay her. She could always stop if she didn't like it. Very full of courage and superbly self-reliant was Jeannette in those days.

She donned a perfectly plain French dinner-frock of black

Otto Paul's eyes gleamed in their inscrutable way. "Wonderful girl!" he said. "What can I do for you?"

velvet that evening, one of the two which she had permitted herself to keep after the ruthless cutting-down of her wardrobe. She dressed her hair with the utmost simplicity. She wore no ornaments of any kind. And she knew, without looking, that she was exquisite.

She took a taxi to the Savoy since she was not paying for her dinner, and she entered the vestibule with the absolute self-possession with which her hostess days had endowed her. She imagined that she would not be kept waiting. And she was right. Otto Paul came forward immediately to greet her, and behind him two men at sight of whom Jeannette's straight brows became slightly arched.

For the third time that day his hand, which felt boneless like a frog and clammily warm, clasped hers, and a little shudder went through Jeannette.

"May I introduce my friends?" said Otto Paul. "Mr. Ritter! Mr. Morgenthal! Miss Wyngold!"

Jeannette bowed, securely withdrawn behind her fence of composure. She disliked them both at sight. But what of that? They too were probably stepping-stones.

Their nationality was almost aggressively obvious. The first, Ritter, was an alert young man with a large nose and quick dark eyes of great brilliance. He laughed in her face familiarly as he acknowledged the introduction. His companion was considerably older. His face and his eyes were the colour of mud, but under his iron-grey moustache were extraordinarily full red lips. His hair had receded so that it clothed only the back of his head, and his forehead looked stupendously high.

"This is a great pleasure," he said in a rasping voice that had a quite indefinable foreign tang about it. "I knew your father, Miss Wyngold, very well."

The words took her unawares. She caught her breath, almost as if she suppressed a cry.

TO her surprise and annoyance Ritter rushed to the rescue before she had time to recover herself.

"Miss Wyngold, I should like to assure you of our deepest sympathy and warmest regard," he said. "It is a very great pleasure to meet you, and I look forward to being associated with you in my work at the theatre in the near future."

"Come! Come!" said Otto Paul banteringly. "Don't let us waste time in preliminaries! There is an excellent dinner awaiting us. Let us go and enjoy it!"

Jeannette decided very speedily a few minutes later that Otto's method of enjoying his dinner did not bear inspection. She found it positively abhorrent. Of the other two, she avoided Morgenthal's look because it offended her, and barely glanced at Ritter lest he should again seek to set her at her ease with him. She talked generalities with admirable ease to them all, but she kept her eyes downcast. Her expression was never disdainful, but it was very cold.

"Come and sit out with me somewhere!" Ritter said to her suddenly towards the end of the meal. "These two will go on for ever."

"I understood we were going to the theatre," said Jeannette.

"Oh yes, some time. But we can't sit it through. Middle of the second act is time enough.

"As you like," said Jeannette, with a faint smile that held more of patience than he knew. Certainly Ritter seemed for the moment the least unpleasant of the trio. There were a good many people in the great lounge, and she quickened her steps, looking neither to right nor left. Ritter suggested a secluded corner, and she also desired one, but for a reason very different from his. She made her way towards a settee which was partially screened by a palm. Ritter lingered for a moment to order coffee from a passing waiter, but she did not wait for him. She was desperately assailed by a wild longing to escape ere someone in the smart throng recognized her.

AS she neared the palm, a voice reached her—a breathless, eager voice, calling, "Jeannette! Jeannette!"—and she stopped dead as if a barrier had suddenly been thrust across her path.

It was a voice from the past, that wonderful past of happiness, success, and golden hopes that could never be hers again.

A childish figure came fluttering to her as she turned. A face of pale innocence, with eyes like stars. "How lovely to see you again!" gasped the little maid of honour. "Are you well, darling? And oh, how beautiful you look!"

The words came almost with awe, for sorrow had done for Jeannette what happiness had never accomplished. It had given her that look of understanding, of womanhood, of spiritual strength and endurance, developing and enhancing her charm. What Otto Paul had sensed as an indescribable attraction apart from beauty shone with the splendour of the cut diamond in the eyes of little Valerie. The tears started as she looked at her.

"You are more wonderful than ever," she murmured with loving sincerity. "But oh, Jeannette—"

Jeannette broke briskly in upon her. "My dear, this is a very great surprise. What are you doing here?"

And then she became aware of someone sauntering up behind Valerie, and over the girl's head she met the smiling, half-impudent eyes of Skittles.

"Hey, presto! Here we are again!" he remarked with his customary coolness. "The curtain rises—well-known hotel in London—all the characters as before! Have you seen anything of Buck lately?"

She turned from him to Valerie. "But what are you doing here?" she repeated.

Valerie made a slight gesture that was half-shy, half-pleading. "Tell her, Skittles!" she said.

"Tell her yourself!" said Skittles.

Jeannette knew in a moment. "You are married!" she said.

"To-day!" whispered Valerie in great confusion.

"My darling!" said Jeannette. And all onlookers, possible acquaintances, Skittles the nonchalant, Ritter the impossible, vanished from her consciousness, as she took the trembling girl in her arms and tenderly kissed her. "God bless you!" she said softly. "God bless you, darling!"

She stretched a hand beyond her to Skittles. "I congratulate you with all my heart," she said, and the steely grey of her eyes was for the moment softened to mistiness. "Take great care of her, Skittles!"

"Cherish! That's the word!" said Skittles as his hand gripped hers. "Jolly old word—that! Thanks, Jeannette! Yes, I'll cherish her all right."

She released Valerie with a smile into the shy childish eyes. "I shall never forget you," she said.

Valerie clung for a moment longer. "Nor I you!" she whispered. "Oh, Jeannette, if you would only marry Buck—just think—we'd be sisters!"

Jeannette stifled a queer pang at her [*Turn to page 39*]

All the rich tomato goodness!

12 cents a can

RIGHT FROM THE HEART OF THE LUSCIOUS JERSEY TOMATO!

Spanish Sunlight

[*Continued from page 9*]

his school nickname of "The Adder." "I think I'll see what Emma's doing," he said. He found her bending over a pot on her high Spanish stove—a series of open rings fed by a charcoal furnace. She raised a flushed face when Roden came in.

"Emma," he said, "Sit down a minute. I have something to say to you and the prospect embarrasses me. You were saying that Ewing hasn't come over since Christmas. It seems you were so cruel to him last time he came that he daren't show his nose in Son Ferber till you relent. And now you laugh!"

Emilia did laugh, a round contralto chuckle. "Oh, poor Jack! I do like Jack, but not when he is a donkey and makes scenes."

"Scenes, did he make a scene?" Emilia gave a little shrug. "And for that, you fell out with him? Most women would have been flattered. Why were you angry? After all, his intentions were honourable!"

"Oh, they did him credit. He was quite willing to marry me." Emilia's lip curled.

"The fact is I've thought it over and come to the conclusion that you might do worse and don't stand much chance of doing better. You, individually, might rise in spite of your birth, but the men of your family are a fatal handicap. Fellows think twice before marrying the sister of a waiter—a man they've tipped for changing their dirty plates."

"You were only a waiter for a month!" Emilia cried out. She laughed. "But you are ridiculous, Roden! Do not be so vitriolically bitter!"

"I am vitriolically practical, my dear, that's all," returned Roden carelessly. "Jack Ewing is not a fairy prince, but he is a good-looking fellow and pure-bred English, and, when it suits him, rather more like a gentleman than I am, or any of the other men you're likely to get to know through Milly or me. He's made money too. Honourably? No, not all of it: I've known Jack to do shady things. But not this last six months or so. He's begun to reform, and he swears he'll stick to it if you marry him."

"Do you want me to marry him?—Do you owe him money?"

Roden shut the penknife with a light click and slipped it back into his pocket. "No."

Emilia turned scarlet. "I did not mean that. I did not think it. I beg your pardon!"

"Oh, why?" said the young man lightly. "It was a most natural mistake for you to make. But at the moment I don't owe Jack anything except gratitude. It's through him that I hope to be in funds to-night. He gave me a straight, safe, and simple tip to swindle an individual whom in his reformed state he doesn't care to swindle himself. Hautrive the fellow's name is, Clare Hautrive, staying at the Escorial and writing a chatty book about Spain. Jack met him in the lounge, took him to the Club, dined with him, fenced with him, and offered to show him round a bit. Now they're hand in glove and Hautrive is paying Jack's expenses. He must be quite rich for I noticed that he had an advertisement for a chauffeur in the newspaper this morning. It seems what Hautrive chiefly wants for his local colour is low life. So to-night they go to Angel's and that is where I come in. Oh, you need not be anxious! Jack, in his classic style, assures me that this chap has not nerve enough to show fight, even if he found out—"

"Roden, Roden!"

Young Faneaux had been hurt, and this stream of cruel cynicism was his revenge. But he relented now and smiled at his sister out of his enigmatic black eyes. "Vaya! don't distress yourself, *Emilia de mi alma*—I did not say that I propose to pack the cards! I am not Messager."

"Messager! that halfcaste ruffian? Would you sit down with him at the same table? You do these things with your eyes open and yet you suffer for them! You—a Santa Cilia. How can you put yourself on an equality with men like Messager—or Jack?"

"H'm . . . I am answered, with a vengeance. Poor Jack! Well, I never had much hope for him. No. And yet it would be safer . . . Suppose Milly died, I had rather you were in Jack's hands than in mine. Still if you class him with Messager—!" He was silent a moment. "Well, I'll be going along now—and see what's doing at Angel's."

There are decencies to be observed. Messager observed none. He was calling for a fresh pact

THE Majorcan is not such a night-bird as his cousin on the Spanish mainland, and the gambling rooms, even at a comparatively early hour, were usually full. Hither came the rougher spirits from the Island, town-bred rascals from the manufacturing centres of Inca, and Manacor, smugglers from the coastwise hamlets, sailors from the Port. Majorcan and Catalan and other Spanish dialects were chiefly spoken, but French, German, Italian, and even English fell occasionally on the ear. The heat was stifling, the noise a babel.

Roden lingered in the doorway. Within, a blaze of lights, a smell of smoke and wine, and the racket of quarrelling men mixed with the slap of dominoes and the rustle of cards. An old house converted, the Casino, like most Majorcan houses, was built square round a courtyard. Roden strolled from door to door looking for Ewing and his patron, Clare Hautrive. In the card room he recognised them.

Ewing was tall and fair, broad of shoulder and light and lean of flank: a fine figure of a tiger and Cambridge all over, as Roden reflected. Then as his eye fell on Hautrive he started and stopped, feeling a strange cold thrill of admiration. What he said to himself was that Emma was right in her estimate of Ewing—he really was harmless after all; no man could be reckoned dangerous who was such a simpleton! "Jack Ewing, you're an ass," said Roden Faneaux under his breath. "You're a triple ass, Jack! This patron of yours is a clever fellow. He'll know soon enough that he's being cheated."

And yet the man sitting at Ewing's table was merely a young Englishman of eight or nine and twenty, tall, slight, pale, with clear grey eyes under level eyebrows, and fair, rather irregular features set in an expression of repose. Except that he was extremely well dressed, there was nothing striking about him, nothing to attract attention, for clarity, sincerity, irony are neutral qualities that make no mark in a crowd; one set him down as rich but not a millionaire, a thoughtful and acute mind yet unlikely to set the Thames on fire, and rather magnanimous than warmhearted.

Roden watched from a balcony the play at Hautrive's table. Hautrive was playing with a big Majorcan named Guasp against a Spaniard from Barcelonia and the thieving half-caste named Messager. Hautrive and his partner had been allowed to win at first, [*Turn to page 24*]

The center of easier housecleaning!

Real Naptha! You can tell by the smell

White and glistening! Bathroom fixtures are easily kept spotless, with out scratching, by using Fels-Naptha Soap.

Fels-Naptha makes quick work of cleansing. Scrubbing of floors is unnecessary. Just mop with Fels-Naptha soapy water.

© 1924, Fels & Co. Philadelphia

Fels-Naptha gently loosens the ground-in dirt of curtains. It washes sheets and shirts and sheerest blouses quickly and safely. It sweetens the whole wash.

Fels-Naptha removes spots from rugs. The real naptha in Fels-Naptha dissolves grease, loosens dirt and cleans thoroughly.

Like a fresh coat of enamel Fels-Naptha safely restores to woodwork the bright "smile" that dirt has masked.

Housewives are amazed at the way Fels-Naptha Soap eases the burden of washing clothes and cleaning the home.

The real naptha in Fels-Naptha makes dirt let go safely.

Don't wear out the clothes and yourself needlessly. Use splendid soap and real naptha as combined in Fels-Naptha.

The safe double cleansing is the reason why, to those who know *nothing can take the place of Fels-Naptha.*

TEST the extra cleansing value of Fels-Naptha. Send 2c in stamps for sample bar. Address Fels-Naptha Soap, Philadelphia.

FELS-NAPTHA

THE GOLDEN BAR WITH THE CLEAN NAPTHA ODOR

Spanish Sunlight

[*Continued from page 22*]

but luck had soon turned and they were now losing heavily. Luck would not have turned so soon, Roden supposed, if Hautrive had not looked so much like what in a sense he was—a bird of passage who must be plucked of his last plume now in case he should never return. Still there are decencies to be observed! Messenger observed none. He was calling for a fresh pack.

Roden's teeth fastened on his underlip. That fresh pack! Well, Hautrive would probably take no step to bring about a fracas; a sensible man who has put himself in a false position shrugs his shoulders and pays his way out of it. And surely . . . (Roden softly stepped back into the cardroom and began edging his way to the door) . . . surely if Hautrive was shrewd enough, as Roden did not doubt, to see which way his notes were going, he was too shrewd . . . (Roden gained the door and stood leaning his back against it, one hand carelessly slipped into his trouser pocket) . . . to make a disturbance here in his required "low gambling den," where he was almost alone among men of alien nationalities, where only Ewing stood between him and the brutality of Messager and the callous recklessness of the Spaniard. Men of Hautrive's breed are brave but not rash . . .

It was a shock but not a surprise to Roden when Hautrive, after glancing through the hand he had just picked up, laid it down again on the table and said in a cool, rather tired voice, "These cards are marked."

Simultaneously Roden's fingers fastened on the control switch of the electric light and it went out all over the room. In the ensuing pitchy darkness a solitary revolver-shot was followed by a splintering of woodwork. Then Roden double-locked the door and felt his way back round the wall counting twenty paces. At the twenty-first he laid his hand on Hautrive's arm. He was certain it was Hautrive because it was the arm of a man still sitting down while to judge by the noise every other player in the room was on his feet.

Roden stooped to whisper in his ear: "It was I who put the lights out. I'll get you away if you'll trust me. Take my hand; don't let go of it."

Hautrive got up firmly holding Roden's hand. The room was by now in an uproar, chairs and tables going over in every direction, men swearing and women shrieking, while above the din could be plainly heard the voice of Don Ángel roaring for order and the voice of Ewing shouting to his friend. But, strange to say, Hautrive followed Roden without making the slightest effort to rejoin Jack Ewing. "I'm making for an emergency exit," Roden murmured. There was one, though as it was concealed, and known only to a privileged few, it would not have been of much use in case of fire.

Since no lights were on and no one suspected Roden of interference, escape was easy. He steered for the wall opposite the window—now beginning to define itself as an opaque oblong between caves of shadow—felt along it till he found a gap between twin portrai's of the King and Queen of Spain, touched a knob in the carved wainscot, and pushed Hautrive before him into the cavity left as a movable panel swung back, then followed him in and let the panel fly to again behind them. Instantly they were isolated and left standing pressed body to body in a tiny and dark cell within the thickness of the old stone wall. The air struck dry but chill and the pandemonium in the cardroom was weirdly muted.

Roden groped blindfold for a bolt. It shot back and a second door swung open outward. "Nineteen steps down," said Roden briefly. He counted them aloud as they descended. A second spring-door at the foot of the staircase let them out into a darkling yard under the stars.

"Safe now," said Roden. "You'll find a tram up there that runs from Porto-Pi to the Escorial."

"Where I'm staying . . . And it was you who put out the lights?"

"Messager—that Gold Coast ruffian you were playing against—has a short temper, and he would have found plenty of his own kidney to back him up. There were men in that crowd that carry pistols or knives as naturally as you carry a handkerchief."

"So I should have judged from their villainous expressions. But why did no one switch the lights on again? That doesn't as a rule take long to do." Clare Hautrive looked hard through the darkness at his saviour. But Roden had kept close to the door, and the shadow of the porch fell over him like a black hood. Hautrive could not see his face.

"You heard a shot, didn't you? I fancy some one must have fired into the control switch."

"What a clever some one! Now I should never have thought of that . . . Well, it's all been very thrilling. May I know to whom I owe my escape? I didn't see your face in the cardroom and I can't see it now, and I shouldn't like to meet you again and not recognise you. My own name is Hautrive, Clare Hautrive."

Roden did not answer.

And after a moment Hautrive said, "You do not wish me to know your name. I seem to have blundered in some way—involuntarily, I beg you to believe. But, if you like, the only thing I'll remember about to-night is that I owe you my life."

"You owe me nothing. I hear a tram coming—if it's going your way you had better catch it. They don't run often."

"Oh yes—thanks very much. I may thank you for telling me where to catch a tram? Good night."

"Good night."

Clare left him without another word, stepping fastidiously over the dirty cobbles till his tall figure, bareheaded, was lost in the lamp-lit street. He did not ever turn his head for one glance back at his mysterious acquaintance.

After the excitement of the night Clare Hautrive lay late in bed. It was ten o'clock before he got up to breakfast in his private sitting-room which overlooked the soft February blue of Palma Bay between its golden shores, and the pale towers of Porto-Pi and woody heights behind. He was peeling a tangerine when Bartolomé entered to clear away and to bring a message—"a young man has come in answer to Don Claro's advertisement for a chauffeur."

"Oh! good. Please send him up." Bartolomé went out and Clare settled himself in an armchair, lit a cigarette, and prepared to endure ten minutes of mild discomfort. He hated engaging servants or dismissing them. But when the door opened he almost instantly said to himself with a sigh of relief, "This will do." He was accustomed to decide rapidly and to rely a good deal on first impressions. He had had a dozen answers to his advertisement; all the other candidates had been silently turned down before they opened their lips, but he liked the look of this late comer, slight and straight in his dark jacket and peaked cap.

Roden—for it was he—shut the door behind him and stood cap in hand waiting Mr. Hautrive's pleasure. After a moment of silence Clare in his turn pulled himself to his feet. And looked at him helplessly pointing to a chair. "Do sit down, won't you?"

"Thank you, sir, I prefer to stand."

THEN Clare would not sit down either. He leant against the table—Clare when he stood up always needed propping. He was wondering whether it would *do* to offer the applicant a cigarette. Deciding that it wouldn't, he tossed his own through the window. Roden watched him do it, read his motive, and thought him divinely absurd. This anxious diffident courtesy was a perfectly fresh experience for the Bohemian. It enchanted him like a scent of flowers or a strain of music.

"You've had plenty experience in motor driving, no doubt?" An ingrained aversion from asking questions was responsible for the form of Clare's enquiry. "My car is a Raymond-Ray, 40 h. p. I dare say you understand that make?"

"I've driven a Raymond-Ray. I know a good deal about most makes of cars, both roadsters and racing cars. I can do all ordinary repairs." He named a well-known firm of Barcelona motor engineers. "I was in their employ for six months as mechanic. I did a good deal of driving for them too."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-three."

"You look more . . . Where were you during the war, by the way?"

Roden coloured faintly under his olive skin. "I was in the Catalan Legion. There were a lot of Spaniards in it, men of English sympathies, and for an Englishman living in Spain it was a short cut. We were in Salonika under Sarrail, and before that in Alsace. I was wounded when we took the Hartmannsweilerkopf—"

"In the spring of 1915? But you're only twenty-three now!"

"I went in at sixteen."

"At sixteen!"

The most natural interpretation of Roden's now scarlet face was that he had been caught out in a clumsy and purposeless lie. His confusion amused Clare, who was intuitively certain that Roden had not lied to him, who even divined, with the trained imagination that his friends called second sight, the source of Roden's embarrassment.

"As one might foresee; an Englishman living in a neutral country would naturally want to be one of the first." Roden was dumb. "I dare say it was never difficult for you to pass yourself off as older than you were. I should like, if I may, to ask you a few personal questions. You won't resent them?"

"No."

"Have you people or are you living alone?"

"A brother and sister but no parents."

"And your name—?"

"Roden Brown," lied the young man.

"And yet, you know, I should never have taken you for a pure-bred Englishman."

"My father was English, my mother was a Spaniard—a Majorcan. He got into debt and ran away from her, came out here and formed fresh ties. My mother was not his legal wife."

"Ah! how I do beg your pardon. I did not mean to touch on what might give you pain."

"It is nothing—I did not mind," said Roden mechanically.

"How soon could you come to me?"

"As soon as you like, sir: to-day if you liked."

"That would be delightful. I had a fancy to run over to Sóller this evening. It would be jolly to start after dinner and come back by moonlight—that is if it wouldn't inconvenience you?"

"Certainly, sir."

Neither master nor man had raised the question of salary, Clare because an invincible modesty tied his tongue, Roden, strange to say, because he forgot.

"By the by," Clare said hastily, "we haven't said anything about terms. I'm offering a r-resident s-salary of t-two hundred a y-year."

"It's more than I'm worth."

"I shouldn't give less to anyone I was willing to engage at all."

"What about my quarters then, sir? Where shall I put up?"

"Wherever you like,so long as I'm in Majorca. Leonard had a room in this hotel, but you, I suppose, have quarters of your own in Palma, and perhaps you'd rather not change them."

"Hadn't I better move into Leonard's room? I couldn't attend on you, sir, if I were at the other end of Palma; and you want me to valet you as well as the car."

Clare looked up with his sudden sweet smile. "Oh, I shouldn't like you to brush my clothes!"

"It is part of my job."

"But the conditions are different. I beg your pardon for putting it bluntly" (Roden was wondering whether Clare had ever put anything bluntly in his life) "but it's perfectly evident that you were not brought up to a job of this d-description. I couldn't let you do it for me—I shouldn't like it at all."

"I should prefer it."

"Why?"

"You advertised for a chauffeur-valet and you're paying me the same wages you paid your last man. I should prefer to earn them."

"Oh, I foresee you're going to make my life a burden to me!" Clare broke out. He dragged a bunch of keys from his pocket. "There! now go and rummage in my wardrobe if you like—confound you!"

IT was an hour or more after sunset and the sea was dark, dark: only in the north and west a stripe of light lingered. Emilia Fanceaux, on the steeps above Deyá cove, had slipped out for a breath of air after supper, wearing a scarf over an old silk gown. She had left the cove path and was among great boulders that were like nothing so much as a herd of elephants, standing to graze or lying down to sleep; between them sprang up the green trim shoots of euphorbus, and here and there on a patch of blue sward.

"Emma! Em-ma!"

"Oh dear!" said Emilia under her breath.—"Here I am." Her voice was naturally low and she did not concern herself to raise it; though politeness obliged her to reply, she would not have been sorry if that quick male stride had gone by down to the cove. But the ears that listened for her response were very keen, and caught it instantly. A tall figure, English and easy in tweed suit and soft felt hat, swung itself down to her between rock and tree. Emilia did not stir except to turn up her face. "Good evening, Jack, how did you know where to find me?"

"Milly said you had gone for a stroll towards the mirador and I knew you liked these rocks. Don't you remember, I came here with you once before—sunset it was—a topping sunset, all bloodred and peacock blue, you can't have forgotten?"

"But I've seen millions of sunsets," Emilia murmured. She had not forgotten, all the same. November it had been, and sea and sky had caught fire together, and while she was absorbed in watching their conflagation Ewing had kissed her—no, she was not likely to forget.

"May I stop and talk to you? Ewing asked. He threw himself down without waiting for leave, and so close to Emilia that dark as it was, he could feast his eyes on her.

"How did you get here?" she added. "In that car, I dare say, that I saw coming along the road from Sóller."

"Was there a car? No, I rode over on horseback, by Valldemosa."

"Lucky you to have a horse to ride! How does business go?"

"Badly—that is, I've been doing pretty well of late, but I've just been chucked out of a paying job and I'm at a loose end again. It's all one to me, I shall drop into a berth as soon as I begin for one in earnest. The Montserrat Film Co. would give me one like a shot if I cared to go back to Barcelona. They're filming *Texas Harry* and want chaps who can ride."

"Why don't you try them again? They paid you a good salary and it must have been great fun."

YES, why don't I?" said Ewing. He put his hand over the hand that lay on her knee, hers as cool as a lily and his own feverishly dry. "Will you come with me if I do?—Sorry, I didn't mean to say this now but you—you wring it out of me. Hasn't absence made your heart grow any fonder? It's not as though you saw heaps of other fellows and could pick and choose! Aren't you getting a bit fed up with Deyá? I hoped you'd be beastly dull by now—that's why I stopped away. So long as there's no one else I shan't give up hope. You'll change your mind one of these fine days."

"No, I never shall."

"Change the subject then," said Ewing smoothly. It was not his cue to lose his temper with Emilia. Nor, for that matter, was he more than mildly irritated. In spite of her mature age and those famous experiences in Paris, she was still very young in love, quite unawakened and quite fearless, and it was this bloom of youth that charmed him, for he saw himself by and by forcing his way through petal after bruised petal to the inmost sweet heart of the bud. He was one of those who find pleasure insipid unless it gives pain. When Emilia piqued him, Ewing behind his clear sleepy blue eyes, like blinded windows, amused himself by picturing her surrender, or sweeter still, a favourite day-dream borrowed from film life, her enforced submission. What pleased him best was to imagine himself alone with her in an empty house.

"What d'you want to talk about—Milly, I suppose, or the beloved Roden? I'm not loving Roden very dearly just now." He outlined the events of last night. "How Hautrive got away I know no more than the cat, unless Roden helped him off."

[*Turn to page 92*]

A Sensitive Skin should be cleansed *this special way*

If your skin is sensitive and easily irritated, it needs especially to be protected against dust. Dust increases natural irritability, and is a real danger to a sensitive skin.

Once in a while a woman will tell you, "I never use soap and water on my face. My skin is too sensitive."

It was an old superstition that washing the face with soap was irritating to a sensitive skin. But today scientists have discovered that the real danger to a sensitive skin is *dirt.*

Dirt irritates and inflames—increases natural irritability—even causes skin disorders, by carrying bacteria and parasites into the pores. If your skin is of the very sensitive type, be sure, first of all, to keep it clean—free from the layer of dirt and natural oil that accumulates inevitably when soap is not used.

Use the following method of cleansing to keep a sensitive skin smooth and soft, yet healthily resistant:

Each night, just before you go to bed, dip a soft wash cloth in warm water and hold it to your face. Then make a warm water lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and dip your cloth up and down in it until the cloth is "fluffy" with the soft white lather. Rub this lathered cloth gently over your skin until the pores are thoroughly cleansed. Rinse well with warm, then with clear, cool water and dry carefully.

Why the skin of your face needs special care

The nerves which control the blood supply are more sensitive in the skin of your face than elsewhere—and consequently the skin of your face is more liable to disturbances.

For this reason the soap that you use daily on your face should be of the best quality obtainable.

Get a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap today and see what an improvement the regular use of Woodbury's will make in your complexion.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is based on a special formula, the result of years of scientific study of the skin and its needs. Only the purest and finest ingredients enter into this formula. In consequence, Woodbury's Facial Soap can be used with extremely sensitive and tender skins, which often react unfavorably to other toilet soaps.

Around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap is wrapped a booklet, containing special treatments for each type of skin—for an oily skin, a pale, sallow skin, etc. Find the right treatment for *your* skin in this booklet—begin using it tonight. Within a week or ten days you will notice a wonderful improvement in your complexion.

A 25-cent cake of Woodbury's lasts a month or six weeks for regular toilet use, including any of the special Woodbury treatments. Woodbury's also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

Send 10 cents for a trial-size set of three famous Woodbury skin preparations

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO.
1509 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio

For the enclosed 10 cents—Please send me a miniature set of the Woodbury skin preparations, containing:
A trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap
A sample tube of Woodbury's Facial Cream
A sample box of Woodbury's Facial Powder
Together with the treatment booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch."

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1509 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario. *English Agents:* H. C. Quelch & Co., 4 Ludgate Square, London, E. C. 4.

Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

Cut out this coupon and send it to us today!

Copyright, 1924, by The Andrew Jergens Co.

Department of Foods and Household Management

Edited by Sarah Field Splint

You May Eat Whatever You Like

But Don't Forget to Include in Your Menus the Special Foods—Milk, Fresh Fruits and Leafy Vegetables—That Nature Provides for Your Protection

By E. V. McCollum and Nina Simmonds

Department of Hygiene and Public Health, Johns Hopkins University

THE vegetarian is not necessarily "queer." Many of the greatest characters in history have been flesh abstainers. Doubtless they have become so as the result of their personal experiences with meat eating. That is, they probably discovered that they felt better on a modified vegetarian diet or on one which contained little meat.

Saint Peter, Saint Matthew and Saint James are said to have abstained from flesh food but probably ate fish. King Cyrus, who brought Persia from an obscure colony to be the most splendid empire of centuries, was a vegetarian. Among the great men of ancient Greece, Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle and Socrates abstained from meat and were abstemious eaters. Among the ancient Romans who practised vegetarianism were the Emperor Julian, the philosophers Cato and Seneca. Among moderns there are Count Tolstoi, William Cullen Bryant, Robert Louis Stevenson and George Bernard Shaw.

The adoption of vegetarianism by man is almost always the result of necessity. For this reason vegetarians are not abundant in new countries whose agricultural resources are adequate to meet the needs of the population and in addition to raise live stock. Under such conditions meat becomes abundant and cheap and since meats are among the most appetizing of foods, it is natural that meat eating should be general in new countries whose agricultural resources have not been exhausted. So although we now and then find a person in our own land of abundance who, for a shorter or longer time, becomes a vegetarian, they are so rare as to attract attention.

There are, however, vast areas on the earth's surface where millions of people are almost or quite limited to a fleshless diet. This is true of much of the region in southern and eastern Asia, in which approximately half the human family live. In many parts of China it has been estimated that there are about two thousand people to every square mile which can be cultivated. In 1911 it was stated by a careful observer that there were about 2,300 people to the square mile in Japan.

Under these circumstances it is not possible to have an animal industry such as we have, and since meat is not produced in appreciable quantities vegetable food becomes the staple article of diet.

ALTHOUGH there is abundant evidence that millions of people have lived exclusively on a vegetable, non-flesh diet for years and suffered no ill effects from doing so, *we* have never seen a well-authenticated case where a strictly vegetable diet has been a complete success.

A vegetarian diet, according to the original narrow definition, is a diet consisting solely of vegetables and fruits. The use of the term "vegetarian" dates back to about the year 1847 when it was used to designate a diet from which flesh, fowl and fish were excluded. Some of the adherents to this then new dietary system included animal foods such as milk, butter, eggs and cheese and refrained only from meat. But strictly speaking, these people were not "vegetarians."

Several persons during the last few years have exhibited themselves to the authors as examples of the merits of a vegetable diet containing no meat, milk or eggs, and therefore, no food of any kind of animal origin. It should be said in fairness, however, that each stated that vegetarianism had been adopted because of ill health and that marked benefit had been derived from the new regimen. But it is interesting that in every case such persons exhibited the leanness and physical inferiority which we would expect, having seen as we have, the effects of restricting animals of the omnivorous type to this kind of diet which we have just described.

Perhaps the best illustration we have of the fact that under certain circumstances a vegetarian regimen may be satisfactory is found in the experience of the Buddhist priesthood and of the Trappist monks. A thousand years ago the former abandoned a meat diet, yet many of them reach a great age. The Trappists are an order of monks which has existed in France for hundreds of years.

Is it safe to limit yourself to one diet? Doctor E. V. McCollum, famous physiological chemist of Johns Hopkins University, believes you can forswear any food you dislike, provided you follow the three urgent rules he gives for safeguarding your health

They never include meat, fish or eggs in their dietary, yet they are remarkable for their long life and high health record.

The statistics of France show us that these monks are the longest-lived men of whom we have record in modern times. It is said that apoplexy, dropsy, gout, or cancer is unknown among them.

A perusal of journals devoted to vegetarianism makes one suspicious that many of the claims recorded for that mode of living are often extravagant and unreliable and the actual limitations of the food supply are very rarely clearly stated.

There seems to be little doubt that many of the records of endurance, speed and strength recorded as the achievements of vegetarians represent the performance of abstainers from flesh foods only, and not abstainers from milk and its products, or from eggs. Even then we are seldom informed whether "flesh" includes fish.

On the other hand; meat eating when indulged in to the extent that many people now practise it, undoubtedly does much harm. A diet containing too large a proportion of meat encourages the growth in the intestines of bacteria which cause the production of foul-smelling substances which are an abomination to the body, and which must be absorbed and permeate the tissues of the body before they can be gotten rid of.

Roosevelt asserts that the grass-eating horse is easily capable of running down and tiring out the flesh-eating lion. This has been used as an argument against flesh eating. But as a matter of fact, the Eskimo dog, which is limited absolutely to meat or fish and fat, is capable of the greatest endurance while expending a remarkable amount of energy drawing a sledge. He is, however, fed as little protein, namely flesh or fish, as possible and his energy needs are supplied in the form of fat.

In our opinion there are two things wrong with strict vegetarianism: it does not appeal to the appetite as does a diet containing meat; and, it has usually had for its defenders over-zealous faddists who made extravagant claims for it. The latter always hurt any cause more than they help it.

The vegetarian diet, strictly speaking, is likely to be lacking in some of the substances necessary for good nutrition, to contain too little protein, and to furnish more indigestible matter than is desirable for an alimentary tract such as that of man.

It is doubtless possible to select foods of plant origin which will meet all the nutritive needs of the body. But in order to do this one must know the dietary properties of each of the foods which enter into the daily menus so that such combinations of food may be made that what is lacking in one food is supplied by another. Few people who have not studied nutrition know how to do this.

THE dietary of the vegetarian is safeguarded by the inclusion of milk and other dairy products. This in no way tends to contaminate the contents of the intestines. The lacto-vegetarian will invariably be cleaner inside than will the meat eater, and will in all probability have more quiet sleep and a more wholesome outlook on life than he would if he were a heavy meat eater.

It is not yet demonstrated though, that moderate amounts of meat a few times a week do any physiological damage.

And until science proves this, the average healthy individual would be safer in selecting a balanced diet, which contains sufficient meat and eggs to supply the protein needs of the body; the "protective foods"—milk, in its many forms, fresh fruits and leafy vegetables—and whatever other foods he finds desirable.

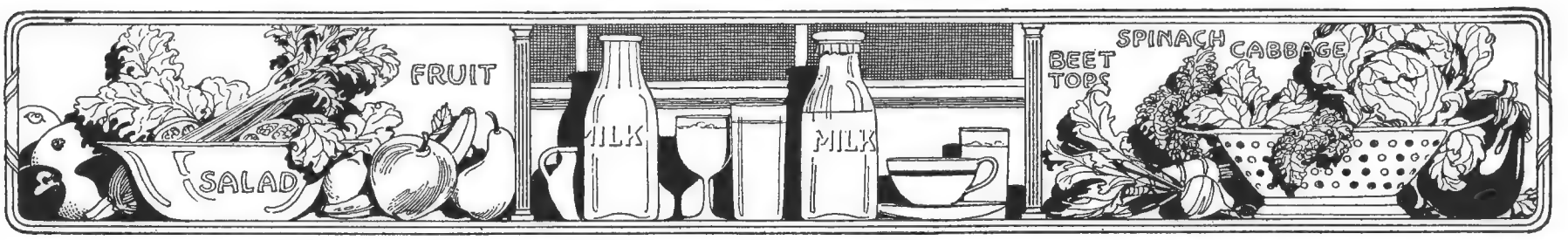
It is easy to learn how to keep the diet on the safe side! It involves no learning of long and intricate "calory" tables, no great amount of work or effort. It consists merely, as we have explained in previous articles, in making sure that each person in the family has every day:

1 A quart of milk or its equivalent in such forms as cottage cheese, cheese, custards, cocoa, milk toast, creamed vegetables, ice-cream, junket, and so forth.

2. Two salads every day—perhaps one for lunch or supper, and one for dinner—which will supply fresh, *uncooked* fruits or vegetables such as cabbage (as it is served in cold slaw or cabbage salad), watercress, lettuce, tomatoes, oranges, or other fruits and vegetables which can be served raw.

3. One liberal portion of some cooked green leafy vegetable such as spinach, kale, cabbage, beet tops, turnip tops or Brussels sprouts.

When these rules have been complied with, the appetite may with reasonable safety be allowed to dictate the rest of the menu.



You can have a palatable daily diet including the "protective foods"—milk and leaves—and yet maintain balance and variety. To know how to do this, send for Dr. McCollum's Menus for Two Weeks, enclosing a two-cent stamp. Address the Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York

Good Teethkeeping

YOUR teeth—how about them? How long since you have had them carefully examined? Do you ever go to the dentist except when riotous pain sends you?

Science has learned many startling things about the direct influence that bad teeth have upon our health. Bad teeth may cause any one of a dozen or more serious ailments—rheumatism, joint trouble, neuritis, neuralgia, and heart disease.

And it doesn't take a mouth full of diseased teeth to cause acute trouble. One single cavity—if neglected—may be sufficient. This is what happens: A bit of food lodges in a tooth. Decay begins. As the cavity grows larger, the millions of germs which are always present in the mouth go trooping into the tooth where they settle down comfortably and have large families. Before long the breaking down and decay of the inside structure of the tooth permit the germs to reach the pulp which is filled with blood vessels and nerves. This is what the germs have been waiting for. They are picked up by the blood and given a tour of the body. Some of them debark in the heart. Others get off in the joints. Still others call out their station in the lungs or kidneys. Many times the result is years of pain. Sometimes a crippled body. Sometimes—death. All may come from a neglected tooth cavity!

Real trouble is often hidden

There is another source of trouble that is nearly always unsuspected—infection at the roots. This may happen to a tooth that never has been filled. You may think that your teeth are in good condition—you may have spent hundreds of dollars on them—they may be beautifully white and shiny—but you can't be sure about them from appearances. Devitalized teeth—teeth from which the pulp has been removed—and teeth which have been improperly filled frequently develop abscessed roots which pour virulent poison into the system. This often goes on quietly without causing the slightest local pain, although intense agony may be felt in other parts of the body from the effects of the poison.

If you have any golden architecture—bridges or crowns—in your mouth, it is well to suspect the foundation and have these teeth X-rayed. In your case—and in the case of most of us who are grown-ups—the best we can do is to have the damage repaired so far as is possible.

Now what about the children?

Half of the total number of the school-children in United States and Canada have badly diseased teeth which are a definite menace to their health. Nine out of every ten children at school have one or more unfilled tooth cavities. We can save such children from the suffering and illnesses that we have had, if we all work together for them.

How? By teaching children to have clean mouths, and by clean mouths is meant not only clean teeth but clean gums. Above all things we must teach them to brush their teeth regularly for two minutes at least twice a day—after every meal if possible.

And we must see that they eat proper food. Milk, eggs, whole wheat bread, fresh vegetables and green foods of all kinds contain the lime needed to build strong, healthy teeth. If mothers-to-be will eat plenty of the foods which contain lime, their children will have better teeth.

Your dentist—if he has studied modern methods—will know what to do about teeth which are diseased. Have him put your mouth and your children's mouths in a healthy condition. Then visit him regularly every six months. It is cheaper and less painful to have a little work done twice a year than to wait until neglect has developed a serious condition.

Preventive dentistry—oral prophylaxis—is still new to many people. It is a great step in the work being done for public health. Every year taxpayers are assessed hundreds of thousands of dollars for the re-instruction of children who have failed to be promoted because physical disabilities—frequently caused by the teeth—held them back. Teaching mouth hygiene in the schools—with tooth-brush drills and regular twice-yearly examinations and reparative work—will remove much of the disability and save the taxpayers' money.

Oral hygienists are trained to clean the teeth of school children and to teach them to take proper care of their mouths. Twelve states in the U. S. so far have permitted oral hygienists to practice in the schools. In 36 states no concentrated effort has been made to save the teeth of their future citizens.

What is your particular community doing to promote oral prophylaxis for the school children? Local clubs and organizations are helping school boards to introduce oral hygiene into the public schools. This rapidly growing interest is making for a better educated, healthier, happier people. The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company will be glad to mail, free, a copy of a booklet, "Care of the Teeth" to anyone who requests it.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

Published by

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY ~ NEW YORK

Biggest in the World, More Assets, More Policyholders, More Insurance in force, More new Insurance each year

Remember—lines of fatigue and sallowness come from *beneath* the skin

TIRED lines about the mouth and eyes. A sallow, "muddy" skin. How discouraging they are—and how desirable is their correction!

Often they bring the touch of age to faces that should be fresh. Often they show most conspicuously on faces that might otherwise be beautiful. Their causes lie deep, beyond the reach of any surface treatment.

The bloom of beauty! Too often it is lost. Not because of age, but through neglect of certain simple rules of health. Through unwise diet, for example, and lack of sleep and exercise.

Avoid stimulants. Do you remember this rule? It is one of the most important of those relating to proper diet.

In two million American homes people avoid the use of caffein by drinking Postum. They avoid the enemies of beauty—digestive disturbances, headaches, nervousness, and sleeplessness—which often accompany the taking of caffein.

Postum is not an imitation of any other drink. It is made of roasted whole wheat and bran, with a little sweetening—nothing more. It has the full delicious flavor of this wholesome roasted grain. Its use is in keeping with the laws of health—and beauty!

Postum has helped others to wipe away the lines of nervousness, the drawn look of fatigue—and that telltale sallowness of skin. If your mirror reflects these discouraging signs of inward disorders—you try Postum, too! Try it for thirty days. Compare the way you feel with the way you felt before. Compare your own appearance. What Postum has done for others, why not for you?

We want to give you your first week's supply for the thirty-day test. Enough for every meal for a week, without cost to you. We will have Carrie Blanchard, nationally famous food demonstrator, send you her own directions for preparing Postum, together with your first week's free supply.

In fairness to yourself and your family, will you accept Carrie Blanchard's offer?

Carrie Blanchard's Offer

"I want the women—and men, too—to try Postum for thirty days. I want to start you out on your test by giving you a week's supply.

"It seems to me that it would be a wise plan for mothers, particularly, to think of this test in connection with the health of their families.

"Will you send me your name and address? Tell me which kind you prefer—Instant Postum or Postum Cereal (the kind you boil). I'll see that you get the first week's supply right away."

TEAR THIS OUT—MAIL IT NOW

McC. 9-24

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to make a thirty-day test of Postum. Please send me, without cost or obligation, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . .☐ *Check which*
POSTUM CEREAL . . .☐ *you prefer*

Name .....

Street .....

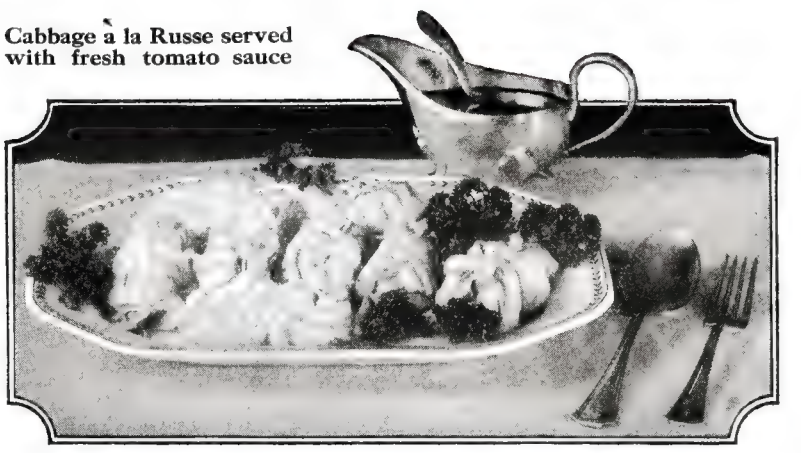
City ..... State .....

In Canada address
CANADIAN POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd.,
45 Front St., East, Toronto, Ont.

© 1924, P.C.Co.

Healthy children love Postum made this way! You know how much youngsters like to have the same drink as the grown-ups! You know, too, that many of them do not get the milk they need, because they do not like its flavor. Make Instant Postum for them, with hot (not boiled) milk, instead of water. It has the wholesomeness of a warm drink, all the nourishment of milk and Postum, and the real goodness of Postum flavor. We think you'll like it too!

Convenience and Economy! Your grocer sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is the easiest drink in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal (the kind you boil) is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes. Either form costs less than most other hot drinks.



Cabbage à la Russe served with fresh tomato sauce

Just For a Change!

By Lilian M. Gunn

Department of Foods and Cookery, Teachers College, Columbia University

DO YOU ever move your furniture all around and feel as though you had a new room? Or do you ever take up your carpets in summer and put down matting or just rugs and feel as though you had moved to your country house? Do you ever take down one favorite picture and hang another in its place—just for a change?

All these little things rest you and relieve the monotony that threatens to make life too dull. Why not try something similar in the kitchen and when you plan your dinners for the next week or month forget the roast and the chops and the other regular stock-in-trade dishes your family have come to expect?

This month we've planned for you some surprise dishes. Your family will like them because they are "different," and you will like them because they can be cooked in a short time and don't require a very hot fire; because, too, some of them can be prepared in advance and then cooked just at the last moment. Another feature you'll like about them is that they use up those little bits of leftovers that clutter the ice-box.

So, just for a change, try some of these dishes today.

CHILALY

1 tablespoon butter
2 tablespoons chopped green pepper
½ tablespoon minced onion
½ cup tomato pulp
¾ pound cheese
½ teaspoon salt
Few grains cayenne
1 egg

Melt butter, add pepper and onion and cook until slightly brown. Add tomato pulp and cook 5 minutes. Cut cheese fine and add to mixture. Add salt and cayenne. When cheese is nearly melted, stir in slightly beaten egg and cook 3 minutes. Serve on toasted crackers. Makes 4 to 6 servings.

MACEDOINE LOAF

½ tablespoon butter
½ tablespoon flour
¾ cup milk
½ cup fresh bread crumbs
1 cup green peas
1 teaspoon finely minced parsley
Yolks of 3 eggs, beaten lemon colored
1 cup cooked macaroni, cut in inch lengths
½ cup cooked cold chicken or veal, cut in strips
1 tablespoon pimiento, cut fine
½ teaspoon salt
Whites of 3 eggs, beaten stiff

Melt butter, add flour, then milk slowly. Stir until smooth and cook until mixture thickens. Add crumbs and all other ingredients except egg whites. Mix thoroughly. Lastly fold in the beaten whites. Turn into a mold lined with buttered paper; cover with buttered paper. Bake in a moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) until firm. One cup fresh or canned mushrooms cut in strips can be substituted for 1 cup peas to make this a party dish. Makes 6 to 8 servings. Serve with the following:

WHITE MUSHROOM SAUCE

Wash ¼ pound mushrooms. Remove stems and peel caps. Cover stems and peels with water and simmer gently for 15 minutes. Strain liquid. Slice caps very thin and sauté in butter for 3 minutes. Using liquid from mushrooms, make a white sauce. For this, melt 1 and ½ tablespoons butter, and add 1 and ½ tablespoons flour for every cup of liquid. Stir flour into melted butter, add liquid slowly and cook until thick, stirring constantly. Add sliced mushroom caps and season with salt and paprika. One cup canned mushrooms can be substituted for fresh ones if desired.

CABBAGE A LA RUSSE

1 cabbage
1½ cups left-over meat, chopped
1 cup rice
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
3 tablespoons chopped green pepper
3 tablespoons chopped onion
¼ cup butter
1 egg

Cut off as many large leaves of cabbage as you have persons to serve. Steam them in a steamer or in a colander over hot water for 10 minutes. Mix together meat, rice, salt and pepper. Melt butter in frying-pan, add green pepper and onion, and fry until slightly brown. Add meat mixture to this, remove from fire, add well-beaten egg and mix well. Cut a tiny strip from back rib of each cabbage leaf so it will roll up easily, lay it flat and place a tablespoonful of meat mixture on back of leaf. Fold in sides and roll up. Fasten with a toothpick. Rolls may be steamed or cooked in a little fat over slow fire until tender. Serve with tomato sauce. Makes 12 to 14 rolls.

HORNS OF PLENTY

Brown slices of boiled ham in the frying-pan, drain, and roll up in the shape of horns of plenty or cornucopia. Fasten with toothpicks. Fill with a creamed or buttered vegetable and place in the oven just long enough to get very hot. Green peas are particularly pretty served this way. [*Turn to page 35*]

Boothbay Lobster baked in attractive scallop shells

MRS. MARSHALL FIELD *urges women to give their skin the wisest care*

"I am always impressed with the charming youthfulness of American women. They manage to keep such clear delicate skins in spite of the strain of their many activities and strenuous out-of-door life. I believe that women everywhere can have the same lovely complexions with the aid of Pond's Two Creams."

Mrs. Marshall Field

PERHAPS it is one of the President's cabinet who dines with her tonight; a visiting diplomat or a returned explorer; almost surely some one who is contributing his vivid bit to contemporary history.

It is as a gracious and cosmopolitan hostess that Washington knows Mrs. Field. The drawing room of her lovely home is as nearly a *salon* as one finds in America. Against its pearl grey walls moves the brilliant, shifting pageant of official and diplomatic society.

Abroad and at home, Mrs. Field has had opportunities accorded to few. She has met the young and gay, the middle-aged and clever, the old and distinguished of many countries.

Urges women to take care of their beauty

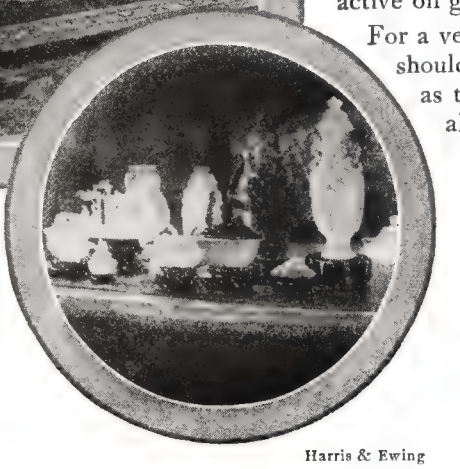
It is from the crown of this full, interesting and sophisticated life that Mrs. Field speaks when she advises the younger woman how to keep her youth and beauty. And to take the proper—and regular—care of her skin.

The society woman learned long ago that she could not neglect the two fundamental needs of the skin if she wanted her complexion to remain exquisite. And so she learned to depend on just two creams that were perfected to answer these two great needs—the rejuvenating cleansing, and the delicate but sure protection and finish every normal skin demands.

How exquisite women keep their youth

A thorough cleansing every night. For this, use Pond's Cold Cream. Apply it generously on the face and neck with the finger tips or a bit of moistened cotton. This pure soft cream works deep into the pores, purifying them and ridding them of the excess oil and powder, the dust and dirt they have been collecting all day. Wipe the cream off with a soft cloth. Smooth the cream on a second time and wipe it off again. When you look at the cloth, you simply won't believe all this dust and dirt could have come from your own skin. But now look at your cheeks. How soft and smooth they are, how clear and fresh looking, how exquisitely clean.

The Regence mirror and sofa shown in the picture above, add a note of distinction to this charming room in Mrs. Field's Washington home. It is this room which contains the famous collections of jade and amber. The Sevres, which is equally interesting and well known, is in another part of the house.



Harris & Ewing

An interesting glimpse of Mrs. Field's famous collection of jade

Preparation of the skin before powdering, protection before going out. Before you powder, smooth in a little Pond's Vanishing Cream—just enough for the skin to absorb. This light delicate cream gives you just the finish and protection you need, and it is so very *restful* to your skin! It eases away any feeling of strain or tightness, and notice, too, what a becoming pearly tone it gives. If you have never used Pond's Vanishing Cream before powdering it will be hard for you to believe how much longer it makes the powder cling. You can dance the whole evening through without the thought of a shiny nose.

And when you go out, this light cream under your powder protects your complexion from the bad effects of weather and keeps it soft and satin smooth.

The famous Pond's method—the method Mrs. Field recommends—is suited to every type of skin. If your skin is very oily or clogged it needs *a particularly deep, purifying cleansing* with Pond's Cold Cream. Normal circulation will then gradually curb the overactive oil glands.

For a very dry skin Pond's Cold Cream should be used for the morning as well as the nightly cleansing and a little allowed to remain on overnight. The hungry skin will gladly drink up the oil it lacks.

These cleansings should be supplemented by Pond's Vanishing Cream—it keeps your skin deliciously smooth and soft.

Pond's is the method lovely women everywhere are using to achieve the clear skin Mrs. Marshall Field bids them have. Try it yourself today. See how gratefully your skin responds—and it will keep its youthful freshness and beauty for years. The Pond's Extract Company.

THE DAILY USE OF POND'S TWO CREAMS KEEPS THE SKIN SUPPLE AND EXQUISITELY PROTECTED

MRS. O. H. P. BELMONT — THE VICOMTESSE DE FRISE
MRS. GLORIA GOULD BISHOP — MRS. JULIA HOYT
THE PRINCESSE MATCHABELLI

are among the other women of distinguished taste and high position who have expressed their approval of the Pond's method of caring for the skin.

MAIL THIS COUPON WITH 10c TODAY

THE POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. J, 139 Hudson St., New York

Ten cents (10c) is enclosed for tubes of your two creams.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

"They'll do you good, daddy!"

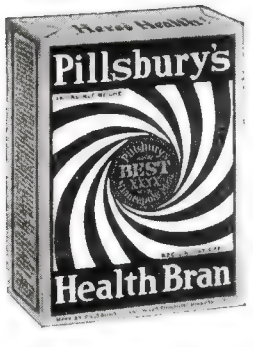
—and how *good* they taste! When a man bites into these golden-brown morsels of health and delight he doesn't wait for a second invitation to take another.

Have *you* eaten Pillsbury's bran muffins, made according to the popular Pillsbury recipe printed on the Pillsbury package? If not, prepare yourself for a genuine treat. Forget the flavor of any bran muffins you may have eaten heretofore. Get ready for a new and delightful appetite experience.

Order Pillsbury's Health Bran from your grocer. The tested Pillsbury muffin recipe is on the package. Try it today. Surprise your family. Bring on a plate heaped high with these toothsome titbits of health. Try, also, the Pillsbury recipes for appetizing bran bread and delicious bran cookies.

Pillsbury's Health Bran is natural bran, with nothing added, nothing taken away. Just pure, clean wheat jackets, sterilized and packed air-tight. The large, coarse, crisp bran flakes are Nature's own food-laxative, the enemy of constipation.

Because Pillsbury's Health Bran is *natural* bran, it lends itself to a never-ending variety of delicious bran foods. Twenty suggestions for serving are given in our Health Bran Booklet sent free on request. Pillsbury Flour Mills Company, Minneapolis, U. S. A.



Pillsbury's Family of Foods

Pillsbury's Best Flour · Pancake Flour
Buckwheat Pancake Flour · Health Bran
Wheat Cereal · Rye Flour · Graham Flour · Farina

Pillsbury's Health Bran

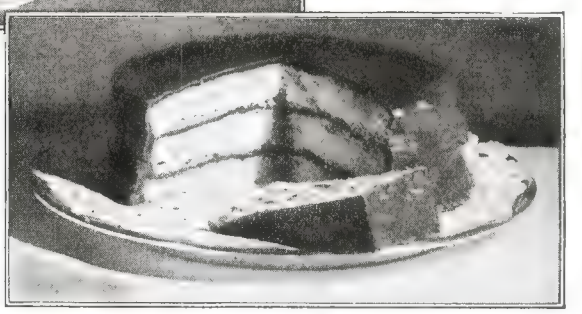
One of the family

You Can Make Them All

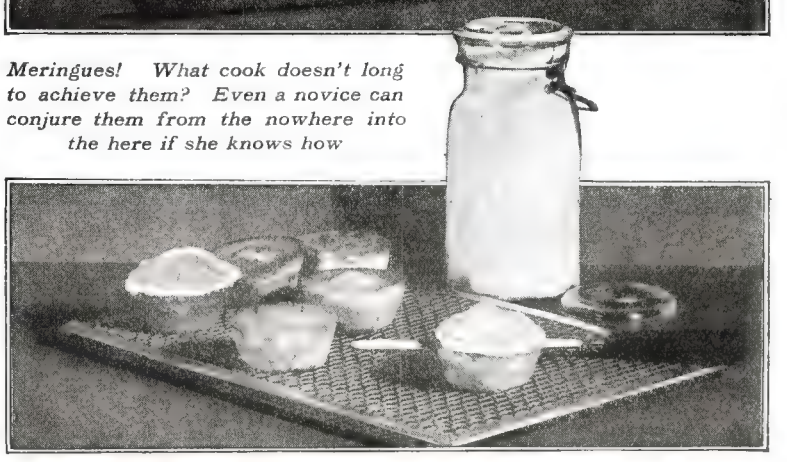
Meringues, Creamy Fondants, Mousses and Fluffy Sponge Cakes Are Tricky—but Easy!

There are "butter" cakes and "butterless" cakes. Which is a sponge cake? You can make one like this—if you know the trick. And when you cut it, use two forks, back to back, not a knife

There's magic, too, to making a good "butter" cake—and it is black magic when you add a chocolate frosting!

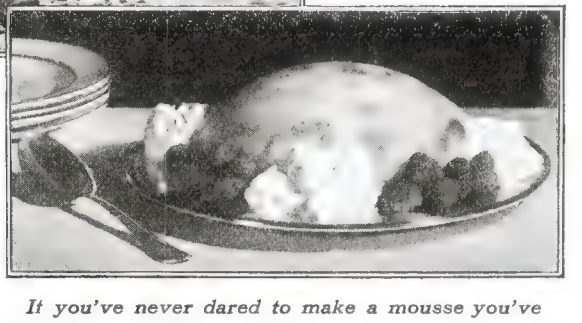


Meringues! What cook doesn't long to achieve them? Even a novice can conjure them from the nowhere into the here if she knows how



With a jar of "Comfort" Frosting always on hand you can make fancy iced cakes like these in a jiffy

There is nothing quite as good as home-made candy when it is good! There's a real secret to making it, which can be yours for the asking



It you've never dared to make a mousse you've missed something! The trick is in the freezing! Try one with your favorite fruit for a garnish

ALL these secrets of good cookery—and many more—are explained in "Some Reasons Why in Cookery," a McCall Service Booklet. We shall send it, without charge, this month, to anyone who sends a two-cent stamp, for posting it, to the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, N. Y. City.

Free 10-Day Test
Use the coupon

The New Tooth Care for Children

That World's Leading Dentists Now Advise

Film on Teeth—Why mothers are urged to look for it on children's teeth. What it means and foretells. A potential danger signal easily recognized. How to combat it without harsh grit dangerous to enamel—*the new way*.

Their health in later life, authorities now tell us, depends largely upon the care of their teeth today. Modern science now supplants lack of knowledge on tooth care with scientific exactness. Teeth must be better protected in childhood to avoid the handicap of bad teeth in maturity. This aid is simple, so simple that no child should be denied the benefits it offers.

YOUR child's teeth — you know of course, that health is largely dependent upon them. Know, too, the handicap in later life of poor teeth.

* * * *

Now as a nation-wide hygienic movement a free 10-day test of a new way in tooth care is being offered mothers. A way different in formula, action and effect from any other method.

This urges you to make the test. To learn for yourself what modern science is doing for the better protection of children's teeth and health. Mail the coupon —that is all.

That dangerous film you see on children's teeth. How it invites tooth troubles, pyorrhea and poor health. Why it must be combated

Look at your child's teeth. If cloudy, dull, there's a film. And that film is often a danger sign. The child can feel it by running his tongue across his teeth.

Ordinary tooth pastes won't combat it successfully. Try the one you use now. See if the film does not still remain. To fight it constantly is essential to tooth health and general health. The teeth must be clean—any children's doctor, any dentist will tell you this.

* * * *

Film is a viscous coat that clings to teeth, gets into crevices and stays. It makes pearly teeth ugly, discolored — dingy. Many a naturally pretty child is handicapped in this way.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth to cause decay. Germs by the millions breed in it. They, with tartar, are the chief cause of pyorrhea.

Now a new way

Now modern science has found a safe way to fight film. Super-gritty substances are judged dangerous to the teeth. Soap and chalk methods are inadequate.

That fifty per cent—half the total—of our twenty-four million school children have tooth infections and decay which court the so-called communicable diseases and even mental deficiencies, is the amazing statement of world's hygienic authorities.

Where correct oral hygiene and dental care are practiced, children have shown amazing improvement in health, mental activity and immunity to disease.

This tells the most recent and widely accepted method of oral hygiene—the safe combating of the insidious, germ breeding film where most tooth troubles start.

As part of a nation-wide hygienic movement a 10-day test will be sent free to parents upon receipt of the coupon below.

Lighten Cloudy Teeth Quickly

Combat that film. Under it is the tooth luster you envy in other children and in other women. This new way makes dull, dingy teeth show their natural beauty—one of the most amazing tests that can be made in contrast with old methods.

This new method, embodied in the tooth paste called Pepsodent, provides the scientifically proved combatants that leading dentists of some 50 nations now advise. Their action is to curdle the film, then harmlessly to remove it

To millions this new way has proved the folly of dull and dingy teeth. The folly of inviting tooth troubles and all that may accompany them when better scientific protection is so simple.

Note, too, that it does more than fight the film. It multiplies the alkalinity of the saliva. It neutralizes mouth acids. It multiplies the starch digestant in the saliva to better digest starch deposits which might otherwise ferment and form acid.

Don't you think it worth while, in justice to your children, and in fairness to yourself, to try it for ten days? The test will cost you nothing. What it will do for your children it will do for you, for every member of your family.

Free 10-Day Tube

Use the Coupon

Canadian Office and Laboratories:
191 George St., Toronto, Canada

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

1680
THE PEPSODENT COMPANY
Dept. 138, 1104 S. Wabash Avenue
Chicago, Ill., U. S. A.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

Only one tube to a family

Even if Mrs. Old has not called on Mrs. New, the New children may go to the party

Illustrated by Nancy Fay

The New-Comer in a Town

By Emily Post

Author of Etiquette; the Blue Book of Social Usage

Mrs. Post who belongs to New York's and Baltimore's most exclusive sets

WHEN the News go to Strangetown to live, how shall they become acquainted—properly—with the most desirable people? There arise at once the intricacies of introductions and of first calls; that vexed question, too, of talking graciously to strangers, and of friends of the children who are not the children of friends! What shall be done? How does correct society meet all such dilemmas? Mrs. Price Post, in the article on this page, just as in her book, Etiquette—now the foremost authority on social usage—shows how true courtesy meets these occasions with the fine spirit of noblesse oblige and adapts itself always to agree with the principles of genuine kindliness and lovableness. And in a splendid series, of which this is the first, Mrs. Post will discuss, in McCall's, the correct social rules governing the house guest, entertaining, speech and conversation, and traveling

ASK three people at random how the young Lakes are to make friends in a strange town where they have taken a house, and all three, probably, will answer, "They will take letters of introduction." And yet this is just the occasion when a letter of introduction should *not* be used!

Few people realize that if the Lakes present letters to Mrs. Lavender and Mrs. Gray, these ladies are both obliged—whether they like it or not—to show the Lakes immediate and particular hospitality or affront both the Lakes and the writers of the letters.

A letter of introduction is exactly like a levelled pistol. Only instead of being accompanied with the words, "Hand over your valuables," its meaning is, "Hand over to the bearer of this letter your influence, your time, your hospitality—and be quick about it!"

The better thing for a friend of the Lakes to do is to write a letter about them to the Lavenders and the Grays. Or a friend may write to her friend, Mrs. Brown, who is a friend of Mrs. Lavender. This form of indirect introduction is just as valid but it does not force the Lakes upon the intimate hospitality of people in the way a letter given to the Lakes themselves would do.

So let us suppose the Lakes move into their house. The Lavenders and the Grays who have been written to about them, leave cards. Mrs. Lake calls in return, is liked personally and she and her husband are invited out—and that is all there is!

But, supposing they did not happen to have friends who knew people in Strangetown:

Since the new-comer must on no account (in America) call on the older inhabitants, Mrs. Lake would have to stay quietly at home until such neighbors who might be kind or friendly, chose to call on her. If she takes steps intended to force the issue, she lays herself open to criticism. But on the other hand, she must not get easily offended or hurt by her neighbor's neglect to welcome her. Few people mean to be heartless or rude; most people are busy or careless, or both. How many times have you probably said, "I *must* go to see Mrs. Brown!" or "I want to ask Caroline to a meal!" and then put it off for this reason and that, while weeks turn into months and Mrs Brown and Caroline have no way of knowing that you ever gave either of them a thought.

It is impossible to go out with a pretty child and not make acquaintances

So even though a new-comer may be lonely, she should go about her own affairs, meet any advances half-way (but no farther) and, above all, cultivate unselfconsciousness and—a ready smile. Nothing in the world, so surely as a happy expression and a ready smile, lays down a red carpet for its possessor to tread on.

There is no reason why you should not talk to people; in fact, it is inevitable gradually to "speak" to neighbors whom you see constantly. And if you have a baby—you know yourself it is almost impossible to go out with a pretty child or even with a dog (if he is a big handsome one), and not literally be dragged into acquaintance with the neighborhood.

But to return to our friends, the Lakes. The first important thing for them to do is to establish connection with the church. If Mrs. Lake is lonely she can always find occupation through any of the church activities, besides which she will be thrown into contact with the nicest and best people in the parish. Also in nearly every community now, there are golf links which will give Lake a chance for exercise and an additional opportunity to meet other men. If he is a K. of C., or an Elk, or a Shriner, he has no problem in the matter of making friends.

Furthermore it is almost uncanny the way people sift into their own groups. If the Lakes are serious-minded or talented or frivolous or athletic or musical, the news will soon spread and those who share their tastes will inevitably find them out.

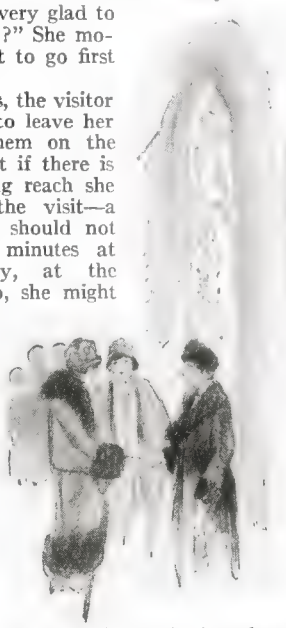
When Mrs. Gray calls on Mrs. Lake, the latter should return the call the next day or the day after or at least within a week. She asks at the door, "Is Mrs. Gray at home?" and whether she is received or not, she leaves one of her own cards. If there is a Mr. Gray she leaves two of her husband's cards, otherwise she leaves one. Usually she should wait before inviting the Grays to her house until they have first invited her. This, however, is not an unbreakable convention. And when the Grays have called on her (and if they found each other agreeable), it would not be too unconventional to invite them first.

If calling upon a lady who herself opens the door, the caller says, "Are you Mrs. Lake? I'm Mrs. Gray."

Mrs. Lake replies, "I am very glad to see you, won't you come in?" She motions the way for her guest to go first into the sitting-room.

Under these circumstances, the visitor need not find it awkward to leave her cards. Usually she lays them on the first table she comes to, but if there is no table within easy passing reach she waits until the end of the visit—a formal visit, by the way, should not last longer than twenty minutes at most. When Mrs. Gray, at the end of her call rises to go, she might say, "I am leaving my card," crossing over to a table, "because it must be very hard to remember all your neighbors' names."

On the other hand, if Mrs. Lake were calling on Mrs. Gray it would not be necessary to make a point of leaving her cards because the latter surely knows who is returning the call she has herself made a few days previously. If Mrs. Lake for [*Turn to page 55*]



If Mrs. Lake is lonely she can always find occupation in church activities

For all stale, rancid odors—this "*double action*" cleanser

Utensils in which fat is used require scrupulous care. For fat burns quickly, and since burned grease is harder to clean off, every overlooked spot holds a strong, rancid taint which ruins the flavor of food.

Sunbrite, the *"double action"* cleanser is the very thing needed to keep your frying and roasting pans not only spotlessly clean but sweet and fresh and odorless. For it is an effective scouring powder and in addition, has an element which sweetens and purifies.

And for this *"double action"* you pay so little —less than you often pay for a cleanser! There is a United Profit Sharing Coupon with each can, too.

Not only your kitchen utensils but your kitchen sink, your bathroom fixtures need this *double action* cleanser. Try **Sunbrite;** it will keep them shining and in addition, fresh and sweet and odorless.

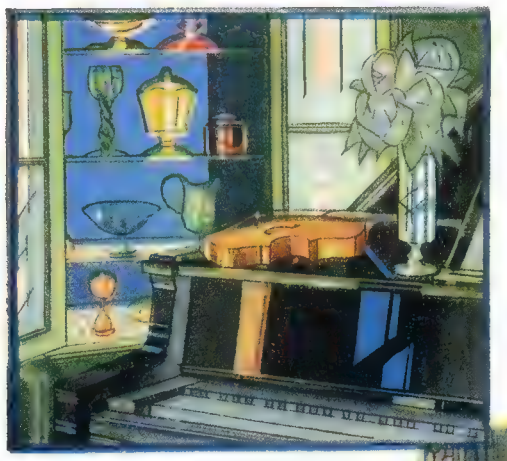
Swift & Company

Double action *yet costs less*

ALL OVER THE WORLD THEY USE IT

The Princess Yedigarova tells about its use in Russia. Mrs. Fritz Kreisler finds it invaluable for countless purposes in her Viennese home. Rodier—master creator of fabrics and designs—praises it. The Princess Rospigliosi uses it for her most precious possession.

Read these intensely interesting letters from enthusiastic Lux users of many nationalities.



Why a RUSSIAN PRINCESS values it

"Most of you in America have no conception of the intense, penetrating cold of my Russia. Winters are long—snow everywhere. We must wear woolens else we would suffer. It wasn't always easy to keep these garments soft—comfortable. That is why I feel we owe a debt of gratitude to your Lux. With it, all the woolens so important to our comfort are kept soft and elastic."

PRINCESS MARIA YEDIGAROVA

MRS. FRITZ KREISLER finds it invaluable

"You would be surprised at the number of uses found for Lux in my household—in New York and Vienna. It keeps my collection of old Bohemian glass sparkling. It is used, too, with very satisfactory results for the rare pieces of Viennese porcelain that form part of my collection."

MRS. FRITZ KREISLER

ITALIAN PRINCESS protects her rare old lace

"One of my choicest possessions is my great-grandmother's wedding veil of old blonde. It requires the most delicate treatment. Of course, there is nothing better than Lux to clean it with. I can say after using Lux that it deserves my warmest approval."

PRINCESS GIAMBATISTTA ROSPIGLIOSI

RODIER, greatest living textile designer, says:

"We in France have a veritable passion for the weaver's craft. In our own *fabrication de tissus* three generations often work together at their hand looms with the zeal of the true artist. So, it is natural, is it not, that when the fabric is finished we should still be interested in its preservation. That is why it seems so good to us that you have made a soap like Lux to preserve the beauty and texture of our white kashas, crêpellas and tisseclas."

RODIER

In sunny DUTCH KITCHENS

"When I saw packages of Lux in a shop here in Amsterdam, I couldn't resist asking what they use it for in Holland. 'Everything', said the shopkeeper, 'they seem to like it especially for dishes.'"

MARY CARROLTON

Wherever Lux is used, the reason for its use is always the same, in every country in the world. It is because Lux is so pure it won't injure anything water alone will not harm—it won't injure fine fabrics—won't roughen or redden the most sensitive hands. Lever Bros. Co., Cambridge, Mass.

Egg and Mushroom Molds garnished with mushrooms

Just For a Change!

[*Continued from page 28*]

HOT MOLDED VEGETABLES

Grease a mold thoroughly and line bottom and sides of it with 2 cups cooked rice. Mix together 2 cups cooked vegetables, 1 egg, ½ cup bread crumbs and 1 cup white sauce. Season with ½ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon pepper. Any kind of vegetables may be used, as peas, carrots, cauliflower, celery, kohl-rabi and so forth, or several of these may be combined. Left-over vegetables can be used this way. Pack this mixture into the mold and cover with a thin layer of cooked rice. If mold has a cover, grease it well before covering. If not, cover mold with waxed paper and tie it on. Steam for ¾ of an hour. Turn out on a hot platter and pour Tomato Sauce around it. Garnish with parsley. Makes from 6 to 8 servings.

TOMATO SAUCE

2 cups tomato
1 green pepper, cut fine
1 clove
Tiny bit of bay leaf
6 peppercorns
2½ tablespoons fat
3 tablespoons flour
½ teaspoon salt

Cook tomato and seasonings for 15 minutes very slowly. Strain through a coarse sieve, rubbing through all the pulp of the tomato. Melt fat, stir in flour and salt, then the hot tomato slowly. Cook slowly 10 minutes. If too thick, more tomato may be added. Fresh tomatoes are very nice in this sauce, or canned tomato may be used.

HAM OR CHICKEN MOUSSE

1 tablespoon gelatin
¼ cup cold water
1/3 cup boiling water or chicken stock
2 cups cooked ham or chicken, ground very fine
⅛ teaspoon paprika
Dash of cayenne
½ teaspoon salt (if chicken is used)
½ tablespoon finely minced parsley
1½ cups whipped cream

Soak gelatin in cold water, add boiling water (or chicken stock) to dissolve it. Mix meat, paprika, cayenne, salt and parsley together, add gelatin mixture. Mix thoroughly, and fold in cream. Pour into large or individual molds and chill until firm. Makes about 6 servings. When cold, turn on to a platter, garnish with watercress and serve with horseradish sauce.

BOOTHBAY LOBSTER

Boil a two pound lobster for 30 minutes. Remove all the meat and cut in dice. Melt 3 tablespoons fat, stir in 3 tablespoons flour, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon paprika, a dash of cayenne and a few gratings of nutmeg. Add 2 cups hot milk, a little at a time, and cook until thick. Mix this sauce with lobster and fill body and tail shell of lobster with mixture. Or put into scallop shells or ramekins if preferred. Cover with buttered bread crumbs and bake until brown in hot oven (400 degrees Fahrenheit) about 20 minutes. Serve with lemon butter and garnish with parsley. Makes 4 to 6 servings. Canned lobster may be used for this.

LEMON BUTTER

Cream 4 tablespoons butter and add 1 and ½ tablespoons lemon juice, ½ teaspoon salt, and a few grains of cayenne. Cream well together. One tablespoon minced parsley may be added for color.

EGG AND MUSHROOM MOLDS

¼ pound mushrooms
1½ tablespoons fat
1 tablespoon flour
1 cup milk
3 eggs
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon paprika

Peel mushrooms and cut fine. Make a sauce by melting fat, stirring in flour and adding milk slowly. Cook until thick. Beat yolks of eggs, add salt and paprika. Stir in sauce and mushrooms. Fold in stiffly beaten egg whites. Put mixture into greased custard cups or individual molds, set in pan of hot water and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees Fahrenheit) until firm. Turn out on a hot platter and serve with the White Mushroom Sauce suggested above, or a Drawn Butter Sauce. One cup canned mushrooms may be substituted for the fresh ones. Makes 4 to 5 servings.

MACARONI SALAD

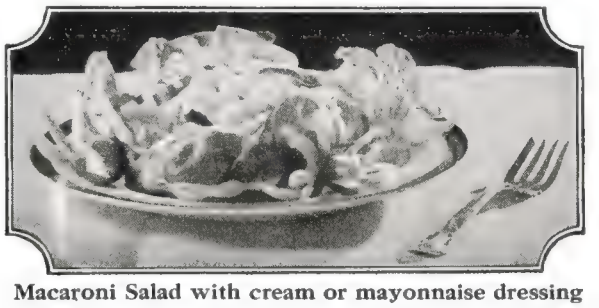
Cook macaroni in boiling salted water for 20 minutes. Drain and pour cold water over it. Drain very dry, and chill. Then let macaroni stand one hour in a dressing made from 6 tablespoons oil, 2 tablespoons vinegar, ½ teaspoon salt and ⅛ teaspoon paprika mixed well together. Drain again and for every two cups of macaroni add 1 green pepper cut in strips, 1 pimiento cut fine, and ½ tablespoon finely minced onion. Mix and serve on crisp lettuce with a cream or mayonnaise dressing. Elbow macaroni makes this a very attractive salad, though any kind of macaroni or spaghetti may be used.

GREEN CORN OYSTERS

2 eggs
2 cups grated raw corn, or boiled corn cut from cob
1/3 cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
⅛ teaspoon paprika

Beat eggs, add corn, then flour sifted with seasonings. Drop by tablespoonfuls into hot fat and fry, or cook on a well-greased griddle or chafing dish. Makes 14 to 16 medium sized oysters. If corn is very moist, more flour may be added, or a little less if very dry.

Use standard measuring cups and spoons. All measurements level.



Macaroni Salad with cream or mayonnaise dressing

HEINZ
COOKED
Spaghetti
with Cheese and Tomato Sauce

To the busy housewife, a can of Heinz Cooked Spaghetti is the blessed assurance of a delicious, wholesome meal, perfectly seasoned and cooked—ready to heat and serve in just no time at all.

The dry spaghetti itself is made by Heinz. So is the Tomato Sauce. The cheese is a special Heinz selection. And the cooking, in the spotless Heinz kitchens, is in accordance with the recipe of a famous Italian chef.

Baked Meringues
—45 Minutes at 250 Degrees

BAKED Meringues, daintiest of confections, crisp, airy, light as egg-shell, with a melting sweetness that teases the tongue. Served as individual cakes, or as a foundation for ice cream, nothing can excel them as a delicious dessert.

Let's make some for our next party! They aren't difficult to make if—you own a Gas Range equipped with the famous Lorain Oven Heat Regulator.

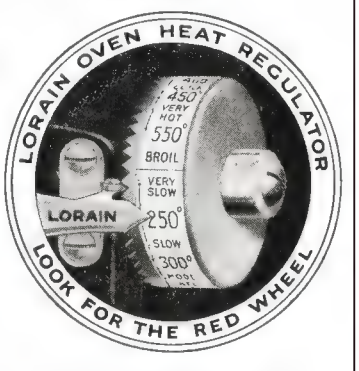
The Lorain Self-regulating Oven solves the only problem in making Baked Meringues. It's the same problem you meet when making *any* dish that must be baked in the oven—the problem of getting the oven temperature *just right*, and baking for the *exact length of time* required to achieve *perfect results.*

Lorain insures success with each and every dish baked in the oven because it enables you to select the *correct* oven temperature and then it *automatically maintains* that exact temperature.

Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges are sold by more than 13,000 Gas Companies, Hardware, Furniture and Department Stores, where the many unusual advantages of these marvelous stoves will gladly be demonstrated to you—Whole Meal Oven Cooking, the Lorain Oven Canning Method, and Baking, Boiling and Roasting in the oven *without ever a failure.*

More than 1,000 schools and universities now use Lorain-equipped Gas Ranges to teach the science of cookery, and all leading cookery-authorities endorse them, so you need not worry about the efficiency of the device or about the practicability of the many remarkable cooking methods which the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator has made possible.

But be sure to look for the Red Wheel. It's a mark of superior quality in gas range construction as well as proof that the stove is equipped with the *original oven heat regulator.*



Send the coupon for a copy of the new Lorain Time and Temperature Recipe for Baked Meringues. The few and simple ingredients are easy to mix. Set the Red Wheel at 250 degrees and exactly 45 minutes later you will find your Baked Meringues to be as perfect as those in the picture.

One easy turn of the Lorain Red Wheel gives you a choice of 44 measured and controlled oven heats for any kind of oven cooking or baking

LORAIN OVEN HEAT REGULATOR

AMERICAN STOVE CO., 829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World

We manufacture coal stoves and the celebrated Lorain High Speed Oil Burner Cook Stoves for use where gas is not available, but the Lorain Regulator cannot be used on these.

Look for the RED WHEEL

WHEN Gas is not available, oil is the most satisfactory cooking-fuel provided you use an oil stove equipped with Lorain High Speed Burners, which apply a clean, odorless, intense heat directly against the cooking-utensil.

LORAIN
HIGH SPEED OIL BURNER

AMERICAN STOVE CO., 829 Chouteau Ave., St. Louis, Mo.
Please send me free copy of your Lorain Recipe for Baked Meringues.

*Name*_____ *Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

These famous Gas Stoves are equipped with the Lorain Oven Heat Regulator:

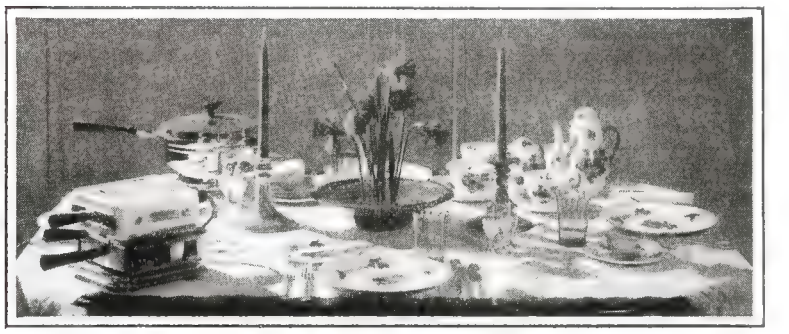
DIRECT ACTION—National Stove Co. Div. . . . . Lorain, O.
NEW PROCESS—New Process Stove Co. Div. . . . . Cleveland, O.
QUICK MEAL—Quick Meal Stove Co. Div. . . . . St. Louis, Mo.
RELIABLE—Reliable Stove Company Div. . . . . Cleveland, O.
CLARK JEWEL—George M. Clark & Co. Div. . . . . Chicago, Ill.
DANGLER—Dangler Stove Company Div. . . . . Cleveland, O.

M.C. 9-24

When You Have Guests

Tables arranged by Elizabeth Lounsbery

This table set for an intimate luncheon à quatre, has dignity and charm without elaborateness. The flower centerpiece is happily low enough to permit of one seeing the face of one's vis-à-vis. The silver service is at the hostess' right, and the jellied bouillon is already in cups at the individual places



Informality is the order at supper-time on Sunday. The table setting ought to be simple to invite happy, leisurely conversation over the cups of steaming chocolate. Napkins, for any meal, may be at the left or the right; but ultra-smart table-setting ordains the center of the service plate or the right

The refreshment table at the afternoon tea or reception is prettiest when spread with fine linen and set with bonbon dishes and compotes of glass or silver, plates of sandwiches to be passed, and the tea and coffee service. Cups and saucers, tea napkins, and extra plates are ready for the guests

For the formal dinner, cloths of lace and embroidery are steadily growing in favor among smart people—especially if one is the happy possessor of a dark, well-polished dining-table. Glass candlesticks to match the low flower vase are charming and are very smart in exquisite shades of blue or amber

SIMPLICITY and good taste form the keynote for the table-setting of the increasingly informal meals the modern hostess now serves when she entertains. Send for our booklet, Entertaining without a Maid, offered this month without charge. Enclose two-cent stamp for posting. Address the Service Editor, 236 West 37th Street, New York City. (Table accessories by courtesy of Stern Brothers and Ovington Brothers, New York City.)

Interesting news!
Listerine Throat Tablets, containing the antiseptic oils of Listerine, are now available . . . While we frankly admit that no tablet or candy lozenge can deodorize the breath, the Listerine antiseptic oils in these tablets are very valuable as a relief for throat irritations.
They are 25 cents a package

When Listerine meets the arrogant onion

—*make this test yourself*

As a perspiration deodorant simply douse on clear Listerine with a towel or washcloth. It evaporates quickly and does what you desire.

AS a matter of fact, Listerine is really a much more remarkable deodorant than many of our advertisements have represented it to be.

For example, have you ever made this test with an onion?—Cut open an onion. Rub a bit of it on your hand. You know how hard this odor is to remove! Then apply some clear Listerine. The onion odor immediately disappears.

This simple test will increase your present respect for Listerine as a deodorant. It demonstrates in a most graphic way why Listerine is so effective for halitosis (unpleasant breath).

It will show you, too, why Listerine is being adopted more and more as a safe, effective and refreshing perspiration deodorant.

Try it this latter way some day when you haven't time for a tub or shower—or when these are not accessible. See how clean and refreshed it makes you feel, and it takes only a moment.—*Lambert Pharmacal Company, Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

LISTERINE —*The safe antiseptic*

When school opens

WHEN the children go back to school there will be a tax on young minds and bodies and the task of nourishing them properly will be a very serious one. So whether they come home to lunch —or carry their lunches with them —give them plenty of the healthful Beech-Nut Peanut Butter that they love so much.

But even though Beech-Nut Peanut Butter is so beneficial to children, it is by no means their exclusive property. Women are constantly finding that the wonderful flavor and smooth richness of Beech-Nut Peanut Butter are most valuable assets in preparing light refreshments for parties and substantial meals for the household.

Send coupon for information about using Beech-Nut Peanut Butter in sandwiches, salads and general cooking. Grocers sell Beech-Nut. Beech-Nut Packing Company, Canajoharie, N.Y.

Beech-Nut Peanut Butter

"Foods and Confections of Finest Flavor"

Bacon
Peanut Butter
Macaroni • Spaghetti
Vermicelli
Macaroni Elbows
Macaroni Rings
Prepared Spaghetti
Pork and Beans
Catsup • Chili Sauce
Prepared Mustard
Jams and Jellies
Marmalades and
Preserves
•
CONFECTIONS
Mints • Caramels
Fruit Drops
Chewing Gum

Dept. W-4
BEECH-NUT PACKING CO.,
Canajoharie, N. Y.
Please send, without expense to me, Mrs. Ida Bailey Allen's Beech-Nut Book of menus, recipes and service information.
Name.....
Street.....
City and State.....

When cleaning a metal door knob, save the wood surrounding it by cutting a piece of cardboard to fit round the metal

Exit the Architect, Enter the Housewife

By

L. Ray Balderston

Instructor, Institute of Household Arts, Teachers College, Columbia University. Author of "Laundering" and "Housewifery"

If the painter has spotted the window, rub gently with a cloth dipped in kerosene and a cleanser

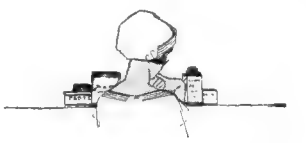
THE completion of the house is a happy climax, showing results of decisions made by architect and owner; but from the beginning the housewife has been concerned about the upkeep. Good floors, woodwork, and up-to-date fixtures have been chosen but the housewife, realizing their cost, now regards their care as doubly essential.

Her big question probably has been what to do with her floors. It is really an individual equation whether she waxes, varnishes or shellacs them, because the time and cost of upkeep are variable with the different conditions under which families live. Woods that are used in floors may be treated in various ways. A floor that is oiled must be expected to turn darker with each application of oil. This does not necessarily mean using a large quantity of oil at one time but it does mean that each application of oil will darken the wood, because, unless the oil is entirely rubbed in or wiped off, it will attract soil. The best oil to use is boiled linseed. Remember, however, in using it, that it gives a very much darker finish than raw linseed. If a kitchen floor is not to be covered with linoleum, it is to the advantage of the housewife to heat the boiled linseed oil over a pan of water and then apply it to the floor. The heated oil is absorbed naturally and quickly by the wood, making a floor that is not slippery and which hides grease spots. Such a floor can be wiped up with a mop and warm soapsuds, or better still it can be cleaned by rubbing all over with crude petroleum oil. All these oils and varnishes can be bought in quantities at a shop where painters' supplies are purchasable

IF THE floor is to be waxed, it will have done it no harm to have had the oil finish, provided the waxing is not done directly after the oil but that enough time has been allowed to let the oil sink into the wood, acting to a certain extent as a filler. The filler sinks into the grain of the wood, causing it to resist soil.

There are two kinds of waxes that may be used, one a liquid wax which is more easily applied, and a heavier wax used in paste form and which, perhaps, has the advantage of giving better results because it requires more rubbing. The amateur is likely to use too much wax and not enough rubbing. Overcome this danger by warming the wax just enough to soften it and apply it to the weighted rubber, which is either a weighted brush bought for the purpose or some home-made device, such as a block of wood fastened to a broom handle, or a pad made of folded, woolen cloths wrapped about the handle of an old floor brush. Rub with the grain of the wood, in straight lines and with even pressure.

After one has waxed a floor thoroughly, rubbing it well, the rewaxing is rather easy: using the weighted brush, rub and polish the wax that is already on the floor. This can be done weekly.



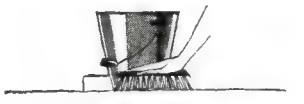
THE new house should be allowed to rest and settle itself once around the calendar, through the cold and the heat of the changing seasons, before any decorating or painting of walls is done. Thus the inevitable cracks may be concealed.

A pot of paint is a mark of thrift.

Exterior woodwork should be painted every two or three years. Shingles should be restained every four or five years. All metal work except copper and brass must be carefully watched and kept painted. If the original sheet metal work is done in copper, a great deal of upkeep will be saved.

Hardware, hinges, and so on, of iron or steel, must be kept painted or they will soon rust away.

—Marcia Mead
McCall's Consulting Architect



A wax floor is a bit slippery and will spot with water, if perchance the water is allowed to dry. To clean a waxed floor, wipe it with a cloth moistened with denatured alcohol. This cleans by dissolving off some of the extra wax which has become dark and soiled; the new wax may then be applied.

Varnished floors are produced more easily than wax floors but of course are susceptible to scratches. To varnish a floor, such as an oak floor, rub on a filler, allowing about two days for it to dry; then apply the varnish. It is bad economy to consider anything but a high-class varnish—one that costs perhaps five to seven dollars a quart. Two or three coats of varnish with a rub down, between each coat, of oil and rotten stone, or oil and fine steelwool, will give a floor of considerable service, and one from which the high gloss or shine has been modified and on which scratches to some degree have been prevented.

Shellac is a fast drier and for that reason often used. The housewife must consider, however, that in either case of varnish or shellac, at least twenty-four hours should be allowed for drying.

Tiles such as are used in vestibules and porch floors are cleaned better by using clear water without any strong alkalies because often the alkali causes them to turn white. Outdoor tiles will give a good color if wiped over with oil. Moistened sawdust, in place of water, cleans them well.

LINOLEUM is often the accepted floor covering for the kitchen; here again one must not expect to produce a good floor in a short time. The wood upon which the linoleum is to be laid must be thoroughly dried, for any moisture in this wood will hinder the floor from wearing well. If possible, handle the linoleum in a warm room so as to prevent cracking. Unroll it as soon as it comes into the house; this will allow it to stretch before it is laid.

Laying linoleum today means sealing it to the floor and as this is more or less of a special process, it is advisable to have the professional person do it, even though the housewife feels she might economize on that cost. Very heavy paper or a special linoleum felting should be put on the boards before the linoleum is put down. Boards shrink, especially at the beginning, and the cracks caused by this shrinkage often make linoleum floors unsatisfactory. The person who sells the linoleum should be the one to measure the floor, if possible, and he will do the sealing. It is possible by means of a special molding to finish the linoleum at the edges of the room so that chance moisture is not possible.

Rather than scrub linoleum with strong soaps and washing powders, use clear water and a soft cloth or mop. If the housewife feels that soap is necessary, use a mild soap. Linoleum may be waxed as a floor is waxed, the finished result giving great satisfaction as this waxing fills up the pores of linoleum, causing it to resist soil.

The fine plumbing fixtures must be kept in good condition. [*Turn to page 55*]

The Unknown Quantity

[*Continued from page 20*]

heart. The loving words went near to upsetting her composure. She commanded herself with an effort, but she could not answer them.

Ritter was standing behind her, obtrusively self-effacing. She disengaged herself from Valerie.

"Good-bye!" she said. "Good-bye, Skittles!"

His hand grasped hers again. She knew by the way he avoided looking at Ritter that he had seen him and had summed him up.

"Good luck to you, Jeannette!" he said. "And the best chap in the world to share it with you!"

She could not punish him for his presumption. She could only pretend that she did not hear.

"What about the theatre?" said Morgenthal, in a tone of surly enquiry as he hurried up a moment later.

So they squeezed into a taxi, Otto's mountainous bulk unavoidably crushing her on one side, and Morgenthal deliberately crowding her in front. It was not in Jeannette's nature to be easily overwhelmed, but there was something about this man that sickened her. Ritter's business-like egoism was almost welcome by contrast.

They reached the theatre, and went straight through to the manager's box. The performance was in full swing.

Jeannette turned her attention to the stage. Gradually, but always with the horrid consciousness of Morgenthal in the background, her interest in the revue began to awaken. Ritter had the gift of projecting his own views upon the imaginations of others with a vividness that made them highly entertaining. At the end of the second act Jeannette's quick brain had grasped a good many points which were quite novel to her, and Ritter's eyes looked upon her with keen approval.

When the curtain finally fell he said, "You'll come to the theatre tomorrow?"

"What time?" said Jeannette.

"I shall be there at ten," said Ritter.

THE days that succeeded were a jumble of rapid and fevered experiences for Jeannette. She met, and became to a certain extent merged among Otto's girls, and suppressed the dislike she felt for most of them with her usual business-like resolution. They were merely, as it were, the frothy spaces between the stepping-stones that she was so valiantly determined to cross. The wardrobe mistress, however, warm hearted old Mrs. Ammer, was from the very first her friend.

Meanwhile Jeannette rehearsed each morning under Ritter's keen guidance, and she did not need his enthusiastic assurance to convince her that she shaped well. She meant to be a success and in her heart she had a wholly unaccountable conviction that she would be.

Of Morgenthal during those days she saw nothing, and she concluded that the question of a contract was still in abeyance. It also seemed that the question of salary was sharing the same fate, but though her funds were dwindling she determined to shelve the matter until after she had made her first appearance.

On Christmas Eve, Otto Paul himself sat in the stalls and watched the last rehearsal. It was the only full dress rehearsal that had been held, and Jeannette anticipated it with a nervousness which even she found it difficult to suppress. But when the time came and she mounted into her shrine behind the glaring golden doors, it passed completely from her. Ritter had trained her well. She would not contemplate failure. Somehow she was quite sure she would not fail. She was still more sure of this when her performance was ended and the triumphal chorus died away; for Otto Paul came up on to the stage to congratulate her with tears in eyes and voice.

"You are divine," he said. "But your dress—your dress—why is it not transparent?"

"Transparent!" said Jeannette, bewildered.

He kept her arm in an ingratiating pressure. "I like you in that wonderful sea-green drapery. It is nymph-like, superb. But take out the lining, my dear! Take out the lining!"

Jeannette's anger began to rise. She felt tempted to walk straight out of the theatre. And then Ritter came to her, sleek and reassuring.

"It's all right," he assured her with the utmost confidence. "You leave it to me, Miss Wyngold! I know exactly how far you care to go. Just change and go home! You shan't be worried, I promise you."

"I should like to see the dress again before I put it on," said Jeannette.

"You shall if it is possible," said Ritter smoothly. "But please leave it entirely to me! It will not need any very serious alteration."

"Good! Good!" said Otto Paul. "Let me see! What is your stage name—Miss Jenny Wyn? I prophesy a very great success for Miss Jenny Wyn. In fact, I am quite prepared to congratulate her beforehand."

He smiled upon her with unctuous appreciation, and Jeannette knew that the discussion had been gently but firmly closed.

YES, it was Christmas—a grey and murky day—and she was quite alone. She had meant to get up early and go to a Communion Service, but when the time came, her heart failed her. Again, a little later, the church-bells pealed, and she tried to bring herself to go; but in the very act of dressing, her desolation came back upon her in a black and overwhelming cloud.

"I must not," she said. "I must not."

There was no one to comfort her. Even Buck had taken her at her word at last and gone.

Her thoughts kept turning backwards. Last Christmas they had been at Starfields. There had been guests—a jolly party. Buck—oh, yes, of course Buck had not stayed away. Like a dream it all came back before her mental vision. Her father—her own precious father—had come to her in the early morning while she was still in bed, and they had talked together in the old, dear way. And then they had gone to church together, and shared a hymn-book, which neither of them needed, to sing the Christmas hymns.

The long, long afternoon dragged away. Once the dreary strains of a street-band playing carols reached her, and she went to her bed and hid her face in the pillow to shut out the sounds.

Something gave way at last. Some cord of endurance snapped. Very suddenly she knew that she was beaten if she remained in that awful loneliness another second. She arose, white and desperate, put on hat and coat and went down to the street-door at the side of the shop. It was almost dark outside. A cold rain drifted in. But she was only vaguely aware of it. Her one fixed idea was to get away from the haunting misery that had tortured her so pitilessly all through the day. She went out blindly, shutting the door behind her.

Later, she never remembered taking any direction, wraith-like out of one darkness into another.

At length, after weary wandering that seemed to lead nowhere, she found herself pausing at a crossing lighted by a single lamp-post that flung its glare upon the wall of a house that bore the name-plate of a street. Unconsciously almost she looked up and read it: *Jigger Street*.

It came to Jeannette then, as it comes to many of us at one point or another in life's journey, that there is no such thing as chance. Unknown, but very surely, a Power had guided her feet. For in this dingy street lived Mrs. Ammer, the only person in London whom she trusted.

The numbers of the houses were painted on the fanlights of the doors, and though only here and there were they illuminated she had no difficulty in finding Number Fifty-nine. The gate of Fifty-nine was stuck half-open. [*Turn to page 92*]

Are you letting your skin grow old?

IT is a true saying that beauty is only skin deep. Therefore keep your skin young and you needn't worry about beauty or the number of your years. Perfect cleanliness through the use of the right soap makes it easy to keep your face as young as you are—or even a little younger.

Resinol Soap is the ideal cleanser. It gives a profuse lather that, despite its airy daintiness, sinks deep into the delicate pores and roots out the impurities, permitting the skin to function normally. It rinses easily—an important fact to consider when selecting a toilet soap—and imparts a velvety softness and pleasing clearness.

Get a cake from your druggist today and give it a trial. The result will speak for itself—and volumes for Resinol Soap. It will make you feel that here is a soap whose regular use will help to preserve the natural freshness of youth beyond the time when most women lose it.

Should blemishes appear

apply a little Resinol Ointment to the irritated spots and see how it clears them away. This soothing, healing preparation has been successfully used for years in treating skin troubles, slight or serious. Thousands of homes are never without it.

RESINOL
SOAP *and* OINTMENT

FREE TRIAL OFFER
Send this coupon or a postal card today
Dept. 2-K Resinol, Baltimore, Md.
Please send me, without charge, a trial size cake of Resinol Soap and a sample of Resinol Ointment—enough for several days' ordinary use.
Name .....
Street .....
City ..... State .....

Four out of Five is *Pyorrhea's* toll

Be the one to escape—
Brush your teeth with Forhan's

Pyorrhea, public menace though it is, can be successfully fought.

You need not pay the price in lost teeth and broken health as four persons out of every five past 40, and thousands younger, do.

But don't delay. Don't wait for tender, bleeding gums to tell you Pyorrhea is on the way.

Start the fight now. Go to your dentist regularly for tooth and gum inspection and brush your teeth, twice daily, with refreshing Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums, if used in time and used consistently, will help prevent Pyorrhea or check its course; keep the gums firm, the teeth white and the mouth healthy.

There is only one tooth paste of proved efficacy in the treatment of Pyorrhea. It is the one that many thousands have found beneficial for years. For your own sake, make sure that you get it. Ask for, and insist upon, Forhan's For the Gums. At all druggists, 35c and 60c in tubes

Forhan's
FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

Formula of R.J. Forhan DDS
Forhan Company New York

Forhan's TRADE MARK FOR THE GUMS BRUSH YOUR TEETH WITH IT" FORMULA OF R.J. Forhan, D.D.S. Specialist in DISEASES OF THE MOUTH PREPARED FOR THE PRESCRIPTION OF THE DENTAL PROFESSION

Should the Doctor Tell?

[*Continued from page 5*]

in America," he told her, "it's only to Monte Carlo. They're holding a regatta there. My countryman's, Rufus Shute's, *Challenge* is racing. If it wins, it'll be a great scoop for us Americans; they want a two-column write-up for our paper."

"But can't they send anyone else?"

"I guess they *could,* but we don't want them to, old lady. I'm the only feller on our staff who knows anything about sporting matters—especially racing. It's having been a stroke-oar at Yale that's made them choose me. If I put this job through, I'm to be made sub-editor of our Paris edition on my return. No more going away after that; we'll just live here snugly and forget the world. Now isn't that bully news?"

"Then you must go now?"

He hung his head, feeling somehow guilty. "It's as bad for me as for you; it can't be helped." Then he blushed furiously, realizing the real cause of her trouble, and added, "Don't be afraid; I'll be home in time for that."

She threw her arms round his neck. As he looked into her eyes, he saw that she was crying. Striving to smile, with his lips against her mouth, he asked, "Do you know what your old Aunt Mary would say? She would say, 'Flora, I call this scandalous. You ought never to have married a journalist—let alone an American. Now, when I was a girl————'"

She broke in on him. "I won't hear any more. I've been behaving selfishly. And, oh, Roger, I'm so glad you're to be made sub-editor!"

His face kindled at once. "That's a brave girl. We'll have our evening together anyway—and then, after this one trip, no more absences." He stretched luxuriously, "Sing to me, Flossie!"

She moved obediently to the old-fashioned, square piano which had been one of their chief reasons for renting this funny, tiny, furnished cottage instead of merely taking an apartment. In the candle light, and against the background of dark, polished wood her bare arms and the slender, rounded column of her throat were delicately appealing. Without fumbling, her hands found the keys, strayed with ease of long association into a simple minor movement, followed a moment later by her voice:

"Love is a sickness full of woes,
All remedies refusing;
A plant that with most cutting grows
Most barren with best using.
Why so?
More we enjoy it, more it dies;
If not enjoyed, it sighing cries
Heigh ho!"

There was a pause as the song came to its close, then, without turning from the keys she asked:

"What time do you set out from Paris?"

"I shall go by the night train, I expect."

"Then you needn't go early tomorrow; we *can* have the morning together?"

He fidgeted in his chair. When he answered, he did not look at her. "They've got work for me at the office. I'm sorry, Flossie; it's too bad."

"In that case, if you've so little time, I'd better pack your bag."

She didn't want him to see her crying; that was why she left. He called after her as she passed through the doorway, "It'll all come out in the wash, dearest. Don't get yourself worked up."

Alone, he rose stealthily, tiptoeing over to the mirror, and gazed at his reflection there. "I wonder if I must?" And then, "I guess it would be just as well."

Following her up the stairs, he found her on her knees beside an open drawer. He stole behind her, covered her eyes with his hands and found them wet. "Silly little woman! What are three days? I'll soon be back."

ON reaching Paris, instead of going to the office of *The New York Star,* he hired a *fiacre* and drove to the house of one, Dr. Lucas, a Boston specialist, whose practice lay among resident Americans.

"You're on time." Dr. Lucas advanced across the room. "You look a husky chap. Now tell me, what's the matter?"

"Nothing much, I guess; but I thought I'd like to make certain. I overstrained my heart at Yale rowing; I've been a bit of a crock since then."

"Humph!" remarked the doctor. "Now supposing I were to tell you to take a long rest, would they keep your place open for you?"

"Think again, Doc. There's ten fellers waiting to step into the shoes of everyone that drops out."

"Have you private means?"

"Half-a-dozen lots in Winnipeg that I bought five minutes before the crash."

Steiner was now stripped. The doctor regarding the clean-built proportions of his body, the play of his muscles, the magnificent breadth of his chest, exclaimed, "If there's anything the matter, *you* shouldn't take long to get well. Tell me now, what have you been doing with yourself?"

"I've been playing the old Harry with my health, doing the work of five men. I wanted to work up in our staff. I've just been offered the sub-editorship of our Paris edition. I've got one last journey to make to Monte Carlo, where the yacht races are being held. When that's over, I shall slack off for a spell."

"And your symptoms?"

"As a rule I'm O. K. for weeks together. Then all of a sudden I feel a sharp pain beginning in my chest, which spreads to my left arm and shoulder. And there's one curious sensation about these attacks: I'm usually a pretty game man, but while they're on, I'm a coward and afraid—afraid of death. I grip hold of the thing that's nearest, till gradually the pain passes. I've never told this to anyone; you're the first. I'm ashamed of it. Luckily I've always had my attacks when I've been with strangers or by myself."

"Lie quiet while I look you over."

At the end of five minutes the doctor said, "That's all right. You can dress now. By the way, you're sure you *must* go on this journey?"

"Certain of it. It's my big chance."

Dr. Lucas went out of the room; when he returned he found Steiner standing before a mirror, surveying himself. "Well, Doc," he laughed, "you can't say that I look a dying man."

"No," replied the doctor, "not dying; but you'll have to take care. Go easy down there at Monte; don't get roistering round. And come and see me as soon as you're back."

"But what is it?"

"A little weakness of the heart."

"Serious?"

"Depends largely on yourself. I can tell more definitely when I see you next. Don't get flurried about anything. Mind that—it's important."

As Steiner went down the street he laughed. He had known doctors to make more fuss over him when he had only a cold in the head.

And then he smiled quietly. "I know what made me do it; it was the thought of the little unborn tad."

IT WAS five days since he had left her and there had been no news, except for that hurried note scribbled on the train.

She counted the days over on her fingers. It was Monday, February the twentieth, when he had left; today was Saturday, the twenty-fifth. Five whole long days! It wasn't like Roger to forget her—especially now.

Of course, he might have written the letter and forgotten to post it. He might have posted the letter and it was lost in transit. Such accidents did occur. Certainly she would receive good news from him within the next few hours.

"I mustn't go back on him," she whispered, using one of his phrases. "I must take care of myself."

She was startled by the sound of a tapping against the pane. A boy was looking in on her, holding a slip of paper in his hand. He had been knocking at the door for some time and had received no answer. [*Turn to page 46*]

Nature Wants to Shape Those Tiny Feet!

KIND Nature *wants* to shape those adorable little feet. Her plans are all happy ones—romping, skylarking years of childhood! Yet all too often, we grown-ups put pain and trouble in the paths those tiny feet should tread in dancing joyousness. It was so Nature could have her way, that Simplex Flexies were created by baby foot specialists. For never before had there been a children's shoe of beauty, that combined Nature's three all-important foot requirements.

Flexies Work With Nature

Simplex Flexies are designed to combination measurements, assuring your child perfect ankle and instep fit, positively necessary to develop in Nature's way. The little foot rests squarely on three points—heel, base of the great toe and base of the little toe—just as it would if barefoot. It cannot rock sidewise, to bow the pliant leg in or out, yet Flexies are so pliable you can double them backward with your fingers! Thus they bend with the foot, to develop needed strength at the instep. This pliability of the amazingly durable sole is assisted also by the third vital feature—

Flexies have no nails or staples. Neither are they built inside-out, then turned, in the usual easier way. Those are short-cuts that invariably mean wrinkles inside, and jagged nail-points to torture the tender feet and cause future foot troubles. Flexies inside and out, are smooth as a glove

Recommended by Baby Specialists

Ask your dealer to show you Simplex Flexies! Write for new free booklet, "The Care of Baby's Feet". Ask too, for "The Tale of [illegible]", a delightful [illegible] for the youngsters.

SIMPLEX SHOE MANUFACTURING COMPANY, MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Creators of Daintier Footwear for Young Feet from 1 to 21

Simplex Flexies

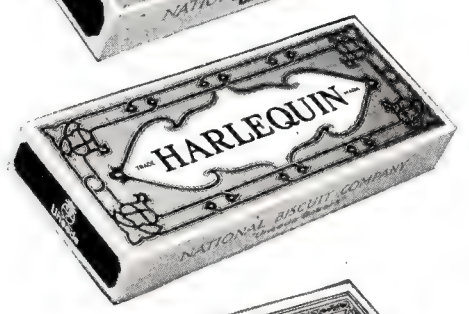
KEEP YOUNG FEET YOUNG

Delicious Dainties
for you
to serve

"Uneeda Bakers" sugar wafers are deliciously good to eat, served by themselves or with other desserts. They add a new distinction to ice cream, frozen pudding, or similar desserts.

At your next party, or for dessert at home, serve NABISCO. Its two crisp wafers enclose a delicious creamy filling.

Another welcome delicacy is HARLEQUIN — three layers of golden wafers with alternate layers of delicious creamy filling.



And then FESTINO — the delectable little sugar wafer that looks and tastes like an almond.

Baked by "Uneeda Bakers"

NATIONAL
BISCUIT COMPANY
"Uneeda Bakers"

"This dainty tea-wagon is an illustration of my point," smiled Mrs. Adams

Blossoming-Time

By Lillian Purdy Goldsborough
Expert in Household Equipment

YOU simply *must* come. There'll be the bridge—now don't shake that protesting head of yours! You can chat if you don't play. Then Mrs. Adams will talk to us. She's the best speaker on applied psychology in New York."

And unbelievable as it may seem, Anna Thorn, mentally as stiff as her work-worn hands, at last capitulated to the persuasive genius of sprightly Mrs. Emory. Thereupon she proceeded to wage a violent battle with herself.

"Why, I'm fifty-two!" she protested with finality. "Such things are all over now. Everything is over. The children are married and gone. There's no reason for anything any more. Parties and psychology! What a goose I was to say I'd go!"

But it was Anna Thorn's habit to stick to her guns and she did not depart from her usual custom in this particular instance, even if her only knowledge of bridge consisted of an extra round of house-cleaning, baking and salad-making gained when her children had given parties. Somehow it never occurred to her to entertain for herself. She never did anything *she* wanted to do. She had spent her life doing what *other people* wanted to do. And now she had slumped drearily into middle age without an effort to save herself from submersion. This was her inevitable fate. She might as well accept it. It was too late for anything else.

Pinched and stiff in her black gown, her hands with unbent fingers crossed squarely in front, she sat uncomfortably on her chair and watched the antics of her contemporaries, all ranging from forty-five to sixty years of age but looking no older than forty. They chatted with her from their bridge tables and she smiled back awkwardly. What a merry circle of middle-aged women! Wavy hair, pleasing gowns, a satisfied manner, they were alert and vibrant. An odd note in this bevy of women was Anna Thorn, her iron-gray hair, profuse but drawn into a hard, unbecoming knot; her features regular but wearing a grim, set look; her figure well-proportioned but badly corseted—all proclaiming, as Mrs. Emory said when she told me the tale, "the makin's of one of us." But, alas, reconstruction was necessary! How could rheumatic limbs be made agile? How could a mind, running on a single track for thirty-two years be switched to another route?

The lecture began. Anna Thorn sat like one frozen to the spot.

"For middle life is really blossoming time," the speaker was saying, "the supreme opportunity to do what you have always wanted to do. Your children are reared, the respite from care has come. Now is the chance for self-expression. Take the mental attitude you had at twenty-five. What was it you yearned for?"

Through Anna Thorn's mind flitted a picture of repressed girlhood, denied pleasures, unrequited desire to go, to entertain. She smiled sceptically as the still heavy burden of housework rose crushingly before her.

"Was it diversion? Have it now!"

A tear actually stole down Anna Thorn's cheek. Her inflexible hands did not brush it off. Oh, the wasted years, the lost opportunities! But was there hope after all, even at fifty-two?

"LET the mechanical labor-savers release your time and energy for other activities," was Mrs. Adams' answer to the question in the mind of her absorbed hearer.

And then, all unplanned but as if staged for the moment, in came Mrs. Emory wheeling a tea-wagon, holding tea service and cakes, plates, spoons and all!

"Here is an illustration of my point," smiled Mrs. Adams. "To digress a moment—do you know that a woman in doing her housework and caring for her children walks eleven miles a day? And that the tea-wagon cuts this distance in half? Why not use those saved steps for 'blossoming'? Break down the drudgery habit and tap a new layer of energy," she went on, looking at Anna Thorn.

"Blossoming, blossoming!" The refrain sang in Anna Thorn's heart all the next day as she went about her household tasks. At last it broke through to a sense of humor she thought she had lost. She laughed out. What would Father say? "Stuff and nonsense!" she could hear him repeating. But somehow the idea became fixed in her mind. Her step became lighter. She forgot her rheumatism. Why should not *she* "blossom" as the others did? Then she laughed again, loudly, joyfully. Well, if *they* could do it, so could *she*.

Resolutely she went to work to plan for her "blossoming." First, steps must be saved—which meant a tea-wagon to carry dishes and food to and from the kitchen, to stand by her side as a substitute waitress, ready to serve courses, to wheel to veranda or living-room when she was serving tea.

Next would come re-arrangement of kitchen furniture to save strength, budgeting the family funds, and lastly, "tapping that new layer of energy" for ability to execute her plans.

And she did it all, as I, who have accepted her gracious hospitality, can testify.

That million dollar Boy *of yours*

—do this to give him strength to meet life's later problems

Much of your boy's future depends on how well you build his body now. For without health and strength, early manhood will find him handicapped. He must have whole grains. He must have calcium to build bone. He must have vitamines.

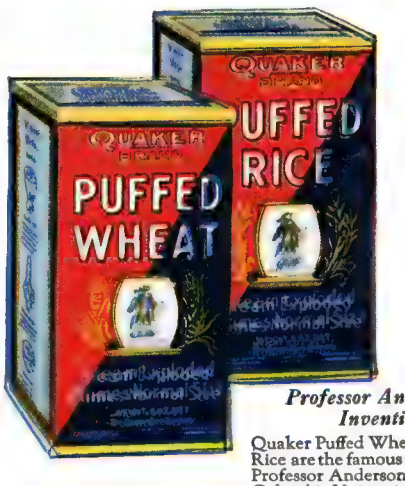
Quaker Puffed Wheat is *whole wheat* with the lure of a confection. Airy grains of nut-like flavor, steam exploded to eight times their normal size, with food cells broken for quick digestion.

The wheat supplies the calcium. Also the needed bran. The milk, all three vitamines.

So here is the ideal food. And best of all, good food in a form that children love: luscious and enticing.

As a food for brain workers, too, it stands without compare, supplying quick nutrition without imposing on digestion – an ideal bed-time dish.

Quaker Puffed Rice—Kernels of rice, steam exploded like Puffed Wheat. Each grain an adventure, delicious and enticing. The daintiest of breakfast dishes.



Professor Anderson's Invention

Quaker Puffed Wheat and Puffed Rice are the famous inventions of Professor Anderson, formerly of Columbia University. Foods shot from guns, grain foods thoroughly cooked.

Quaker Puffed Wheat **Quaker Puffed Rice**

The Quaker Oats Company

He knew he was lucky to have her for this last dance of the evening—she looked as sweet and fresh as when she arrived. She was one of those women who know how to retain their subtle charm of complexion.

Did Nature fail to put roses in your cheeks?

By MME. JEANNETTE

THE first time a girl looks into her mirror with the conscious desire to see what Nature has done for her skin, she is aware of her coloring. If you have natural roses, you are to be congratulated. If you have no color, you will wisely decide to put it there!

Rouge, properly selected and artistically applied, is recognized today as one of the important essentials to the toilette. Women consider it as great a social error to appear with unhealthily white cheeks as they would to appear without powdering a shining nose or forehead.

When you select your rouge

Pompeian Bloom is a pure, harmless rouge that beautifies with its remarkably natural tone of color. It comes in compact form, and is made in the four shades essential to the various types of American women.

It is as important to select the right tone of rouge as it is to select the right shade of powder. After you have determined the shade of powder that best matches your skin, it is a comparatively simple matter to decide the tone of rouge to go over it. The following general directions will be of assistance:

The Medium tone of Pompeian Bloom should be used by the majority of women. It should generally be used with the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

The Light tone of Pompeian Bloom is found most frequently in the coloring of very fair-haired women. It may go with the Naturelle, the Flesh, and occasionally with the White Pompeian Beauty Powder.

The Dark tone of Pompeian Bloom is for the warm, dark skin typical of the beauties of Spain or Italy. It is most often effective with the Rachel or the Naturelle shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

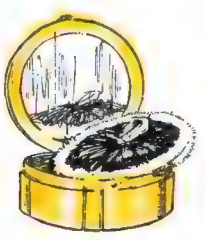
The Orange tint of the famous Pompeian rouge gives exactly the shade of color that is essential to women who have red or bronze tones in their hair. This rouge tone is being used almost exclusively by women if they live much out-of-doors. It combines most frequently with Naturelle Pompeian Beauty Powder. It also looks well with Rachel when the skin is olive in tone, or tanned, and with White Pompeian Beauty Powder if the skin is of the very white, colorless type. All four shades, 60c per box (in Canada 65 cents).

Get 1924 Pompeian Panel and Four Samples for ten cents

The newest Pompeian art panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," done in pastel by a famous artist, and reproduced in rich colors. Size 28 x 7½ in.

For 10 cents we will send you all of these: The 1924 Beauty Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and samples of Day Cream, Beauty Powder, Bloom, and Night Cream. *Tear off the coupon and mail today.*

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES, CLEVELAND, OHIO
Also Made in Canada



Pompeian Bloom—a rouge

© 1924, The Pompeian Co

The Lovely Effect of Youth and Vivacity

Women, today, do not want to look noticeably "made up"—but they *do* want to know how to "make up" to be noticeably attractive-looking.

The following simple rules will help to get the lovely effect we women all want—the look of youth and vivacity.

The majority of women should *give* their powder a cream foundation. If your skin is normal-to-oily in its character, use Pompeian Day Cream. If your skin is very dry, use Pompeian Night Cream. Apply in small quantities, rubbing in with little circular movements. If Day Cream is used it will entirely disappear in application; Night Cream will only partially disappear and any surplus cream should be wiped away.

Over the base thus formed, use Pompeian Beauty Powder.

Your powder is not correctly applied unless you have gained a smooth, clear-looking surface! It should be as uniform as the character of your own skin! And have you been careful to use the right shade of powder for your skin?

The importance of selecting right shade of powder

Pompeian Beauty Powder comes in four shades. By far the greater number of women are of the "medium" types.

The medium skin varies in values and is sometimes hard to determine, for it is found with many combinations of hair and eye colorings. The correct shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder for this type of skin is the Naturelle shade.

The milk white skin is quite without a trace of color except where the little blue veins show. Few American women have this very white, colorless skin, but these few are the only ones who should ever use White powder.

A pink skin is apt to deepen into a flushed-looking skin, and the result is a too-high coloring.

Pink or flesh-colored powder, however, should *always* be used on this skin.

The olive skin is rich in its own color-tone, though it rarely shows much red or pink in the cheeks. Women with this exquisite coloring should enrich its beauty with the Rachel shade of Pompeian Beauty Powder.

Colorful lips are as necessary a part of beauty as a clear complexion.

The Pompeian Lip Stick is so skilfully formulated that its color is indistinguishable from the natural rosiness of health. When correctly used, it does not in any way suggest artificiality.

Mme. Jeannette

Specialiste en Beauté

TEAR OFF, SIGN, AND SEND

▽ ▽

POMPEIAN LABORATORIES
2009 Payne Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: I enclose 10c (a dime preferred) for 1924 Pompeian Art Panel, "Honeymooning in the Alps," and the four samples named in offer.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

What shade of face powder wanted?_____

Hands You'd Love to Have

Directions by Virginia Kirkus

Author of Everywoman's Guide to Health and Personal Beauty

Don't waste time envying others their beautiful hands. Spend that time acquiring them. Perhaps you can't change their size—but you can make them white and smooth. Roll up your sleeves and go to it! A bowl of hot soapy water stands ready. Take a brush and scrub your hand from wrist to the finger tips. Cleanse your forearm, and dry thoroughly

Now for the massage. Take developing cream on finger tips or pour into your palm a wee bit of hand lotion and work it into hands, wrist, forearm and elbow

Use a firm rotary motion for hand, both back and palm, and a molding motion for fingers and forearm. If slender, tapering fingers are your ambition shape each in turn and press out tips and gradually see the desired results. When the cream or lotion has almost disappeared, sponge off with a cooling astringent or skin freshener

And what of the stains that will come with gardening and housework? Let me whisper a secret. A good bleach—or even the friendly household lemon—used after the dishes are washed—will keep your skin white and your nails unstained. Then perhaps once a week you will refresh yourself with the hand and arm massage described

IS THERE *a remedy for red hands, for enlarged veins and joints, for hardened hands, hands too fat or too thin, hands that are perpetually cold or perpetually warm and moist? How avoid sunburned or chapped hands? And then, there's the problem of what lotions or creams to use. There are many. For instance, we know of a new and special lotion which combines many desirable qualities—it softens and feeds the skin, it bleaches, and it leaves a faintly delicious scent, just enough and not too much. Also it is excellent for the cuticle and the nails. We shall send you complete information on any or all of these points if you send us a stamped and addressed envelope. The methods illustrated above are used in one of New York's smartest beauty salons. Watch, too, for next month's pictures on the care of the nails. For the answer to any problem on the care of the hair or skin or figure, send for our booklet, "A Little Book of Good Looks," enclosing ten cents. Address The Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.*

The One Food That is Served at Every Meal

Hot Breads, in one form or another, at breakfast, luncheon, dinner, tea or supper—bread is always there. We should gain the greatest food value possible from bread. The baking powder must be the *best* in leavening power, in nutriment, in flavor, in food value.

RUMFORD, THE WHOLESOME BAKING POWDER, contains the *phosphates* that are in wheat and restores to the flour those vital elements which are lost in milling. At the same time Rumford gives light, delicate, flaky biscuits and breads which we enjoy,—sure that the foods will nourish our bodies as well as taste good for the moment.

RUMFORD

THE WHOLESOME

BAKING POWDER

Free Write for "The Rumford Modern Methods of Cooking"—a book of helpful suggestions and exact recipes that enable anyone to produce perfect baked foods economically. Free. Address:

RUMFORD COMPANY, Dept. 20. **PROVIDENCE, R. I.**

L-88

How to be sure baby's bottle is clean

There is only one way to be sure your baby's bottle is safe and sanitary. Use the Hygeia Nursing Bottle.

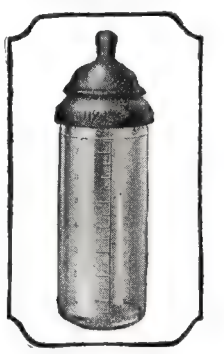
The mouth of the Hygeia is as wide open as a drinking glass. The sides are straight. You can reach every part of this bottle with a cloth. No brush needed for cleaning—no funnel needed for filling.

The improved, patented Hygeia Nursing Bottle has a breast with a rib that prevents collapsing. It is positively the only breast-nipple having this feature.

Broad and flexible, the Hygeia breast is easy to slip onto the bottle; and is so like mother's that weaning is easy.

Sold by drug stores everywhere.

Made in two sizes by
The Hygeia
Nursing Bottle Co., Inc.
Buffalo, N. Y.



Hygeia

NURSING BOTTLE

Should the Doctor Tell?

[*Continued from page 40*]

In her haste to possess the message, she opened the window and snatched the *télégramme*.

Compelling herself to be quiet, she slit the envelope and read:—

Hotel Apollo

Monte Carlo. Feb. 24. 10 p. m.

Roger suddenly ill. Have stayed as long as can. Come at once. Hanson.

She reached the Gare de Lyons breathless with haste and excitement. Young Eaton—Roger's rival—met her at the station, his fresh boyish face puckered into a kind of grotesque solemnity.

"The train's full. I couldn't get a berth. But I managed a seat in a coupé."

"Anything will do," she said.

"It was the best I could arrange," he went on apologetically. "There's only one place. The other two are taken by two men, a father and son, I guess."

Her startled eyes rested on him questioningly.

"They're Americans. You'll be all right."

They walked together down the crowded platform.

She saw in the two further seats a young man in a loose, widely-cut suit of blue serge, and an older man, florid, heavy-jowled and stout. Her eyes rested on them timorously. They, with the usual self-centredness of travelling Anglo-Saxons who assume that no one understands the English language save themselves, muttered something about the nuisance of her interruption of their privacy. At another time she would have shown her resentment; but the immensity of her grief made her indifferent.

The train moved slowly out and gathered speed and settled down to its level monotony of motion. An hour passed. She turned her eyes again to her companions. The son was making remarks in disparagement of French railroads; the father listened with satiric approval.

"I'm sorry if my presence inconveniences you," she apologised.

The effect of this humble remonstrance was magical. The son stared: the father flushed. The father was the first to recover his assurance.

"I took it for granted you were French."

It was the tone of kindliness which gave the overbalancing touch to her strained emotions. Silently she wept.

"Now, my dear young lady!" he urged, repeating the phrase half-a-dozen times. His embarrassment was so complete, she could not help regarding him with a wan smile.

"Ordinarily I shouldn't have minded, but I'm in trouble."

"Guess you've come to the right man to see you through. My name's Macey, Jim Macey of New York City. And this is my son, Croker Macey. We're going to Monte Carlo. If there's any way we can be of service to you—"

She found herself telling him her story.

"My!" he said, "That's bad. And I ain't no preacher. Can't offer up a prayer or remember a line of scripture. I'm a ward politician, if you know what that means. I'll tell you one thing, though, that I've learned: things aren't never as bad as they're made out."

His face was all flushed and tremulous with this innocent effort at comfort.

"Now go to sleep," he concluded. "I'm bound for Monte Carlo, too. Me and my son'll see you through. You can trust Jim Macey."

He pulled the seat out for her, produced the pillows, and showed her how to transform the whole into an exiguous bed. He covered her with his own rug and drew the silk cap over the lamp. The rhythm of the rushing wheels became a lullaby; in spite of her grief, she slept.

Sudden as a picture flung upon a screen the white rock crowned with palaces, the tufted palms, the exquisite blue sea of Monte Carlo.

"My dear, I want you to leave everything to me. I guess I can handle these foreigners better than you."

"You're a good man, Mr. Macey." Her voice trembled.

The coarse, strong face was illumined with instant gratitude. "Guess you're the first person that ever told me that."

The train drew up in the sunny station. They drove at once to the Apollo. A great crowd filled the foyer, a vivacious mob, distinguished by a kind of tinsel elegance. She sat patiently against a vast marble pillar, her hands folded in her lap, while Macey sought the manager.

"Ah, Monsieur Steiner? He not here now."

"Then where is he?"

From his desk the manager produced a note and handed it to Croker.

Macey took it from his son and opened it.

It was addressed to Madame Steiner, and was signed J. Jackson Hanson.

"Ah, that's the man who sent the wire," said Macey. "Better read it before we show it to her."

He read it slowly. It was scrawled in pencil on thin paper, in evident haste.

"The race was over at four," it ran; "I helped Steiner rush his copy off at six. We were standing outside the post-office when he said, 'What's this? It's gone dark.' He became unconscious, and I took him to the hospital of Sainte Thérése. His things are still at the Hotel Apollo, where he was stopping. I wired you at once. I would have stayed to meet you; but I had to leave on the night train for Rome. We all loved Steiner, hope it won't prove serious."

"Here, Croker," said Macey, "phone that hospital some way. I daren't show her this letter till I know how matters stand."

But as he turned, he saw her approaching. She laid a shaking hand upon his arm.

"Tell me."

Without a word, he handed her Hanson's hasty scrawl. She read it slowly; in that brilliant and corrupt crowd more than one looked curiously at the slim pale girl, conscious of something tragic in her attitude.

"In hospital! I must go to him. Please order me a carriage."

Croker joined them; whispered something to his father. Macey looked distressed.

"What is it? Quick, quick, tell me!"

At last the words came, slowly and brokenly.

"They've 'phoned from the hospital—" he began—and stopped.

"Yes?"

His voice sank, till it became a kind of rambling whisper.

"It's too bad, too bad!"

She gripped him by the shoulder in her furious misery. Her eyes blazed into his and held them steadfast.

"Can't you see that you're torturing me? For God's sake, what's happened?"

He bowed his head. "I thought I had told you. My poor girl, your husband died an hour ago."

She sat stunned and silent beside the open window, vainly trying to adjust her mind to the incredible. The night had come again; Monte Carlo sparkled like a jewel; a soft wind ran along the groves of palms; gardens were alive with lights and music. She recalled the day step by step, this monstrous, incredible day which had overwhelmed her.

When she and the Maceys had arrived at the hospital, she had expected naturally that she would be instantly admitted. Instead of which he had been told to wait in an outer room; she had waited for an hour. In vain Croker had protested in his most ingenious French and Macey had raged with muttered blasphemies.

There had come to them a tall sour-looking man, with a face of wood. He had an official paper in his hand, which he consulted diligently before he consented to speak to them. He was entirely unmoved by her supplicating eyes; a stranger's death in Monte Carlo was obviously too common an occurrence to engage his active sympathy. He proceeded coldly to demand her proofs of identification. When these had been accepted as satisfactory, he remarked in the same cold, hard voice, "Varee well. The body you have tonight, à sept heures."

"But I wish to see him. He's my husband. I wish to see him."

"Impossible, Madame. It ess the law. He ess—what you say?—he ess nail down."

It was the law—there was no more that could be said. She could not even see him. So they came out again into the mocking sunshine, beggars violently expelled from an unfriendly house.

THE darkness thickened. By this time Mr. Macey would have completed his last tragic visit to the hospital. He had inisted on going alone, removing the body and making all preparations for the return to Paris. He would no doubt come to see her presently.

It was ten when he arrived. He told her of all that he had done and waited silently for her approval. They would leave the next night; she need concern herself with no details—he had arranged everything.

As she watched the play of expression on his face, she detected something new, something of embarrassment and even shyness. She had cast herself so completely on the goodness of the man, had trusted him so thoroughly; he had shown her a regard so fatherly, that it had not occurred to her as yet to analyse their relations. Now, something in his manner, perhaps some subtle voice in her own heart, warned her that into these relations a new element had entered. She was too inexperienced to divine it; still too dazed with sorrow to comprehend it; but she felt it, as one feels an unseen presence.

You won't leave me, Mr. Macey? I know I am a burden. You've done far more for me than any woman ought to ask."

"Sure I won't leave you. What put that notion into your head?"

"But you're thinking something?"

"Yes," he admitted slowly, "there is something. I don't just know how to say it."

His face reddened. There were tears in his eyes.

"It's this, and don't you get mad with me. I done my best for you, but it isn't a man you want now—it's a woman. Haven't you someone, my dear, who can meet you in Paris—your mother, maybe? An old fellow like me's well enough, but it's a woman you need now."

"There's only Aunt Mary."

Not until Macey had left the room, did she become aware of all the fineness of feeling displayed in his behavior. She had told him he was a good man; she saw now that he was a gentleman.

Before she slept that night she had dispatched a telegram to Aunt Mary, asking her to meet her in Grez.

Early on the day after her return to Grez Aunt Mary laid down the law.

"Now listen to what I'm saying and don't interrupt. What you need, Flora, is a little commonsense. I'm not blaming you for what's been done up to the present. It was natural, I suppose, that you should want to be near him when he was dying, but now he's dead—And it's no use your holding up your hands; I'm a plain-spoken woman and I intend to say what has to be said. You've got to think of yourself and of someone else. You've an illness before you. I'm going to take you back to England."

But her niece was not listening. She was thinking of the long white box, which she had seen dumped like so much refuse on the floor of the railroad station; and she was racking her brain to recall exactly the features of the face that was hidden there.

Shortly after twelve Macey called. She insisted that he should be shown to her bedroom.

"I told you Jim Macey'd win out," he exclaimed directly he caught sight of her. "Those fool officials have agreed to do what we want; but on certain terms. Here's what they told me: we can have the body on one condition—that we see that it's buried inside of twenty-four hours."

He watched her face, hoping for some signs of satisfaction. It had grown crinkled with a new distress.

"When they say buried, what do they mean—in a grave, underground?"

"That's how I take it."

"But—but he wished to be cremated. He told me so many times. Will that make a difference?"

Aunt Mary had risen from her chair. "Cremated!" she exclaimed. "Certainly not—it's pagan. How shall the dead rise if their ashes are in urns? Recollect yourself, Flora; remember that you're the daughter of an English clergyman."

Macey listened in amazement. When she came to an end, he drew forth his handkerchief and mopped his forehead.

"You make me *tired,* ma'am!"

Then he turned his attentions to Flora. "About this cremation; if anything can be done, I'll do my best. I guess I know how you feel; you want to please him to the end."

When Macey came to her next day and told her that cremation would necessitate further delay, and that even then the granting of permission would be uncertain, she smiled at him sadly, "I'll leave tonight for England, but on one understanding: that you come and see me there; and that, if possible, you bring with you the ashes. But that you come and see me anyhow."

He promised with sincere readiness. Then, when Aunt Mary's back was turned, she beckoned him to come closer. Lifting her face, she gave him a fluttering kiss upon his grim old mouth "For the sake of the one who's coming."

AT last the dreary contest with French officialism was over. Macey saw the end. Tomorrow he would go to England; he would see once more this woman, who had moved his sympathies so deeply. It had been a strange adventure, he reflected: so strange that if he told it to his New York friends they would not believe him; indeed, there were moments when he scarcely believed it himself. As he drank his coffee, Croker noticed his father's listlessness and asked him if he was not well.

"I'm feelin' pretty good."

But as he walked along the Boulevard two hours later, it suddenly occurred to him that it wouldn't be a bad plan to see a doctor. This affair had tired him out. Like most travelling Americans he knew the name of Dr. Lucas and resolved to see him.

He found the doctor at home and, for a wonder, disengaged. "So you're like the rest of my strenuous countrymen," said Lucas, "been to Monte Carlo, eh? Oh, you needn't apologize to me. Most of us like a fling at the tables. I've done it myself."

Macey said nothing. The doctor had gone through the form of an examination and was seated at his desk writing a prescription, when he looked up suddenly—"Let me see. You said you'd just left Monte Carlo. Wonder whether you saw the big yacht race."

"I didn't. I got there just after it."

"There was a capital account in *The New York Star.* I never read anything better done. I was the more interested because, I imagine, it was written by one of my patients—Roger Steiner. I suppose you didn't happen to meet him?"

Macey closed the door and wheeled round on the doctor with a startled stare. "When did he come to you?"

"Just before he left Paris. It was the afternoon of the twentieth of February."

"And what did you tell him?"

"Oh well, that's entirely a matter between myself and Steiner. One doesn't make gossip of professional confidences. There's no reason why I should tell you."

"I guess it's a matter in which I'm more interested than Steiner. And you don't know any reason why you should tell me? You're mistaken. You've got to."

THE smile vanished from the doctor's diplomatic mouth; his face grew hard and gray. There was something menacing and formidable in the attitude of this big man, who stood with his back against the door, facing him with eyes in which a bright spark of anger had begun to kindle.

"That kind of talk may go in the Bowery, Mr. Macey, but let me tell you, it won't go down here. If you don't quiet yourself, I shall have to ring the bell and have you shown out."

"To hell with your bell!" Macey snapped, the coarseness of the ward-politician thoroughly aroused. "And what d'you think I'd be doing while you rang it?"

Before Lucas could reach the bell, Macey had taken him by the shoulders and forced him back into his chair.

"And I'll trouble you to listen. I didn't mean to be vi'lent. I apologize, if it'll make you feel any better. I asked you a plain question. I have a reason for asking. Roger Steiner came to you on the twentieth of February, you say. All I want to know is just what you said to him."

"You should ask Steiner himself. But since you seem to have a friendly interest in him, I let him suppose there was nothing much the matter with him. It was the best thing I could do under the circumstances. It enabled him to go to Monte Carlo with a cheerful mind."

"You let him suppose that!"

Macey stood as a man dazed. His violence had blazed itself out. When he spoke it was in a [*Turn to page 75*]

Style
SPECIALISTS
for
36 YEARS

Your copy of the new National Style Book is ready

IN asking for your National Style Book, address our House nearest you.

If you live East of the Mississippi River, write to New York; if you live West of the Mississippi, write to Kansas City.

You get exactly the same New York styles at exactly the same low prices whether you deal with us in New York or Kansas City. Your orders are given prompt attention at either of the twin "National" stores—often shipment is made the same day your order is received.

A postcard or letter to us will bring your National Style Book by return mail.

Let us send it to you FREE—

Write for your new Fall and Winter Style Book. It will come to you absolutely free and without any obligation. It will not only save you many dollars but it will be a style guide to you—a means to fashionable and becoming dress.

Supposing you could spend several weeks this season in New York and Paris—could see and shop in all the great stores!

Supposing you could get all the fashion ideas of the style experts and of the leading manufacturers!

Do you realize that we have done exactly this for you? That in the pages of the National Style Book you have the most wonderful shopping trip you could imagine?

Our Style Experts have seen and compared for you almost everything that will be shown this Fall and Winter. And in the National Style Book you have the best of everything new and becoming and beautiful that fashion has created for this season.

A Book of Great Values

But the National Style Book is more to you than a record of what America's best dressed women will wear. It is more than a beautiful array of coats, hats, suits, dresses, shoes—of *everything* for *every* member of your family. It is also *a great value book.*

Remember that in our service of shopping for you we are guided by 36 years' experience as style specialists. We purchase millions of dollars' worth of merchandise each year. *We know values!* We know when and how to secure the greatest values—the biggest bargains for you.

Study These Prices

Women's Dresses	from	$ 2.98	to	$25.00
Women's Coats	from	5.00	to	45.00
Millinery	from	79c	to	6.49
Boys' Knicker Suits	from	3.98	to	12.98
Girls' Dresses	from	1.00	to	7.98
Men's Overcoats	from	10.00	to	28.50
Women's Shoes	from	1.00	to	4.69
Children's Shoes	from	39c	to	3.98
Men's and Boys' Shoes	from	98c	to	6.89
Children's Coats	from	1.98	to	14.98
Men's Suits	from	13.98	to	29.98
Fur Neck Pieces	from	1.98	to	24.75

And let us remind you that every sale we make is backed by our unconditional guarantee—"Your money back if you want it."

So write for your own copy of the National Fall and Winter Style Book. It will be sent you entirely free. See for yourself the saving, the pleasure the National Style Book will be to you.

National Cloak & Suit Co.

233 West 24th Street, New York City **5433 Independence Avenue, Kansas City, Mo.**

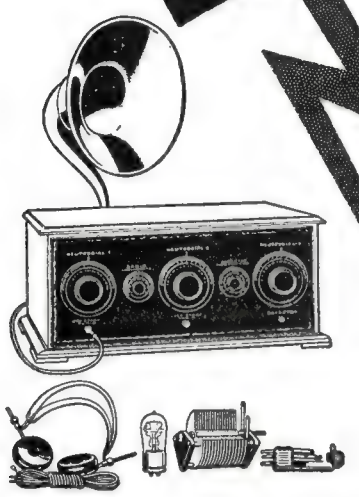
Radio Headquarters

Everybody is interested in Radio. If you would keep in step with the progress that has been made in this greatest of all discoveries, you should have our NEW RADIO Catalog just now off the press.

You can get the latest and best equipment from RADIO HEADQUARTERS. We have everything that anybody needs to enjoy the entertainment, news and education that are waiting to be brought right into your home.

Don't be without the comfort of Radio this fall and winter when reception is so fine.

The World's Largest Store—RADIO HEADQUARTERS—can save you money on everything you need.



The World's Largest Store is RADIO HEADQUARTERS. Here you can get the famous SILVERTONE neutrodyne receiving set or the smallest radio part—at the lowest prices in America.

Mail the coupon TODAY to the store nearest you. 60M71.

Sears, Roebuck and Co.
Chicago Philadelphia Dallas Seattle

Send New Radio Catalog.

Name .....

Postoffice ..... State .....

Rural Route ..... Box No. .....

Street and No. .....

Sears Roebuck and Co.

The World's Largest Store owns and operates Station W.L.S. Wavelength 345 Meters. Tune in.

This FREE BOOKLET
WILL HELP YOU SELECT YOUR AUTUMN HAT

Write for it! You will enjoy it. It costs you nothing. Your dealer's name sent with it. Write Dept C

Paige HATS
29 W. 38th St., N. Y.

Tea Room Managers Wanted

HUNDREDS of new tea rooms, cafeterias, lunch rooms, motor inns, now opening every week are crying for trained managers. Shortage acute. We receive daily calls for managers, assistant managers, hostesses, table directors, buyers, etc.—both men and women. EARN $5,000 THIS YEAR. You can qualify in a few short weeks with the Lewis System of Spare-Time training—and we put you in touch with big opportunities. Send for FREE BOOK **"Pouring Tea For Profit."** Write today.

Lewis Tea Room Institute
Dept. D-5051 Washington, D. C.

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can earn $1 to $2 an hour in your spare time writing show cards. No canvassing or soliciting. We instruct you by our new simple Directograph System, supply you with work and pay you cash each week. Write today for full particulars and free booklet.

WEST-ANGUS SHOW CARD SERVICE LIMITED
110 Colborne Building, Toronto, Can.

Don't Send 1 Penny

Knitted Crepe Dress

$2.98 Delivery Price

This is the greatest dress bargain ever offered. The material alone is worth more than double the price we ask for the dress. Dress would ordinarily retail for about $9.00. It is a copy of a fine imported model. Knitted dresses are very fashionable.

The material is a knitted crepe jersey cloth of excellent heavy weight and will give wonderful satisfactory wear. It is the most fashionable material ever designed.

THE DRESS is made in slip-over style, knitted full and roomy. Has long set-in sleeves and narrow self-cloth sash. The collar, cuffs and patch pockets are made of a checked knitted velour cloth in contrasting color, which is very stylish. Dress can be worn for sport or everyday wear and is one of the prettiest, most becoming models ever designed. Our price is remarkably low.

COLORS: Gray, tan or brown. Misses sizes 14 to 18 years; women, 32 to 46 bust.

Delivery Free

Just send your name and address—no money. When the postman delivers the dress at your door, pay him **$2.98** for it. We have paid the transportation costs. If, for any reason whatsoever, it is not better than you expected, return it at our expense and we will cheerfully refund your money. Could anything be fairer? **Order by No. 88.**

WALTER FIELD CO., Dept. G1438 Chicago

We Pay $7 a Day

Take orders for Jennings guaranteed hosiery for men, women, children. All styles and colors. Written guarantee with each pair to wear and give satisfaction or new hose free.

STEADY DAILY INCOME

Full or spare time. No experience necessary. No capital needed. Low priced. Our silk hose lead. Take orders for six to ten pairs a day. Repeat orders increase every month. Prompt delivery guaranteed. For a steady, year round business there is nothing better than this line. Write for samples.

JENNINGS MFG. CO., Hose C-87 Dayton, Ohio

Easy, Fascinating, Spare Time Work

Coloring and selling our **1924 Line of Christmas Greeting Cards and Folders.** Exclusive designs, beautiful sentiments. Made especially for handcoloring. Big demand for handcolored cards. Easy to do.

No Experience Necessary

Have 25,000 customers who started without experience. Many now making from $50 to $80 a mo. and more! YOU can do the same! Complete instructions enable all to color successfully.

Free Book

"Pleasant Pages" contains instructions how to color and how to sell. Write for it! Or send $1 for Trial Box containing assortment cards, instruction book, brush, colors, and handcolored card as sample. Sells for $3 to $4 when colored. Big money-making season just starting. Write TO-DAY and get started immediately turning spare time into profit!

LITTLE ART SHOP
1409 You Street, N. W.
Washington, D. C.

Mr. Teacher

[*Continued from page 11*]

disconcerting green eyes, or a petite brunette with dark, understanding eyes?"

This was going too far altogether.

On Sunday she went to church, walked lonesomely about town, did a bit of reading. On Monday she went back to work without much zest. Before the day was done she was in the grip of a most acute attack of blues.

When she opened the door of her room the next morning she experienced a sense of having been transported back to South Corners before the advent of Will Hanley; the peace of her parent's little house; the silent sunlight and scent of lilies-of-the-valley in the little garden. The scent of lilies-of-the-valley—was it imaginary? Oh, she was sure it was in the classroom. Then she saw a small bunch of the flowers on her desk—with a note attached.

Dear Miss Rand:

Forgive me for expecting you to correspond with a perfect stranger. Please accept these flowers as a token of my sincerity.

Arthur Talbot

The charm of that was like a burst of clean, cool wind. Ethel laughed shakily. What good genius had led this undaunted Mr. Talbot to leave lilies-of-the-valley, of all flowers? She attacked elementary fractions with fresh vigor. The children took to the subject like ducks to water.

In her high-pitched mood she quite lost her sense of propriety in answering the impudent gentleman who had sent the lilies-of-the-valley.

She gushed on paper:

Thank you for the flowers. They were perfectly lovely. *Ethel Rand*

The result of her rash let-down in self-discipline was evident the very next morning.

Dear Miss Rand:

I teach in the wilds of Brooklyn by day. But to-day I have the last two periods free and am coming over to your School. My official business is to see you. Please.

Expectantly, Arthur Talbot

Coming to see her—what supreme impudence! There had been nothing in her grateful note to imply that he might make such an advance. But she should have known this persistent man would misunderstand. He must be some lonely youngster eager for the meeting because of its unconventionality. Feigning illness, she was excused at noon that day and fled the scene.

But there was a note awaiting her next morning.

Dear Miss Rand:

Of course it was my fault. I should have known that you wouldn't want us to meet in the every-day surroundings of a school-house. If you'll state time and place, I'll meet you anywhere you choose. What shall I wear to identify myself?

Or would you care to visit my class some evening and observe methods of teaching English to foreigners?

Hopefully, Arthur Talbot

She realized that any answer to this would be misinterpreted. She was rather proud of her strength in deciding to put an end to this romantic situation. A year ago she would have gone eagerly to meet Mr. Talbot in her giddy, romantic way.

There were no more notes. Again she resumed the safe, uneventful routine of her days.

But the uneasiness and irritation that had been growing upon her since that spring day in February increased. And finally her tranquillity was entirely shattered. It was the city that had served her so faithfully all winter long that finally betrayed her, suddenly, completely. It happened one night when reading in her room in the Lexington Avenue boarding-house suddenly palled on her. She went out for a walk before bedtime.

On the side-streets the lamps marched stiffly away into the fog. On Fifth Avenue they curved brilliantly into golden mist, then swept away into empty air. On Broadway they winked mockingly as though they had heard of her resolution to keep Romance at his proper distance. Ethel almost ran from these lights and the sight of people walking pleasantly together.

She was lonely and in spite of herself she was wondering about Mr. Talbot. She could never explain the mental process which brought her to the decision but she suddenly found herself determined to attend Arthur Talbot's evening-school class—to attend it in disguise, as a pupil!

AT a quarter of eight the next evening a long line of foreigners extended from the interior of the office of the principal of Evening School 209. Standing on this line not far from the door of the office was a dark-eyed young woman in plain blue serge skirt, a cheap lace-trimmed blouse, a loose tan coat, and a big hat on which a veritable garden of flowers bloomed.

A sudden movement of the line brought her into the office and before the desk of the registrar, the very desk on which she signed her time each morning and afternoon.

"Name, please?" he asked, preparing to write on a large, white rectangular card.

"No spika Angleesh," stated Ethel.

"Cardello!" A dark, slim Italian lad came over from a group of teachers at the tall glass bookcase on the other side of the room. "Ask this flower of your race what her name is in your own lingo."

Ethel suddenly came to understanding.

"Me—Marie—Marie Florio," she said before Mr. Cardello could speak.

"Where do you live?"

"Yes—one nine nine Bleecker Street," she replied. He put that down. "I lika to go een Meester Talbot's class," she pleaded.

"Forty-five pupils there already. Every other applicant is like you. He must run a vaudeville show there every night. All right, you go there too, Miss Forty-Six." The registrar filled in a blank line on a small, yellow card. "Room 412," he said, handing the card to her.

Through the thrice familiar slate gray inner yard she walked, up the three flights of iron stairs she trod every morning. Along the corridor to her room she was shaken by laughter like a schoolgirl on a forbidden lark.

Suddenly, through the open transom a hearty male voice boomed. "I have three apples!" it roared.

And as Ethel entered the room, she was almost swept from her feet by the answering roar that came from forty-five foreign throats: "I HAVE THREE APPLES!"

After this volley they all turned curious eyes upon the new girl. Ethel saw a tall, friendly looking, brown-haired lad with humorous brown eyes and a smiling mouth standing at her desk. She advanced timidly. He smiled at her and, taking her card, glanced at it.

"Please take that seat, Miss Florio."

Ethel gazed about. He pointed out a seat in the rear. Warm with suppressed laughter she marched up an aisle and took the low seat occupied by her own Sammy Fiddlebaum by day.

Mr. Talbot continued the exercise, holding high a small apple in the yellow light from four dusty chandeliers. He bellowed at the class: "How many apples have I in my hand?"

His smiling patience weaving through the work of the night, held Ethel fascinated as, in her low seat, she crouched over a dog's-eared primer.

Peace descended upon the room as the class set to the labor of writing a letter to Mr. Talbot to tell him how they had individually spent the previous Sunday. Ethel was sitting before a blank sheet of paper as Mr. Talbot came down the aisle to her. [*Turn to page 50*]

My Friends all Praise my Window Draperies

Let me tell you how

I planned and made my drapings. First I wrote Kirsch for their Rod and Window Draping Book. In it I found the ideas I wanted, and just the help I needed to plan and make the different styles of draperies.

Kirsch CURTAIN RODS

simplify all your window draping problems—fit all your windows, provide for every treatment and insure correct hanging.

Kirsch Rods have many improved features in re-inforcement, adjustability, finish and brackets, that are exclusively Kirsch. You'll also like Kirsch pulleys and cords for draw curtains, and French heading rings, drapery hooks, etc.

Kirsch Rods are easy to work with. Slip smoothly into the draperies guided by the Kirsch thimble, tilt into place on the Kirsch brackets, come off just as easily. Yet never come down accidentally.

Kirsch Rods have a superior patented finish — called StippleTone. It's more beautiful, more durable, more artistic, at no greater cost. **There is no substitute for Kirsch Quality and Service.**

Look for the name Kirsch on the carton

FREE Write for your copy of Kirsch Rod and Window Draping Book.

KIRSCH MFG. CO. 252 Prospect Avenue Sturgis, Mich., U.S.A.

Kirsch Mfg. Co. of Can., Ltd. 303 Tecumseh St., Woodstock, Ont.

IRON GLUE

10¢-15¢ SIZES

At all 5 & 10 cent Stores

QUICK TO STICK
SOLD TO HOLD

Mc CORMICK & CO.
BALTIMORE

In the window envelope

Kleanet Hair Nets

Shaped to bring out all the graceful lines of your coiffure; they help to preserve the waves and curls. For bobbed hair use KLEANET No. 225 Bobbed Hair Size. KLEANETS are made in cap and fringe shape, single or double mesh, 10c ea., white and grey 20c ea. Until you try KLEANETS you will never know the comfort hair nets can give. At your dealer's or direct from **Kleanet Hair Net Co., 231 Fourth Ave., N. Y. C.** Money refunded if not satisfied.

for BOBBED HAIR

$3 DOWN BRINGS YOU GENUINE UNDERWOOD TYPEWRITER

10 DAYS FREE TRIAL. Try it, test it yourself, then decide.

EASY MONTHLY PAYMENTS. So small you will not notice them.

5 YEAR GUARANTEE with every Shipman-Ward factory rebuilt Underwood, a late model, perfect machine that will give you years of service.

FREE BOOK OF FACTS. Write today, inside story about typewriter business, typewriter rebuilding, how we do it, our wonderful offer. Act now.

SHIPMAN WARD MFG. CO.
1176 Shipman Bldg.
Montrose and Ravenswood Aves.
CHICAGO, ILL.

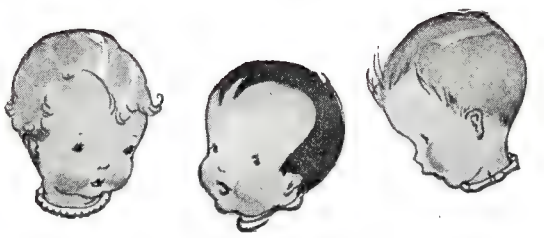
$5.00 For You!

If you want an extra $5.00, send this coupon at once.

Dept. 9-H. McCall's Magazine
250 West 37th St., New York

Tell me how I can get an extra $5.00

Name.....
Local
Address.....
City and
State.....



Little Things That Count

By Charles Gilmore Kerley, M. D.

Author of Short Talks with Young Mothers

BABIES are small things and they may have small troubles which are comparatively insignificant but which may cause much annoyance and discomfort to the child. An habitually uncomfortable infant does not thrive well; he loses time in the growing process. The chief business of an infant is to grow and anything that persistently interferes with his comfort retards his growth.

One of the most prominent of the small ailments that cause a great deal of discomfort is sore buttocks, sometimes erroneously called sprue. The skin surface under the diaper, particularly in the folds of the groin and over the genitals, becomes acutely inflamed and is decidedly painful. It is an important factor in causing restlessness and loss of sleep and when a baby is restless and loses his sleep, his digestive functions are carried on indifferently. This trouble is sometimes due to neglect in changing the diaper; the discharges from the bowel and bladder irritate the delicate skin and then we have inflamed surfaces.

In most cases the trouble is not due to neglect but to certain changes that occur in the urine after it is voided. As a result of these changes products are formed which burn the parts. Likewise, the odor of ammonia often noticed in changing the diaper, particularly in the morning, is due to the decomposition of waste matter in the urine.

Obviously, babies should not be allowed to rest in a soiled diaper but young infants void very frequently—every half hour or so. This has two causes; first, the large amount of fluid taken, thirty or more ounces in twenty-four hours; and, second, the small bladder capacity. These causes cannot be altered nor may a baby be wakened every half hour to change the diaper.

How then may we avoid sore buttocks? After the parts have been cleansed by oil or soap and warm water, apply to the inflamed area a salve which any drug store will supply composed of oxide of zinc ointment to which ten per cent of white wax is added by the druggist. Use pieces of clean old linen to apply the salve. This application effects a firm white water-proof covering which will help to protect the parts. Use only those diapers that have been washed and dried. After the diaper is dry, dip it in a quart of boracic acid solution—two tablespoonfuls of boracic acid to a quart of water; then, when it is again dry, it is ready to be put on the child. In order that the boracic acid may dissolve readily, the water should be hot when the boracic acid is added. In severe cases it is best to use cheese-cloth diapers which have been boiled and treated as above and thrown away after use. Thick, heavy diapers help to keep up the trouble through retaining heat and moisture.

There are very few cases of sore buttocks that will not respond in a few days, to such management as I have outlined above. Painful urination both in male and female infants is not uncommon. This may be due to an irritation of the parts immediately at the orifice of the urethra. This condition will also be relieved by the use of the zinc and wax salve and disinfected diapers.

Irritation of the skin under the arms and in the folds that form in the necks of fat babies gives rise to a good deal of burning and itching which mean discomfort. The above preparation applied to the parts will prevent the skin contact and the irritated areas will heal.

Painful defacation may be a small thing from a medical standpoint but it is a very big thing for the child if we are to judge from the frantic crying that accompanies the evacuation of the bowel. In such instances a careful examination will reveal one or more small fissures or tears in the mucus membrane just within the anal aphincter. Such small tears are usually the result of stretching the parts in the passage of a large hard evacuation. Treatment for the condition must be carried out by a physician.

DENTITION—"teething"—is a natural process and although it rarely occasions great trouble there is no doubt but that it may be a factor of considerable discomfort. We often see babies who have been restless, perhaps have slight fever and loss of appetite—all explained and relieved by the eruption of a tooth.

Breath-holding spells are due to spasms of the larynx and are often looked upon as of little consequence—and they may be, indeed, of little consequence; nevertheless there may be serious physical conditions to cause an infant habitually to hold its breath, to get red or blue in the face when crying or when it is crossed in any way or to have choking spells with loss of breath. Enlargement of the thymus gland which is placed high up in the chest in the median line will produce just such symptoms; all infants of this type should have an X-ray examination of the thymus gland, and X-ray treatment if the examination shows the gland is enlarged.

Colic in infants is usually not of a serious nature; nevertheless habitual colic means that there is something wrong with the baby's food. His food is not right for him or there is something wrong, mechanically, with his digestive tract. The stomach and intestines may not be formed normally.

Many infants vomit or regurgitate their food—some more, some less. Among those who vomit a great deal, vomiting becomes a serious matter, and although most cases respond readily to treatment, persistent and severe vomiting often has its explanation in a spasm or organic obstruction at the outlet of the stomach.

CAREFULLY planned feeding schedules outlined by Dr. Kerley for children from infancy to eleven years of age are given in McCall's service booklet, The Friendly Baby. The Friendly Mother contains advice by Franklin A. Dorman, M. D., for expectant mothers. Each booklet is ten cents. Address the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City

Why Science says MENNEN'S for Your Baby

Science has found that your baby's delicate skin is always threatened by three dangers. They are *Moisture, Friction* and *Infection.*

But the Mennen laboratory staff has perfected a defense against each danger—three contributions to your baby's health and happiness. Since no towel can remove all perspiration, urine and bathwater from the skin-folds, Mennen Borated Talcum is made specially absorbent. Millions of tiny flecks (like drying sponges) draw inflaming *moisture* from the hidden tissues.

To overcome the *friction* of bedding, clothing and baby's own skin-folds—Mennen Borated Talcum covers the body with a smooth, slippery film that protects baby's skin from irritating contacts.

Infant skin is especially subject to *infections*—always unpleasant and often dangerous. But Mennen Borated Talcum combats this danger with a wonderful compound of the therapeutic ingredients, mildly antiseptic and approved by leading physicians.

The famous Mennen formula includes five different ingredients, each one of proven value in promoting skin health. One affords cooling comfort; another is a splendid healing agent. One element was chosen for its antiseptic effect, while another helps to defeat friction. The fifth constituent increases the absorbency and counteracts acidity.

Your baby needs the comfort and protection of this pure, soft powder. Always sprinkle Mennen Borated Talcum on the tiny body before each nap, after every bath and change of diapers, and whenever baby cries.

THE MENNEN COMPANY
NEWARK, N.J. U.S.A.

The Mennen Company, Limited
Montreal, Quebec

Enjoy Hawaii's
"KING OF FRUITS"
—today

Solved: The problem of successful hot-weather cookery!

Serve simpler dishes; daintier dishes—for instance, serve luscious Hawaiian Pineapple more often, in cooling, taste-tempting salads, ices, fruit cocktails and desserts.

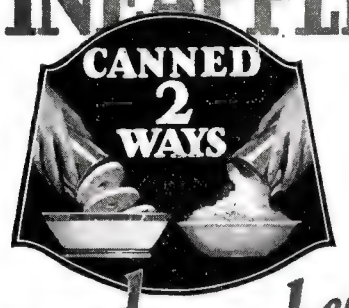
Don't forget that Hawaiian Pineapple is packed in two ways—*Sliced* and *Crushed*—identical in quality and flavor but each particularly convenient and economical for different types of uses.

For instance, try these simple recipes:

PINEAPPLE MINT SALAD (made with "Sliced"): Cut mint jelly in moderate sized cubes. Place a slice of Hawaiian Pineapple on each salad plate garnished with lettuce and top with a cube of the jelly. Put a spoonful of mayonnaise over it.

PINEAPPLE SHORTCAKE (using "Crushed"): Add ¾ cup sugar and ⅛ teaspoon salt to 2 cups Crushed Hawaiian Pineapple, cook slowly until thick and add 2 tablespoons butter. Mix and sift 2 cups flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sugar and 4 teaspoons baking powder. Cut in 4 tablespoons fat and add ¾ cup milk. Spread in a pie pan and bake 30 to 35 minutes in a moderate oven. Split while hot, spread half the hot pineapple mixture between the layers and put the remainder on top. Serve immediately.

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE



Sliced *Crushed*

—For serving right from the can and for quick desserts and salads.

—For sundaes, ices, pies, cake filling, salads & hundreds of made-up dishes.

SEND FOR THIS FREE BOOK

Dept. 106, Ass'n of Hawaiian Pineapple Canners,
451 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California.
Please send me, free of charge, a copy of your recipe book:

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

Mr. Teacher

[*Continued from page 48*]

"You're not writing," he chided. She smiled helplessly.

"Have you ever written a letter before?" he smiled pleasantly.

"No can write Angleesh," she replied.

"Let me help you." Bending, he wrote at the top of her page in the muddy ink of the desk's inkwell, the alphabet from A to J.

"Let me see you copy these," he encouraged. He stood by, watching her scrawly attempts. He corrected them, showing her how to hold a pen less rigidly, how to curve the B and L.

"You come to this class every night the rest of the season," he urged, "and you'll be able to write as well as I can." She smiled incredulously. "Oh, yes, you will," he stated with calm certainty To himself he said, "Remarkable girl, never saw a foreigner pick up the alphabet so quickly."

SHE was there the following night. And for three weeks after that she did not miss a single session of Talbot's class. Each evening the steady beam of his patience, the glow of his humor dissolved the clouds of her loneliness. And little by little something that had been long crushed in her, awoke; asserted itself. She dared not acknowledge it by name for once before in her life she had known it and been made wretched almost beyond her strength. But her liking for Arthur Talbot (she called it that) splintered her days into hours of longing for eight o'clock, the climb up four flights of heavenly stairs, so prosaic by day, to Sammy Fiddlebaum's seat in room "412." She did not know whether Mr. Talbot returned her liking. She didn't care to investigate that. Was it not enough that he was friendly to her; that he was interested in her—extraordinary progress in learning English?

"Miss Florio, you're really the best pupil I've ever had," he would say, and she would blush at gaining praise under such false pretences. Some day, she supposed, she would explain to him the mystery of her extraordinary progress. Surely this way of making his acquaintance was a vast improvement on the way he had proposed. What might come after he knew who she was! It would be a good joke at any rate—he would enjoy it, surely—

And then she missed three nights. The fourth evening, Thursday, she returned to discover that the regular session had been suspended in favor of a dance in the inner school-yard. The yard was crowded. With difficulty Ethel found a seat with four other girls on a smooth bench against the cool wall. She sat quietly in her dark skirt and blouse, in her hat that drooped with flowers, imitating the stolid eyes of the other girls to whom no partners came out of the oval fringe of men pupils who watched the dancing.

Then, from somewhere Mr. Arthur Talbot emerged and stood before Ethel. She wondered if her eyes had betrayed her happiness at sight of him.

"Oh, it's really you, Miss Florio?" His tone was eager. "You haven't been at school for three evenings."

"My—my leetle brother—he seeck," she managed.

"That's too bad. I hope he's all right now."

"Yes, sir."

"And I may expect you Monday evening?" His professional tone was suddenly broken by awkwardness. "I—I wish you would come," he added very earnestly.

"Yes, sir."

"Then—I'll expect you." He made matters worse by adding an explanation: "You—you're my best pupil, you know." That warmed her.

The band began to howl a waltz. Mr. Talbot, stiffly and clearly, as though teaching a phrase, asked, "May I have this dance with you, Miss Florio?"

"Yes, sir."

He danced three times in succession with her. During the pauses between dances he sat beside her, asking many questions about her life in Italy; about her ambitions here. Many times she was forced to pretend lack of understanding of his ready English in order to evade answering. But it was pleasant, and sweet, and romantic, and she wished this cheap little immigrants' dance would go on forever. Until, happening to glance up, she saw an excessively blonde girl in a charming green silk dress standing in the doorway giggling effusively at a stout man who, Ethel knew, was the evening-school principal.

Miss Mathilde Coye! Ethel turned away quickly. Miss Coye's careless eye might happen upon her—and that would mean an embarrassing end to her masquerade as Marie Florio. What on earth was Mathilde doing here? Something that Arthur Talbot was saying to her snapped short. Glancing at him, Ethel saw his eyes open in glad surprise. A smile beamed over her head— in the direction of Miss Coye. Then he rose, looked down upon Ethel, quickly said, "Please pardon me," bowed, and was off.

Ethel saw him approach Miss Coye. The blonde girl saw him coming and prettily holding out both hands, broke into an exceedingly merry greeting. Mr. Talbot's face at that moment bore an expression very familiar to Ethel. He looked precisely as Will Hanley had looked that night at the high-school dance. On the face of her kind, patient teacher was a most foolish look, a palpitating admiration. Into Miss Coye's china-blue eyes he was gazing as he never gazed into Marie Florio's dark eyes.

For an instant Ethel felt the primitive urge to tear and kill that would undoubtedly have been hers had she really been Marie Florio. Then she sank into cold despair. To repeat her first disappointment so exactly, to fling her back so into the darkness of disappointment—oh, that was cruel of life! And, she asked herself in agony, what resources had she left now to call upon to achieve tranquillity again? To mock her, the music cheerfully blared into a carefree fox-trot. Ethel remained on the bench, unable to gather up enough energy to push through the crowd to an exit. A number of girls came and stood before her, screening her from the dancers. But they could not keep from her a voice she knew well.

"A little Italian girl in my class—the funniest thing—"

She looked up to see Mr. Talbot dancing by with Miss Coye; and both were enjoying a joke. She flamed with indignation. Then she was cold, weary, drained of her strength by the cruelty of the speech flung to her through the music. The band flourished off this dance with "Good-night ladies," and then the last strains of "Home, Sweet Home," to a short crescendo of laughing complaint from the dancers.

Ethel permitted the tide to carry her slowly out of a door, into the cool air of the outer yard, across its smooth red-tiled floor to the street-gate. Here she paused in the crowd and looked up at the reddened sky. Rain touched her face. Then a voice spoke in her ear, eagerly, "Please let me see you home, Miss Florio. I have an umbrella."

Ethel faced Arthur Talbot. "Thanka you, no sir," she replied. What mockery was this?

"I've been looking all over for you," he insisted. "I—I'd like to talk to you. Oh, this rain will ruin your hat." He lifted the umbrella over her head. The chattering crowd edged them into the street.

"You live on Bleecker Street—one ninety nine, don't you?" he asked.

"No—yes," she replied. Pride flared up within her. She would play her part out to the end. He must not learn now who she was. But she would not tolerate his condescending kindness in offering to take her home.

"I go home myself, thanka you," she said.

Several of the crowd glanced with curious and laughing eyes at Mr. Teacher arguing so with a pupil. Better let him have his [*Turn to page 92*]

In all languages the same

THE three little los Reyes children call their favorite food "Aguila", but it's the same Eagle Brand that countless other families know, and the results have been equally successful everywhere.

"It has been the only food given to my three children since they were born," writes the father, "and they have all thrived on it. I have to buy it in great quantity every day because they cannot get along without it. There is no other food like it."

Jose de Jesus, Eudelia and Amelia Maria, children of Mr. Pascual de los Reyes, 901 W. Houston St., San Antonio, Tex.

For babies everywhere

EAGLE Brand is used universally. Its reputation, based on a successful record for 67 years, has made it the standard baby food wherever bottle feeding is necessary. More than a million healthy babies—in all parts of this country and in other countries as well—have been brought up on this milk.

The most perfect nourishment for a baby is, of course, mother's milk. By all means nurse your baby if you can, but if you must resort to bottle feeding, give him Eagle Brand. It is more nearly like mother's milk than any other baby food.

Eagle Brand is milk—pure cow's milk combined with cane sugar in a way that makes it exceptionally digestible. Sealed in sterilized cans, it is absolutely free from harmful contamination. Wherever you buy it, its uniformity is guaranteed.

THE BORDEN COMPANY
156 Borden Building *350 Madison Ave.*
NEW YORK, N. Y.

Borden's
EAGLE BRAND
CONDENSED MILK

Baby Welfare is an authoritative guide for young mothers. Send for a free copy.

1,782

Domestic science experts say, *"Cream of Tartar baking powder is the best"*

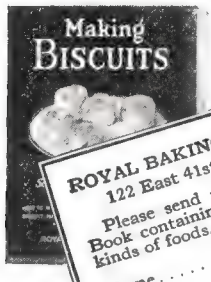
Recently a representative group of Domestic Science experts in all parts of the country was asked "which type of baking powder do you use and prefer?" 83% of those replying unhesitatingly said "Cream of Tartar." An overwhelming sentiment in favor of cream of tartar for perfect baking.

OUR mothers and grandmothers prided themselves on their perfect baking—to them it was an art worthy of the most painstaking care.

How well we remember mother's pride in her freshly baked cakes, her light, tempting biscuits! *She* used cream of tartar for baking and so did her mother before her.

Cream of tartar was one of the first leavening agents. For years the best cooks insisted on cream of tartar for perfect cakes, biscuits and other baked foods. Then came Royal Baking Powder, in which are perfectly blended soda and pure cream of tartar derived from grapes grown in the famous vineyards of Southern Europe. For 50 years Royal Baking Powder has been used by the housewives of America for successful baking. Contains no alum, leaves no bitter taste.

Send for the Royal Cook Book —it's FREE



ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO.
122 East 41st St., New York City

Please send me free the Royal Cook Book containing over 350 recipes for all kinds of foods.

Name .....

Street ..... State .....

City .....

The Shadow Man

[*Continued from page 15*]

whiskey. Afterwards it chased her and the gardener with a fire-shovel. She put on her bonnet and went out to send the wire to you. Lucky that no doctor lives here. Otherwise I'd be on my way to the Country Asylum by now.

"I felt lonely and wanted to be near Angela and you. I don't know how the wish effected itself. I only seemed to flit for a few seconds. In those few seconds I flitted ninety miles to your morning room. I've proved that to you.

"Now I come to the most extraordinary part of this extraordinary business. I was at your house, trying frantically to attract your attention and Angela's; sometimes flying round and round in the window, hoping to be visible in the strong light; sometimes struggling to make a sound; sometimes grabbing at you. But I could make no impression upon your senses; and nothing material—unless you call sight and sound that—seemed to make any impression on me. Then suddenly I felt something drawing me—as air is drawn into a vacuum—and, just as Angel said 'Mind you wear the new cap,' away I went . . .

"I found myself lying at the foot of my front stairs. I had chased Jenkins, the gardener, from my study, it appeared, and pursuing him had fallen downstairs, turning over twice and landing on my head. I suppose the thing's stunned mind couldn't hold to the strange body and slipped out; and that mine took the opportunity to slip in. I can almost swear that I saw a shadow figure, still brick made, and no more formed than before—saw it slink away. Apparently your own body, left to itself, has an attraction for you. I never before felt so satisfied with the poor old thing. It made me laugh to feel my gouty toe again . . . I don't understand it; don't understand it. . .

"Now, my boy, what's to be done?"

I shook my head. "You'd better destroy the apparatus," I proposed, "and come home with me."

"Anywhere but there," he cried. "I've a fearful doubt, Eric. Can it slip into other people, under any conditions? You? Angela? Patty? The baby? No, I can't come to you, Eric. I must fight it out with him here."

"We'll see it through somehow, sir," I said with a pretence at cheerfulness. "Merciful Heavens! . . . My nerves! There's nothing; but I thought for a moment that I saw a shadow that wasn't the pedestal's . . Just nerves, of course."

The Professor put his hand on my shoulder. "I saw it too, Eric," he said. "It's here. We've got to fight it . . . somehow."

I WIRED to my wife that there was nothing seriously wrong with her father, but that he had a bad touch of nerves, and I had better remain with him for a few days. The Professor and I spent the evening discussing the best way of fighting the Shadow Man. I suggested destroying the apparatus by which he had arrived, but the Professor didn't like to scrap it; hoped to get it under control one day. He thought it would be sufficient to disconnect it.

"The thing," he said, "is to get on with the transmitter. Once we had that working we might be able to transmit him off somewhere else."

"All right," I agreed. "Meanwhile, you must be careful not to get stunned or to faint, or anything of that sort. So far as we know he can only dispossess the mind when it is totally unconscious—not during a sleep. *You* couldn't, you say. Probably the mind rouses at any attempt to oust it. Suppose we have a second bedstead put into your room, and I'll sleep there tonight. We'll search the room first, and lock the door."

We went to bed early, first searching the room and locking ourselves in. I was for keeping a light; but my father-in-law said "no." "We should only see shadows," he protested, "and imagine things about them. I fancy that he is just as visible in the dark. So, if we see anything moving, we shall know what it is. You don't think he can take possession during normal sleep, eh, Eric?"

"No," I said, "the mind holds on then; automatically, the way you go on breathing."

"Righto, old man . . . Good-night. Hope you'll sleep well."

I didn't. Whenever I began to doze, I fancied something clawing at my head, and roused again. The Professor went to sleep from sheer exhaustion, but he kept waking with a start. Once he woke sufficiently to sit up in bed and groped round him. "It's all right," I assured him. "There's nothing. I'm watching. You have a comfy nap, governor." Presently I dozed off, too. About three o'clock I woke with a start. I seemed to see something moving from the window toward the other bed. I should call it a ghost rather than a shadow. It was the merest trifle *lighter* than the rest of the dark room.

I sprang out of bed and got in its path. It passed right through me. I turned quickly and saw it over the head of the Professor's bed. He seemed to rouse; began a frightened cry, which ended suddenly. I ran to the bed. Just as I reached it the misty blur faded out instantaneously.

I lit a candle and found that the Professor had fainted; but he came round in a few minutes. "We've found out something," I said re-assuringly. "The creature can be scared off. We must only sleep in turn. See? Feeling better now? I'll fetch you a drop of whiskey."

"Wisk!" he said in a queer uncertain voice. "Wisk, Erry? Ah—Ah—ooh—ooh! Wisk!"

Then the truth flashed upon me. My good old father-in-law had slipped from his body, and the Shadow Man had slipped into it. "You devil!" I cried. "You devil!" I turned and addressed the air. "I understand, sir," I said, "I'll never rest till I get him out and you in! Can't you communicate with me in any way? Not in any way?"

There was no answer. The thing in the bed sat up, lifted the counterpane, let it fall; arranged it and re-arranged it; put a finger gradually toward the flame of the candle; drew it back sharply; repeated the experiment; nodded as if it had learnt something; tried the same experiment with the watch lying on the table; finding that it didn't burn, picked it up; held it to its ear. Pointed to me, then to itself, and then to the candle and the watch.

"Erry . . . Pro-fes-so . . . Ur? . . . Ur . . . ?"

"Candle," I said. "Watch."

"Cannel. Wash . . Erry? Wisk?"

I gave it some whiskey to send it to sleep. Then I picked up my clothes, and went to another bedroom; wondering whether my poor father-in-law followed me. "Can't you give me a sign, sir?" I kept asking; "any sign?"

There was no answer. I lit the gas fire, and sat by it in my dressing-gown all night thinking. Phiz, the Professor's old terrier, whined in the passage. I let him in. He crouched by my side; sometimes nosing my hand; sometimes making as if he nosed a hand that I could not see...

MY FIRST idea was to make the Professor's body such an uncomfortable habitation for the Shadow Man—by putting it in a lunatic asylum—that he would vacate it of his own accord; but, upon reflection, I was inclined to think that he could only do that by death. I was afraid to stun him, or to befrighten or drug him into unconsciousness. The Professor's heart was not too sound, and the result might be fatal. I could think of nothing better than to educate him, teach him sufficient speech to treat with him; and meanwhile to search the Professor's notes for any information which might enable me to complete the transmitter and use it to transmit the Shadow Man elsewhere.

Such notes as I found, however, were very disorderly. I couldn't make head or tail of them and I hadn't much time to study them, for I found [*Turn to page 52*]

The Quickest breakfast

Quick Quaker

Cooks perfectly in 3 to 5 minutes

There is a new Quaker Oats—Quick Quaker.

So remember, your grocer now has two styles of Quaker Oats: Quick and also regular Quaker Oats—the kind you have always known.

A hot breakfast—quick

Quick Quaker cooks perfectly in 3 to 5 minutes.

It's ready and waiting—steaming, flavory and nutritious—in half the time of coffee. Takes scarcely longer than simple toasted bread.

Thus now, regardless of how hurried you may be, you can have the world's premier vigor breakfast, every day.

Quick Quaker is the same as regular Quaker Oats.

The only difference is that the grains are cut before flaking. Then rolled very thin and partly cooked.

All the rich Quaker flavor is there. All the lusciousness. All the body-strengthening elements. Made of selected grains only.

The kind from which we get only 10 pounds of flakes from the bushel.

Two kinds now

Ask for the kind that you prefer—Quick Quaker or regular Quaker Oats. But be sure you get Quaker. Look for the picture of the Quaker on the label.

Standard full size and weight packages—*Medium:* ***1¼ pounds;*** *Large:* ***3 pounds, 7 oz.***

Quick Quaker
Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes

Quaker Oats
The kind you have always known

Are you sure that ALL the danger-spots *are kept germ-free?*

WHAT about the door knobs and door jambs—favorite lodging places for germs because touched so often by hands, little and big? What about the cracks in the floor, catching the dust and germs that feet drag in from the street? What of the scores of tiny corners and crevices where the friendly sunshine cannot reach to cleanse and purify?

All those places must be kept as germ-free as possible if every member of your family is to be effectively safeguarded against the attacks of disease-carrying bacteria within the home. It is not enough to disinfect just the few conspicuous danger spots—toilet bowl, drain pipes, garbage pail.

Microscopic examination of a new cloth used with soap and water for general cleaning purposes for only one week, revealed 9,000,000 germs or bacteria on the cloth. That shows the ineffectiveness of old-fashioned cleaning methods. Yet there is a simple, easy way to kill those dangerous, invisible germs.

This cleaning solution has germ-killing power

JUST put a few drops of "Lysol" Disinfectant in your cleaning water—*everytime and everywhere you clean.* Dip your cloth, broom, mop or brush in this solution. Wash, scrub, cleanse surfaces with it everywhere. Then you will have germ-free cleanliness in every part of your house—without a particle of extra work or bother!

Because of its soapy nature, "Lysol" Disinfectant also helps to clean as it disinfects. It is economical; two teaspoons in a quart of water make a thoroughly effective solution. Be sure you get genuine "Lysol" Disinfectant. All druggists have it.

Manufactured only by
LYSOL, INC., 635 GREENWICH ST., NEW YORK CITY

Sole Distributors:
LEHN & FINK, INC., NEW YORK

Canadian Agents:
Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Limited, 10 McCaul Street, Toronto

Free booklet—

a helpful guide to better, safer cleaning

IT GIVES complete information about the many household and other uses of "Lysol" Disinfectant. It explains in detail the correct solution and method of use for cleaning floors and rugs, woodwork and door knobs; in the kitchen; in the bathroom, etc. It has helped thousands of careful housewives. Send now for copy.

Use "Lysol" Disinfectant in all your cleaning water

Lysol Disinfectant
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

LEHN & FINK, INC.
Dept. H-13 635 Greenwich Street
New York City

Mail me, without charge, a copy of the "Lysol" booklet.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... *State*.....

The Shadow Man

[*Continued from page 51*]

my hands full with the Shadow Man. He was anxious to be taught and marvellously clever at learning. He acquired hundreds of names for things during the next day, learnt to use the pronouns fairly correctly, picked up dozens of daily phrases, and was quick to notice and correct any faults in his pronunciation. He ate and drank greedily; was always clamouring for "wisk." He liked to work destruction, smashed a good deal of crockery; killed a chicken; threw things at the servants; picked up a stick whenever Phiz came near. He had some excuse for that, as the dog growled at him continually. Moreover, he frequently whined to something invisible to us; tried to poke his nose into a hand which he could not see. Apparently the Shadow Man realised that the dog saw his master. He grew very violent whenever Phiz made these demonstrations, violent toward the servants and inanimate objects, as well as toward the dog.

The next day he behaved rather better, but I thought this was only because he had become afraid of me. He seemed now to have acquired complete control of his body. He learnt more words and improved his grammar. I taught him the alphabet and by evening he could write many small words. He made great attempts at conversation; tried to read books; recognised my photograph and the Professor's. He took up the latter; put it aside and touched himself. "Me!" he said. "Me!" He laughed. He took up Angela's photograph and said "mine." I took it away from him and put it in my pocket He snarled; made motions which seemed to mean that some day he would have it—or her—for his. The dog flew at him then. I wonder whether his master, whom Phiz could evidently see, though I couldn't, incited him. I felt sure that the dog kept beside the Professor. He came up to my room when I went to bed.

In the night the dog woke me by pulling the clothes off. The door burst open just then, and the Shadow Man came in with a big stick. I wrested it from him, and tied his hands and legs till morning. Then he gave me to understand that he would behave, if I freed him. I did so, and conducted him downstairs.

As we reached the front hall, the dog flew at him, from the dining room. He threw up his hands with a shriek and fainted; as I have said the Professor's heart was not strong. I picked him up and carried him into the dining-room. "Keep the dog away, Mrs. Marker," I shouted; but Phiz ran to us cringing and whining with joy, wagged his tail, licked his master's hand . . . When the faint was over, it was the Professor's voice which spoke, in his natural tone.

"Good old Phiz. Good old boy! We did him in that time, Eric. I'm visible to the dog, Eric; can make him do things. I made him fly at the brute. I'll signal to you through Phiz, if I'm ousted again. We'll lay out a lot of cards on the floor of the lab—cards with the alphabet on them. I can take Phiz to them, one at the time; spell things out to you. See?"

"Yes, yes," I said; "but you mustn't be ousted again. He can't get in, unless you go out."

"I—don't—know," the Professor said slowly. "I'm afraid that each time he does it, he learns more of the trick. Let's go straight to the laboratory and push on with the transmitter. My only hope is that, if we get it working, it will draw him in, and send him off."

WE WORKED furiously all day at the transmitter. Of course I didn't understand the thing, but there was a lot of mechanical work which I could do under instruction. We got on quickly, and the Professor said that in another four and twenty hours the machine might work sufficiently to transmit a disembodied spirit.

We got to bed. I was nearly asleep when the Professor spoke. "Eric, old man," he said. "I'm not at all sure that he can't turn me out directly I doze, but I've got to chance it. Sleep I must."

"Righto, governor," I said; "but he can't. Good-night."

"There's one more thing. He's very clever, beginning to talk properly. He'll have been watching us, and listening to us. He'll try to imitate me, if he gets in again. I'll give you a signal to know me by. If you ask which of us it is, I'll say—"

"He may be listening now," I interrupted.

"So he may. I won't repeat the precise words for him to overhear. I'll say what Hamlet said when he saw the ghost. Remember? The first word is 'Angels' . . ."

"I know, I know. Good-night."

"Good-night, my son."

He was asleep in a few seconds, and I wasn't long after him. The next morning he was very weary; didn't talk very much. "I'm dog-tired, my boy," he declared, whenever I addressed him. He seemed to slur his speech from weariness. I was down first and seated at the table when he entered. Phiz got up from the hearthrug and sniffed. "Good boy," he said. "Good old Phiz."

Phiz put up his back like an angry cat. His hairs bristled, and he showed his teeth and growled. I sprang to my feet.

"Lie down, Phiz," I cried. "I suppose it *is* you, governor?" He nodded. "Why don't you speak? . . . *Is it you?*"

"Yes, yes," he said; "only tired."

"The signal then," I demanded. "Give me the signal."

"Angels," he said glibly.

"The rest," I demanded. "Say the rest; what he doesn't know."

"Hamlet said it to ghost," he muttered. "I'm worn out, Eric; can't remember what he said or anything."

He clasped his hands and looked plaintively at me. He seemed so surely the old "governor," very tired, and weary, I was about to put my hand on his shoulder; but Phiz came and took the leg of my trousers in his mouth and tried to pull me away.

The broken-down figure at the table sighed. "Phiz doesn't like me this now," he said plaintively. "I do things other some time. You notice!"

I noticed the strange speech. Apart from the misuse of words it sounded foreign. "Governor," I said, to the air, "if you're 'out' again, make Phiz do something. Make him walk to the window and back to the hearthrug . . . Now give him your right hand to lick . . . Now your left hand . . . Make a hoop with your hands and see if he'll jump through them . . ."

Phiz did all the things I suggested; then turned to the man at the table and growled furiously at him. I almost growled at him too.

While I watched him eating his breakfast, it felt almost impossible to believe that he was not my respected father-in-law. I thought I would test him further. "Shall we go on with the transmitter after breakfast?" I asked.

"Transmitter?" he said. "Means—what?"

"The thing that sends away," I told him.

"Ah! . . . Must learn some more first. Learn do it, some day, perhaps . . . Not send *me* way." He laughed. "Perhaps send you!" He laughed. "I go some different way. Pro-fes-so—this." He touched his body—"old—not much good. Some people more better; younger. I know!"

I was cold with fear. He was developing so rapidly that he would soon be my master. And apparently he was thinking that he wanted a younger body than the Professor's; perhaps mine.

Directly breakfast was over I sent him for a walk with the gardener. When they had gone, I made an alphabet on twenty-six pieces of paper, and laid them out on the floor. "Now tell me what to do," I said to vacancy.

Phiz went and sniffed at six letters, one after the other. "G-a-s h-i-m!"

I went to the house where the dentist practised when he made his fortnightly visit to Wroxham. I found his "gas" cylinders there, and [*Turn to page 60*]

Bon Ami

for windows, etc.

Principal uses of Bon Ami—
for cleaning and polishing
Bathtubs
White Woodwork
Aluminum Ware
Brass, Copper and Nickel Ware
Glass Baking Dishes
Windows
Mirrors
Tiling
White Shoes
The Hands
Linoleum and Congoleum
Fine Kitchen Utensils

Did you know Bon Ami has been helping women to keep their windows bright for more than thirty years?

It's so wonderfully easy to use, and so thorough, that they also prefer it for cleaning and polishing many other things about the house such as mirrors, bathtubs, aluminum, nickel, copper, brass, etc. Bon Ami never scratches, you know; nor does it roughen or redden the hands.

It comes in two forms—the compact cake and the easy-to-sprinkle powder. Each is equally good, and you'll always find it convenient to keep both on hand.

THE BON AMI COMPANY, NEW YORK

Cake or Powder
whichever you prefer

A touch of Paris in your boudoir floor!

The loveliness of the boudoir appointments may be given an added touch of fashionable charm by a floor of Nairn Inlaid Linoleum selected to harmonize with hangings and furniture.

A new decorative note from Paris, in perfect taste, is echoed by this Belflor effect, inlaid in soft pastel shades.

And with the beauty of Nairn Linoleum are combined so many practical advantages! Nairn Linoleum is sanitary, and with occasional waxing can be kept spick and span with a damp mop.

It is warm and comfortable under foot. As for economy—the handsome inlaid patterns are permanent. The colors go all the way through to the burlap back.

An attractive little booklet, "The Floor of Enduring Beauty" tells many interesting facts about Nairn Linoleum and shows patterns in full color. Would you like a free copy? Send for it today.

THE NAIRN LINOLEUM COMPANY, 102 Belgrove Drive, Kearny, New Jersey

This Three Thistle trade mark is on the back of every yard of

NAIRN LINOLEUM

Belflor Inlaid—a new line of 46 marbleized pattern effects of rare beauty. Made in light and heavy weights.

Straight Line Inlaid—clean cut inlaid tile patterns, machine inlaid.

Dutch Tiles and Moulded Inlaids—the mottled colors merge slightly to produce softened outlines.

Moiré Inlaid—a rich two-tone, all-over effect.

Granite and Moresque Inlaids—popular all-over mottled effects.

Battleship Linoleum—heavy weight plain linoleum—made to meet U. S. Gov't specifications. In five colors.

Plain Linoleum—lighter weights of Battleship Linoleum. In six colors.

Cork Carpet—an extra resilient and quiet plain-colored flooring.

Printed Linoleum—beautiful designs printed in oil paint on genuine linoleum. Has a tough glossy surface.

Linoleum Rugs—linoleum printed in handsome rug designs.

Pro-Lino—attractive patterns printed on a felt base.

NAIRN Linoleum

The New-Comer in a Town

[*Continued from page 32*]

any reason wants to leave her cards, she can probably lay them on the hall table or on a table near the door of the sitting-room as she leaves the house.

Mrs. Lake should be very punctilious about returning a first call and leaving cards (paying a party call) after every first invitation—whether she has accepted it or not. She pays her "party call" as soon as possible after she has been to the "party" (the next day is the extreme of good manners but within ten days is reasonable); but if she has regretted, she leaves her card at the first opportunity after receiving the invitation, regardless of the date of the party. A lady always makes her husband's "card calls" for him.

As soon as the Lakes have been invited to the Grays and paid two calls (one in return for Mrs. Gray's call, one in return for her first invitation), no further ceremony of give-and-take is necessary. Mrs. Lake may invite the Grays as often as she likes regardless of being asked in return—or the other way around, as circumstances arise.

A situation which often causes a good deal of needless disturbance is when the children of the News who go to school with the children of the Olds, are invited to a party, and Mrs. New refuses to let her children go because Mrs. Old has never called on her. This situation has, at times, undercurrents that would require the judgment of a Solomon to smooth out. There may be reasons why Mrs. Old has not called and why Mrs. New is resentful; but nine times out of ten, strained relations have been brought about unintentionally. There is no reason why the News' children should be deprived of the pleasures of the party. As I have already pointed out, people are so much more apt to be casual and thoughtless than intentionally slighting or rude. In this instance if Mrs. Old had any real objection to an acquaintance with Mrs. New, she would not have invited the New children to a party. There is one complication: If the children are little and have to be taken by their mother, she would properly hesitate to go; but if the children are to be taken by a nurse, it would make a smoother pathway toward neighborly relations to accept the invitation for them, than to decline and thereby to announce that their mother thought herself slighted.

One should always be very careful how one digs ditches of hurt feelings. A deep enough ditch requires long labor to fill it in or to build a bridge to cross it—and few people have the time or the inclination to attempt as much as that.

It is much easier to go down a road made smooth by unexacting friendliness. Nothing on earth is more likely to make people fly at the sight of you than an attitude of grievance.

Don't misunderstand me! I do not mean that one should run after people or go one step farther than the conventional "half-way." I mean merely that when a friendly gesture is made—to Mrs. Lake for instance—that instead of intrenching herself behind a lot of tiresome demands and exactions, she will have far greater chance of social success in Strangetown if she smooths the pathway to her gate with a smile that welcomes her neighbors in.

Exit the Architect, Enter the Housewife

[*Continued from page 38*]

Porcelain is usually chosen for tubs, basins and sinks because they are cleaned as easily as a plate. Rust spots that may come from dripping water, if not easily washed off, may be cleaned off with a little mild acid, such as the rind of a lemon or grapefruit, or perhaps a pad moistened with vinegar. Keep oxalic acid for a last resort to be used only for extreme cases. Kerosene is a good remover of stains that come from soiled water.

Good nickel at best is only a covering on the brass fixtures; therefore, to keep the nickel in good condition, wash it with hot soapsuds. Do not use any scratchy cleanser, because a scratchy cleanser is as hard on a nickel faucet as it is on the enamel tub or basin, scratching away the top surface, leaving the material rough and exposed to chance discoloration.

Kitchen and bathroom walls and also closets will give the greatest service if painted with one or two foundation coats, called "flat" paint, and then enamel. Enamel paint does not have to be white. Surfaces finished in this way are wiped easily with lukewarm water and mild soap—and be sure it *is* mild.

Sometimes the painter has not cleaned the windows of spots of paint. Saturate a cloth with a bit of kerosene, then dip it into some fine scratchy cleaner, rubbing gently. The kerosene will have softened the paint, and the abrasive cleaner have scratched it off. When cleaning the windows, watch for spots of water on the sills. If a water spot which is white does show, use a soft cloth dampened with water to which two or three drops of household ammonia have been applied. Rub over the water stain and then with a cloth dipped into oil, rub until the polish is restored.

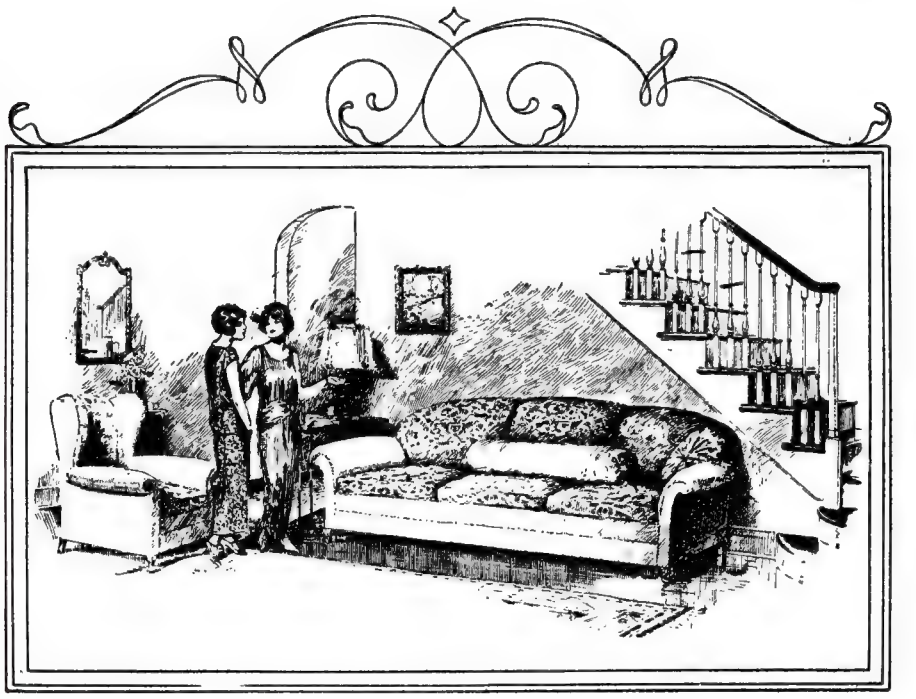
Save the wood round door knockers, door bells, and speaking tubes by cutting a piece of cardboard so that it fits round the metal and while it is being cleaned, the woodwork is saved.

The metal of knobs, knockers or doorplates may have had a special finish to eliminate their cleaning but if not, then treat as any brass, copper or silver, naturally using the cleaner which one specially prefers. Use metal polishes that are not gritty as grit scratches and wears away the metal.

ARE you made ill at ease and unhappy by not knowing what to do, and when and how to do the correct thing? If so, send for The Book of Manners. The Bride's Own Book, too, will help you with the etiquette of weddings. Each booklet is ten cents.

Architects' complete building plans and specifications for the series of small houses shown in McCall's from April, 1923, to June, 1924, may be obtained for $15 a set. In our service booklet, A Group of Little Homes, 12 additional small houses are shown; architects' building plans and specifications for these latter houses may be obtained for the architect's usual fee—about one-tenth of the building cost: this booklet will be sent you, this month, without charge except a two-cent stamp for posting it.

Address the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.



"Don't go yet;
what's the matter with staying all night?"

There are times you'd like to say that to guests; and when they'd like to have you say it.

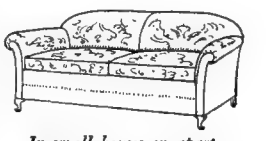
But many apartments and homes are small, very compact; the equipment for "sleeping" transient guests is limited; that's true of many spacious houses at times. The evening's entertainment is on, and maybe a sudden storm, too; you don't want to call a taxi; you want the guests to stay.

A Davenport Bed is the answer to the problem. A distinguished piece of modern living-room furniture by day; in a few minutes a comfortable bed.

The springs you sleep on at night are wholly separate from the springs you sit on by day. The bed is easy and restful; a luxury, not a privation.

Ask at your furniture store to see a variety of styles in Davenport Beds.

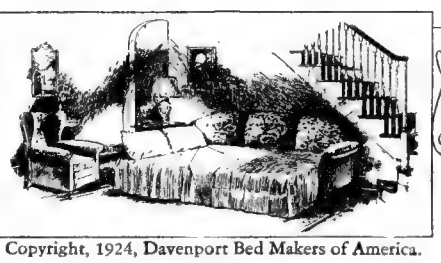
"The Home in Good Taste" is the title of a booklet showing a large variety of Davenport Beds. It will be mailed for the asking if you will, at the same time, give the name of your furniture store.



In small houses or apartments where floor space is limited, the short model Davenport Bed may be used.

DAVENPORT BED MAKERS OF AMERICA
(More than 80 individual manufacturers)
1135 American Furniture Mart, Chicago

The DAVENPORT BED
SERVES BY DAY AND BY NIGHT



Copyright, 1924, Davenport Bed Makers of America.

Will his hair be there— and will you be as fair— at 40?

WHETHER he is your husband or husband-to-be, his hair has much to do with your happiness. Because you will be happier at 40 if he is still handsome—and he can't be handsome if he is bald. Settle this now. Say to him:

"Please don't get bald. Nothing will put hair back on your head, but you can *keep* it by proper care. And I know how.

"I spend lots of time and thought on my hair for your sake. I try hard to *keep* it and keep it *attractive*. You have often said you loved my tresses, and I have tried to deserve that compliment.

"Why don't you do as I do? You're welcome to my Wildroot Hair Tonic. Just rub some into your scalp every other morning or so. And after you shampoo, put some on your hair.

"If we both do this, then at 40 you will still think my hair attractive, and I will be prouder of you because you will be less likely to be bald."

* * * *

If you do not happen to have a bottle of Wildroot Hair Tonic in your boudoir, get a bottle from your druggist, and see that the whole family uses it regularly to *keep* their hair and to keep it attractive. Wildroot Co., Inc., Buffalo, N.Y.

WILDROOT HAIR TONIC

The Prince of Wales

[*Continued from page 13*]

Prince but, marvelous to relate, it does not make him a bit swollen-headed. He is just as nice to all women, and just as unspoiled as if he had to compete for their smiles. In fact, as I said before, he is a real *Sahib* and as well up in regimental anteroom traditions in everything as if he had been brought up in a regiment with the fear that half a dozen hefty subalterns would sit heavily on his chest if he showed any signs of his hats getting too small for him.

Another religion he shares with every soldierman is laid down by the gospel of fitness. He believes in keeping absolutely hard and physically fit, and knows that the only way to do it is by hard and regular exercise. This, as much as anything, throws a powerful light on his character. No matter what his public and social engagements are, nor how crowded his business hours, he insists on working in some form of violent exercise during every day. In this he is as hard on himself as any C. O. would be on a weight-carrying subaltern.

You can imagine the amount of self-discipline required to do this after a long, tiring day of work and engagements, and a dance lasting until 2 A. M.—out before seven, and commence the new day in a heavy sweater with an hour or so hard squash racquets. Squash, like tennis, is good enough it you loaf along at your leisure during the day time, but to turn out in the early hours before breakfast, after one heavy day and before another, is another story also.

Whenever he gets an opportunity, he motors out to Ranelagh and has a *Chukka* at polo, and he always has a look at his ponies before they are sent out. In the hunting season he motors down for a day with hounds, and often motors back to town at the end of the hunt to keep his evening engagements. Sometimes he will vary the squash by motoring down to a friend's racing stables and spending a couple of hours exercising the horses. After a good healthy breakfast he returns to town and to his work clear-eyed, lean and fit as an athlete.

It is up to a soldier to keep himself like that, and the fact that he is a Prince, with every obstacle in his way, does not stop him. He has every excuse and inducement for slacking but he never does so. He loves a jolly good sweat and the clean, hard, exuberant feeling that follows it.

Talking of horses, reminds me of the claptrap that is said and written of the Prince's seat and skill as a rider. He gets his knees in and heels down better than fifty per cent of the riders one meets in the hunting field or across the sticks of a steeplechase course, and he has the hands of the perfect horseman. He is bold and fearless with a jolly good eye for country, and plenty of judgment.

Because he is the Prince, someone starts screaming when he takes a toss, and calls it a reflection on his riding ability; and because he is a Prince he smiles cheerfully at the press criticisms by persons who don't know one end of a horse from another. But we, who know him, and have ridden with him and against him, as many of us in the service have done frequently, treat these outbursts with less good humour. They are so unreasonable and unfair. The average decent horseman, professional or amateur, who rides as much as the Prince does, takes as many tosses in one season as H. R. H. does in three seasons.

After his last smash at the army point to-point in the Aldershot country—which did not worry him much—the excitement was terrific, and a list of his total riding mishaps was collected by Fleet Street sportsmen. They numbered only ten in a period of four years, including all his hard riding, racing, jumping, training and polo.

I've spent a bit of time in the saddle myself in various parts of the globe, on the race course, in the polo field and in the hunting field, and I know most of the fellows who are any good on a horse, but I don't know one who has not been tossed much more than the Prince. Six of the Prince of

[*Turn to page 58*]

The dinner-gong has two messages

ONE is a summons to the table—the other, a warning to your gums.

For it is the food that we eat at our three meals a day that is bringing an avalanche of troubles to our teeth and our gums.

It's too soft. It doesn't stimulate the circulation of blood in the gums. Under this modern diet of ours, gums are growing soft and logy. They bleed easily. And when "pink toothbrush" appears—let your teeth beware.

Take care of your gums with Ipana Tooth Paste

To keep the gums sound and healthy, thousands of dentists now prescribe the use of Ipana Tooth Paste. Many have told us that a gum massage with Ipana *after* the regular brushing is, in stubborn cases of bleeding gums, a splendid restorative treatment. For Ipana, because of the presence of ziratol, a recognized hemostatic and antiseptic, has a direct tonic effect on weakened gum tissue.

Try a tube of Ipana today

If your gums are tender, if they have a tendency to bleed, go to the drug store today and buy your first tube of Ipana. Before you have finished using it you cannot fail to note the improvement. And you will be delighted with its fine, grit-free consistency, its delicious flavor and its clean taste.

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

—made by the makers of Sal Hepatica

A 10-day trial tube gladly sent on receipt of coupon.

Bristol-Myers Co.

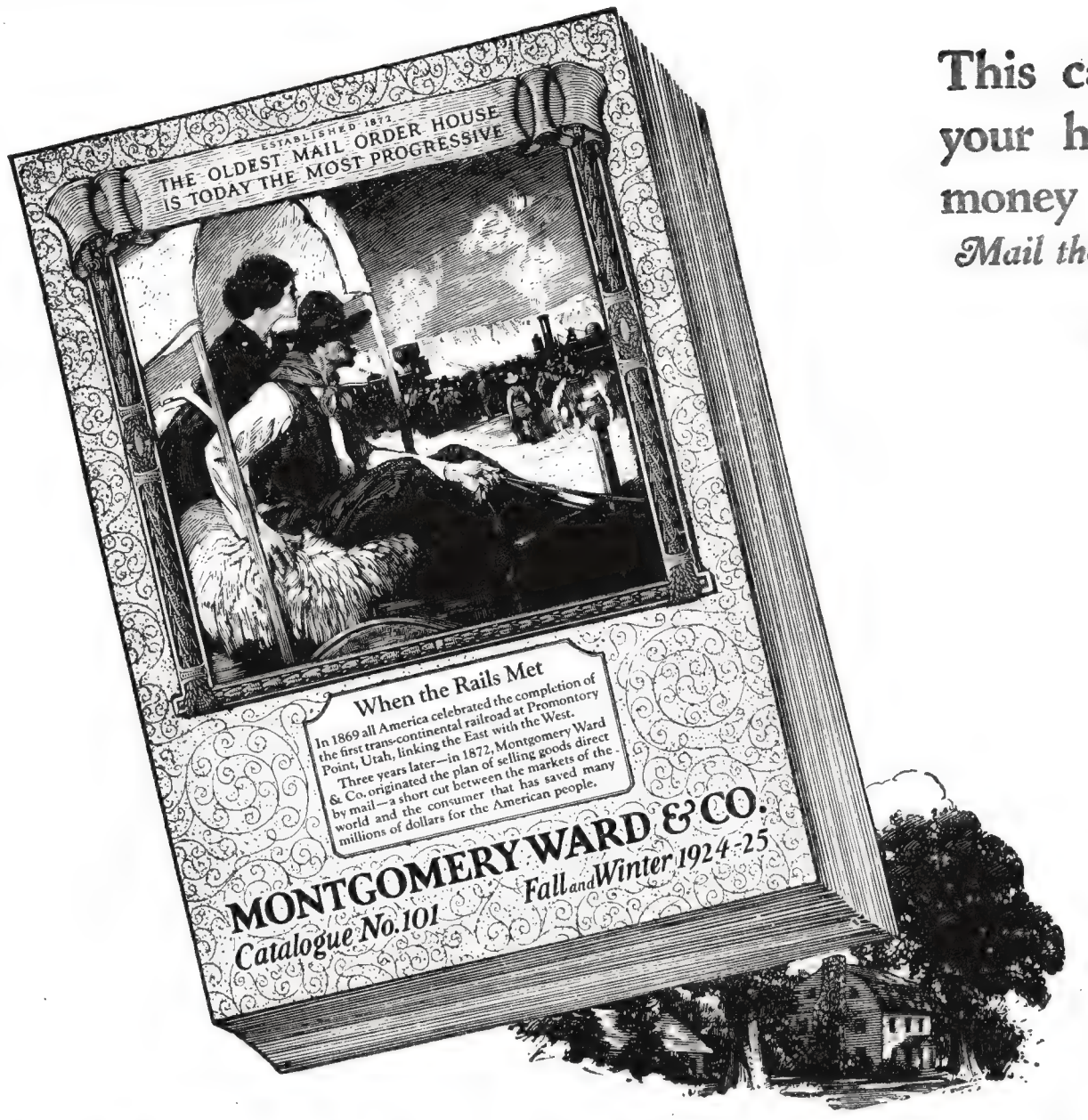
Dept. E-9
42 Rector St.
New York,
N. Y.

Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE without obligation on my part.

Name_____

Address_____

_____


ESTABLISHED 1872
THE OLDEST MAIL ORDER HOUSE
IS TODAY THE MOST PROGRESSIVE
When the Rails Met
In 1869 all America celebrated the completion of the first trans-continental railroad at Promontory Point, Utah, linking the East with the West.
Three years later—in 1872, Montgomery Ward & Co. originated the plan of selling goods direct by mail—a short cut between the markets of the world and the consumer that has saved many millions of dollars for the American people.
MONTGOMERY WARD & CO.
Catalogue No. 101
Fall and Winter 1924-25

This catalogue in your home means money saved

Mail the coupon below

Now

The New Ward Catalogue Is Ready

One Copy is Yours—Free

One copy of this new 728-page Fall and Winter catalogue is ready *for you.* It costs you absolutely nothing. Asking for it puts you under no obligation.

You need only fill in and return the coupon. We will send the catalogue free.

We want you to find out how valuable this book will be to you. We want you to learn how much it will save you and your family.

Our Force of Merchandise Experts and $50,000,000 Cash Produced Thousands of Bargains

Every buyer of ours is a merchandise expert. He knows quality and how to get it. He knows value and where to get it.

He is free to go anywhere — in America or in Europe — anywhere to get the best goods for our customers at the lowest prices. Millions in cash are available. And his first consideration is — get the quality our customers want and get it at prices that give our customers most for their money.

500,000 New Customers Won By Our Big Values Last Year

500,000 more people bought from Ward's last year than ever before. In three years our customers have doubled their total purchases from Ward's! Why? Because Ward's prices brought them a saving. Because they got more in actual value. We never sacrifice quality to make a low price. We offer no price baits. We sell only the kind of goods that stand inspection *and use.*

Your Order Shipped Within 24 Hours

With a saving, with your satisfaction guaranteed, with the quality of everything you buy backed by a fifty-two year old reputation for selling honest goods—with these advantages you are also assured prompt service. Most of our orders are shipped within 24 hours, nearly all in 48 hours.

So use the coupon. Get the new catalogue. Investigate. Find out if it pays you to continue buying from habit alone. Compare prices on everything for the Farm, the Home and the Family. See for yourself the saving that may as well be yours.

To MONTGOMERY WARD & CO. Dept. 96-H
Chicago, Kansas City, St. Paul, Portland, Ore., Oakland, Cal. Ft. Worth
(Mail this coupon to our house nearest you)

Please mail me my free copy of Montgomery Ward's complete Fall and Winter Catalogue.

Name.....

Address.....

ESTABLISHED 1872

Montgomery Ward & Co.

The Oldest Mail Order House is Today the Most Progressive

Chicago **Kansas City** **St. Paul** **Portland, Ore.** **Oakland, Cal.** **Ft. Worth**

Baby's Own Book FREE

Send for it To-Day

Sent Free!

Fashions for the Tiny Folk

THAT'S what "Baby's Own Book" shows you. Adorable styles for Baby. And for children up to six years. It pictures the same little garments that are sold in our exclusive baby shops in New York, Brooklyn, Chicago and Detroit.

At prices lower than you could afford to make them for. Just imagine—children's winter coats $2.98 to $10.95. Infants' dresses 39c to $3.98. Rompers, dresses, underwear, shoes, sweaters, leggings. Everything your children need. You merely select and order. In no time at all the things are there. No troublesome, tiring shopping.

STYLE BOOK SENT FREE

Send to-day for your copy of "Baby's Own Book." Money saving prices. Exceptional quality. Every purchase guaranteed. The Book is sent FREE. Write to-day for Style Book.

Lane Bryant

38th Street at Fifth Avenue — Address Dept. 93 NEW YORK

WORLD'S GREATEST Bargain Book FREE!

Hosiery and Underwear—Direct From Mill

Take this money-saving step today. Send for this FREE catalog and see for yourself the wonderful values offered in **World's Star Hosiery and Klean Knit Underwear.** A big, beautiful book in colors. Most complete of its kind printed. Accurately and truthfully pictures and describes more than 5,000 bargains. It offers you the easiest, best way to buy your season's needs and make certain of getting the very best, long wearing quality at the lowest possible prices.

Amazing Savings Every page of this wonder book is a bargain surprise. You can hardly believe such values are possible. Big hosiery bargains by the hundreds in silk, wool, mercerized, cotton, for men, women and children. Scores of underwear bargains in all weights, grades and kinds for every member of family. Don't miss this opportunity. Write today. Send postcard or letter now.

WORLD'S STAR KNITTING COMPANY
79 Lake Street — BAY CITY, MICHIGAN

Position Open In Your Town

Men and Women! If you earn less than $50.00 a week I can place you in a position with a wonderful opportunity. With new plans you can make $2.00 to $5.00 an hour spare time, up to

$15.00 a Day

Pleasant, dignified work. No experience necessary. No delivering or collecting. No capital required. If interested address me personally. Say—"Send me Free Outfit Offer". L. M. Nims, General Manager.

Now It Fits Perfectly

You will be delighted with the new DeLeon Hat Size Reducer. It assures a perfect fit and absolute comfort. Is not unsightly—does not injure the hat or disarrange the hair. Nothing else like it for reducing hats to fit properly. Especially ideal for bobbed hair.

Securely Inserted In Any Hat In 5 Seconds

The

De Leon

HAT SIZE REDUCER

Dealers

DeLeon Reducers come in attractive counter display boxes, one dozen in each box. See your jobber. If he cannot supply you, write us, giving his name.

Regardless of your style headdress the DeLeon will hold your hat at the most becoming angle at all times. If you want real comfort and want your hat to look its best, use the DeLeon Hat Size Reducer. You can change it from one hat to another in 5 seconds. No sewing—no pinning—merely a push on the prongs.

If your milliner or dealer can't supply you, send us 25c with dealer's name and we will send one promptly postpaid. State color, black or white. 35c in Canada.

DE LEON BANDEAU CO.
1406 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

Sole Manufacturers of the Well Known DeLeon Bandeau

The Prince of Wales

[*Continued from page 56*]

Wales' falls were ordinary tumbles—as at the Aldershot point-to-point for instance.

The course was stiff with riderless horses when Wales started hunting in the Pytchly country. The M. F. H. detailed one of his best followers to pilot the Prince across country, but as this rider admitted at the end of the run, they had not been out long before H. R. H. became the pilot. He does not need any piloting anywhere. Of course the Prince has his critics amongst hunt followers, but what rider has not? There is not a horseman living who conforms to everyone's ideas of perfection. The knowing bird who gathers lustre by finding fault with people better than himself is always with us. If a man has perfect hands someone will say that he rides with too loose a rein; if he has the seat of a centaur another will announce that he is all grip and no balance, and does not get the best out of his horse.

It is not only because the Prince is good "copy" and always in the public eye that he cannot leave the saddle without widespread comment, but because through the length and breadth of the land everybody is keenly interested in him and everything he does. This interest is absolutely personal and intensely human.

The Prince is so human himself, so natural and so normal in his ways, tastes and habits; so much a boy and a man and a player of the game, as well as the heir to the throne of empire, that he is every mother's son, every girl's sweetheart, and every man's inner self. This feeling spreads from the home even into the stolid archives of state and into the Houses of Parliament where abides the spirit of Cromwell, the King-Breaker.

After the Prince's last accident there occurred in the House of Commons an incident without precedent since Cromwell. In the middle of the formal business of a House controlled by a socialist government, and strong with representatives of those who follow the red flag of Bolshevism with the same enthusiasm as the revolutionary mobs of France, a member arose and addressed this question: "I wish to ask the advice of the Speaker on a matter of national importance. Is it within the province of this House to represent to the sovereign its grave concern at the repeated risks run by the heir to the throne?"

There was a dead silence—a silence as moving as if the question had referred to the safety of the eldest born of every man and woman present—a silence that might have followed the announcement of some national crisis. And whilst this was going on, quite oblivious of parliamentary concern, "P. W." was asking, "What's all this fuss about?" A very natural question for a fellow who is not a Mary Ann.

The sports the Prince likes best are polo, riding, squash, racquet, tennis and hunting. For bird shooting he does not care tuppence, and I don't blame him. For big game, yes: There is some fun in that, some risk and danger. He likes it. It is a man's game. At golf he is pretty ordinary and knows it, and is not frightfully keen for it.

In the same way that a regimental officer never talks about his profession, but does his daily work so much out of the limelight that the general public thinks he never does any, the Prince gets through an amount of business of which few people are aware.

With him, as with most of us, there are two sides—the work side and the social side. With people in a less exalted position the social side is relaxation, but with "P. W." not at all. He gets a certain amount of fun out of this, but only because of his unusual vitality, sense of humour and the satisfaction of fulfilling what is up to him. But I, who have had in a staff officer's capacity more than enough of official social duties, can tell you that there is nothing more strenuous and trying than to have all one's hours mapped out for weeks and months ahead, with engagements and speeches and dinners and functions. [*Turn to page 72*]

Mickey Daniels is one of the juvenile stars appearing in "Our Gang Comedies," produced by Hal E. Roach and distributed by Pathe

Freckles

But it's not so funny to have them in real life. Mickey Daniels can afford to let others laugh at his freckles—he's paid for it. You can't.

Your freckles always attract attention, no matter how well you dress. Get rid of them!

Quickly and surely they will fade away if you use Stillman's Freckle Cream. Double action—not only are your freckles dissolved away, but your skin is whitened, refined and beautified. Guaranteed to make freckles fade away or money refunded. Most widely used preparation in the world for this purpose. Snowy white, delicately perfumed, a pleasure to use. Two sizes, 50c and $1 at all druggists.

Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets" and read what your particular type needs to look best. Full of beauty treatments, make-up hints, etc. If you buy $3 worth of Stillman toilet articles in 1924 we will present you with a beautiful large size bottle perfume free. Send for booklet now.

Stillman's Freckle cream

double action Fades Away Freckles Whitens the Skin

Write for "Beauty Parlor Secrets"

THE STILLMAN CO.,
4 Rosemary Lane, Aurora, Ill.

Please send me "Beauty Parlor Secrets" and details of perfume offer.

Name _____

Address _____

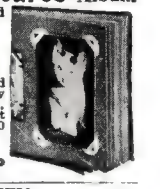
Art Corner Your Pictures in an Album where you can keep them safe and enjoy them always.

Engel 5 Styles "Art Corners" 5 Colors

are on sale at Photo Supply and Album counters everywhere. They are the only Quick, Easy, Artistic, No Paste, No Fold way to mount Kodak Prints. A dime brings 100 and samples to try. Write

10¢ Buys 100

ENGEL MFG. CO.
Dept. 18-J, 4711 N. Clark St., Chicago



IN THE KITCHEN

Pin up calendars, notices, memos, oil cloth, curtains, etc., by keeping handy a few dainty

Moore Push-Pins

Glass Heads - Steel Points

Heavier pictures, mirrors, phone books, etc. in other rooms use

Moore Push-less Hangers

"The Hanger with the Twist"

10c pkts. SOLD EVERYWHERE

MOORE PUSH-PIN CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

FREE Hair and Beauty Books

Show the latest styles of Transformations, Curls, Bobs, Puffs, etc. Natural wavy hair switches as low as $1.48. Newest creations in Braids, Pompadours, Waves, Ladies' and Men's Wigs at lowest prices. Finest quality natural hair. Perfect match guaranteed. Contain approved modern methods of Beauty Culture, etc.

Do not fail to get these valuable books at once. Write today

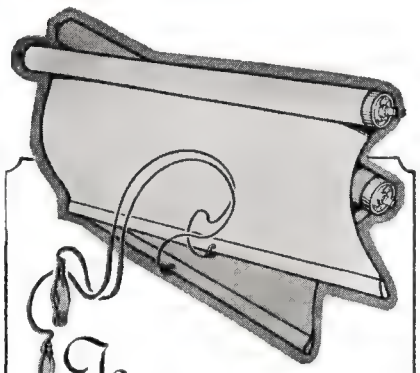
PARIS FASHION COMPANY
Est. 1889 207 S. Wabash Avenue. Dept. 49 Chicago, Illinois

ROUGH ON RATS

Get rid of Rats

WHY be annoyed with rats and mice when you can clear them out quickly and cheaply with Rough on Rats? Mix it with some different food each night and you'll get them all. At all drug and general stores. Send for free booklet "Ending Rats and Mice."

E. S. WELLS, *Chemist*, Jersey City, N. J.



If you want to be able to depend upon your shades, insist on

Hartshorn SHADE PRODUCTS
Established 1860
ROLLERS — SHADE FABRICS

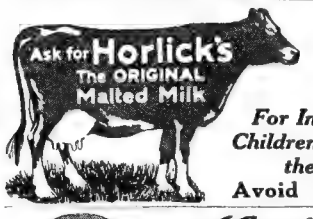
Best for sixty years—the signature is on the genuine

STEWART HARTSHORN CO.
250 Fifth Ave., New York City

DR. PRICE'S DELICIOUS FLAVORING EXTRACT
VANILLA

"COSTS LESS—WHEN USED"

You don't put egg substitutes in your favorite cakes, so why flavor with "synthetic" vanilla. Use the *real* vanilla with *the true tropic flavor*



Safe Milk

For Infants, Children, Invalids, the Aged, etc.

Avoid Imitations

Maybelline

DARKENS and BEAUTIFIES EYELASHES and BROWS INSTANTLY, making them appear *naturally* dark, long and luxurious. Adds wonderful charm, beauty and expression to any face. Perfectly harmless. Used by millions of lovely women. BLACK or BROWN. 75c *at your dealer's* or direct postpaid.

MAYBELLINE CO., Chicago, Ill.

Solid Sterling Silver Ferrule PEARL HANDLE Server

Handle is genuine Mother of Pearl—attached to ferrule of Solid Sterling Silver. Wide Blade, Quadruple Silver Plated, Highly polished. Very dainty. Gives character to your table service. Handsome as a fine piece of jewelry. Given FREE to introduce our Big Bargain Catalog.

Send only 30c to cover cost of postage and handling. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

C. F. JOHNSON & CO.
19 W. Jackson Blvd., Dept. 91 Chicago

Cut Me Out

and mail me with your name and address to Dept. 9L, McCall's Magazine, 250 W. 37th St., N.Y.

I will tell you how to get an extra $5.00 or $10.00 easily.

Mail Today!

Rescued—by Our Service Booklets

THE bride was puzzled. Yes, she knew how to cook. Her Mother had taught her. But—Mother spent most of her time in the kitchen cooking. And the little bride didn't want to do that. Of course she wanted to serve John just as delicious dishes as Mother had always known how to concoct. But she wanted to do it the *new* way, the way modern housekeepers have learned for saving time and money and work. That would mean better housekeeping and more time to be with John, to share his interests, to be truly his helpmate.

Early in her bride days, she had ordered *all* McCall's service booklets. She turned to them now for help. There it was—Time-saving Cookery, a booklet she had not yet used, prepared by Saran Field Splint, whose life work is to aid the housewives of the nation. Menus for quickly prepared meals; recipes for appetizers, soups, meats, vegetables, salads, desserts; hot breads to be prepared in fifteen minutes for breakfast! Exactly what she needed!

What to Serve at Parties, by Lilian M. Gunn, whose splendid recipes appear monthly in McCall's. The success of hospitality depends on what we feed our guests! Here was help for the bride's time of need to be a gracious hostess.

And how to entertain her guests? What contests, stunts and games to play? How to word the invitations? More puzzles for the bride! Yet all were answered by Claudia Fitzgerald's two booklets, Parties All the Year, and More Parties.

Her garden too. She wanted success with flowers—bloom the season round. Answer—right at hand in Dorothy Giles' booklet, Down the Garden Path. And as Miss Giles is a member of The Garden Club of America, that club of garden-lovers and garden-makers, of course her directions were authoritative.

Next, there was Ruby Ross Goodnow's booklet among the others of the collection. Mrs. Goodnow, a noted decorator has made up a McCall service booklet showing photographs of simple and lovely interiors for every room of a small house.

They are living in a rented house now but some day they will build a real home. They may buy building plans and specifications for $15 for one of the special series of McCall houses that appeared in the magazine from April, 1923 to June, 1924; or they may pay the architect his full fee—one-tenth of the building cost— and get the building plans and specifications of one of the houses shown in the booklet, A Group of Little Homes.

Each of McCall's service booklets costs ten cents. Address the Service Editor, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York

Making cloth by the mile

Your great-grandmother clothed her family by means of her own hand-loom. It was hard, slow work—making three yards of cloth between dawn and dark.

Smooth-running G-E motors drive the modern loom. You have heard it said that "a miss is as good as a mile." The Miss who operates this loom is good for *two miles* of fine cloth a week.

The first electrically driven textile mill was put in operation by the General Electric Company in 1894. Today General Electric motors apply approximately 75 per cent of all the electric power used in the American textile industry.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

It's 15¢

CENTURY SHEET MUSIC

You can't buy better—why pay more?

CENTURY gives you the world's best *music*, beautifully *printed* on the best *paper!* What more can sheet music be! There are over 2300 compositions in the Century catalog all 15c—(20c in Canada), masterpieces like "Rigoletto," "Prelude," "Canzonetta," "Flower Song," "Hungarian Rhapsody," etc.—all certified to be exactly as the masters wrote them. Ask for Century—Patronize the Century dealer. Century's low price is only possible because of his small profit. Complete catalog of over 2300 compositions free on request.

Thousands of successful teachers use and recommend CENTURY CERTIFIED MUSIC exclusively—because they know it is all that good music can be at half the price or less; and they know parents appreciate the saving.

Century Music Publishing Co., 241 W 40th St., N.Y.C.

THE FAMOUS WING

Founded 1868 — 56th Year

Richest in Tone

AT FACTORY PRICE—DIRECT TO YOU

$295

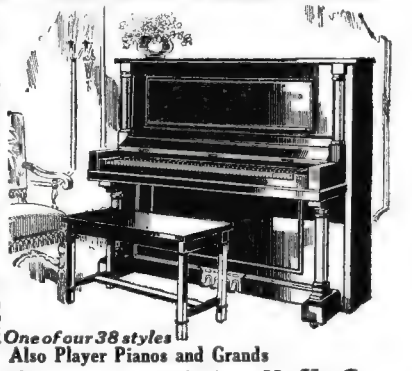
You will save from $150 to $300 at our reduced factory prices on Wing Player Pianos and Pianos, guaranteed for 40 years. Thousands in use throughout U. S. We will refer to owner near you. Choose any of our 38 styles and we will send it on

FREE TRIAL TILL DEC. 1st 1924 TO PROVE THIS

—all freight prepaid by us. Use and test the Wing thoroughly in your home. Compare it with others. If not convinced that it is far superior to them in tone, quality and value, don't keep it, and we will pay return freight also. The trial will not cost you a penny, if you keep it, easy terms arranged if desired. Get our offer and

FREE TRIAL TILL DEC. 1

The Book of Complete Information about Pianos sent you FREE. 140 pages (16 in full colors). The New York World says "Everyone should have this book." Write now and get it free; with catalog of Art Styles and our reduced, bedrock, factory prices and free trial offer.



One of our 38 styles

Also Player Pianos and Grands

WING & SON Dept. 20-86 9th Ave. & 13th St., N. Y. C.

A New Money Making Idea for Women

No woman need want for extra money now! Wonderful opportunity to earn $3 to $10 a day and more. Thoroughly enjoyable *new* kind of work. Do it at home—in spare or full time. No previous experience needed. Earnings assured. Outfit FREE.

Spare time work~at home

GABRIEL ANDRE PETIT
Art Director

HERE is a new and delightful way for women to earn money at home—totally unlike anything ever offered before! Here is no canvassing—no monotonous drudgery—no unpleasant work of any kind—but a wholly fascinating occupation to which you can devote your whole time or simply your spare hours, just as you choose! Indeed, thousands of women—and men too—all over the country are turning their spare hours into money by learning how to decorate Art Novelties at home, through Fireside Industries. This great organization makes it incredibly easy for anyone to enter the profitable Art Novelty field and establish an independent business either at home—in a room that may be used as a "studio"—or in a real Gift Shop. Everywhere you go, people go perfectly "wild" over just such art objects as Fireside Industries teaches you to decorate. And since we also teach you just where and how to sell the things you make, there is no reason in the world why you cannot realize very handsome profits.

Your Profits Assured

If you do not actually make money at this venture, the experiment will not cost you a single cent—and in any case, your experience will have given you a great deal of real pleasure. In fact, many women take up this work merely because they find it so fascinating to be able to make these charming art objects for their own homes and as gifts for their friends.

No special ability or previous experience is necessary. Many who have never had a paint brush in their hands before, have made a wonderful success of this work—so simple and so explicit does Mr. Petit, our art director, make his instructions. **You** can do it too! Think of how you'll **enjoy** decorating such attractive articles as candlesticks, vases, lamps, lampshades, wooden toys, copper and brass novelties, greeting cards, photographs, batik scarves, table runners, pillow tops, and a score of other utterly delightful art novelties.

Don't **buy** these articles for high retail prices at the shops! Make them yourself—**sell** them—and realize handsome profits. A complete outfit of materials is furnished FREE to every member.

What Others Say

"I cannot find words to thank you for the chance you are giving me. Something I have always wanted for years. It means a great deal to me indeed."
—Mrs. Edward O. Lord

"I live fairly near Colorado Springs and Manitou, Colo., and these little novelties are what the tourists go simply 'wild over'."
—Miss Norvelle Yondelle

"I did not know that such an organization existed, but it was just what I was wishing for—longing for. When I have opened my gift shop I will have a dream come true."
—Beula Yates, Wingo, Ky.

"I have been looking for some way to earn a little at home, as I am not following my work very much on account of a breakdown. Your generous offer seems to be about the cleanest and fairest I have ever found."
—Charles M. Merry

FREE Write for this New Book

Because of the overwhelming demand in all parts of the country for these art novelties, Fireside Industries now has openings for new members. But the openings are limited, and those who apply first will have the best chance of being admitted to membership. So we advise you to be prompt in writing for your copy of the FREE Fireside Industries book that explains the whole idea of the work, the benefits and services to members, and the **guaranteed** earning plan. Just mail the coupon, enclosing a 2 cent stamp, at once!

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES
Dept. 189, Adrian, Mich.

Without obligating me in any way please send me FREE the book of Fireside Industries which will tell me all about the fascinating new kind of work I can do at home to earn money—also particulars of your Money-Making Guarantee and special privileges of membership. I enclose a 2 cent stamp.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

FIRESIDE INDUSTRIES
Dept. 189 **Adrian, Mich.**

The Shadow Man

[*Continued from page 52*]

borrowed them, and some instruments. When the Shadow Man came back Jenkins brought him up to the laboratory. "He's been pretty good, sir," he reported, "excepting that he tries to get hold of every child he meets. Says he wants to be one, so far as I can make out. 'Child—not—old,' he keeps saying."

"He's gone back to second childhood," I said. "Leave him with me, Jenkins. Now, you devil—I don't know what else to call you—I am going to teach you something." I seized him suddenly, sat on the floor with his body across my legs, and my arm round his neck, held the mouthpiece over his nose and mouth; released the gas.

He poured out a babel of protest, but became stiller and stiller. He went off at last.

It was nearly three minutes before he was sensibly conscious—a dangerously long time for "gas." Then—"Done him again, Eric," the Professor said feebly. "It's very funny—Very funny—this fight for such an old wreck of a body. Hardly worth fighting over, and getting a bit more crocked in the fight. *He* sees that. When he's learnt enough—and he soon will—he means to try to transfer into a child. Now you see why I wouldn't have Angela and the youngsters here!"

THE Professor and I toiled at the receiver all day and far into the night. We must complete it, he said, before he went to sleep, because it would be "the other one" who woke.

"Can't you explain enough for me to go with?" I asked "*I* can keep awake all night."

"I doubt if you have sufficient scientific knowledge to follow my explanation," he protested; "and the explanation would take too long, dear boy; and I'm too fuddled to express myself very clearly. Anyhow, don't you try to work it when I'm 'out'. It would draw in a disembodied spirit easier than an embodied spirit, you see; send *me* off! I must sleep for a few minutes, Eric—" He dozed off in the middle of the sentence. The dog fell asleep too, lying at his feet. I worked on till about four in the morning, when the mechanical job was completed, so far as I knew, and the machine only needed adjustment by trial. The shadow kept hovering round and worrying me—seeming to inspect my work interestedly—until about three. Then it ceased to come, and I thought that perhaps it slept too. I felt very like sleeping myself, yawned when I shook the Professor by the shoulder.

"I've finished, governor," I said. "Can you rouse enough to try the thing? I don't know how you propose to get the shadow into its clutches. He's disappeared."

"Dis-apear," the Professor yawned. "I'll—find—him." He got on his feet, rubbed his eyes, and yawned again. "All done, Eric? . . . . Let's see."

He staggered over to the receiving bell of the transmitter. Suddenly he picked up an iron bar and smashed at the hundreds of delicate wire connections. Phiz woke and flew at him. He struck the dog on the head with the bar, and it lay still on the floor.

"Never sen' me 'way now," he chuckled. "No *use* you make fuss! Best make Pro-fes-so of me! Now go sleep. Good ni'." He went from the room.

I went on search, with the gas cylinders under my arm, but could not find the Shadow Man anywhere. Afterwards I learnt that he had slept in the lumber room covered with spare rugs.

I attended to poor Phiz's head; he wouldn't be on his feet again for a week. Then I slept in my clothes for a couple of hours. Then I went to the laboratory, and tried to join up the broken wires. Fortunately I had a plan to guide me in that, and the joining was a more rapid business than I had expected. I knew that I wanted to have it completed for my father-in-law's immediate use; if I ever got him back. So I had my breakfast brought up into the laboratory, and worked there all the morning.

About noon the sky became very overcast, and the air felt very heavy. I judged that a thunderstorm was brewing. At five and twenty past twelve, when I completed the repairs, thunder was rumbling in the distance. As I rose I heard a motor slow up and stop at the gate. I looked from the window and saw Angela getting out, with the baby in her arms. The Shadow Man, in the guise of her father, was going down the path to meet her. She rushed to him in her impetuous way, flung one arm round his neck, holding the baby in her other arm; laughed and jabbered in her excited fashion.

"How's my old daddy!" she cried. "Where's old Eric? Don't you let him scold me for coming. I couldn't help it. I just worried and worried till I came. Isn't she a beauty, dad?"

The Shadow Man took the baby; held it out and stared steadily into its eyes. Then he put it in Angela's arms, still staring at it. "Ha, ha, ha!" I heard him laugh. "Ha, ha, ha!"

I did not see him then. I was running madly down the stairs. When I reached the landing, the Professor was running up the lower stairs. I clenched my teeth and my hands. "If you touch my wife or the baby," I began, "I'll—"

"Eric!" he gasped. "My boy! It is I . . . The sign! 'Angels and Ministers of Grace, defend us! . . . And ours! . . . And ours! He came out of me, but—God help us—*he's gone into the baby!*"

ERIC," Angela screamed from the hall. "Eric! Come quick! Something's happened to baby. She's struggling so. I can hardly hold her. She feels so dreadfully strong! Look at her face working. Is it a fit, Eric?"

I took the child—its body—and raised my hand.

"Don't slap her, Eric!" Angela shrieked.

"I must. She'll break a blood-vessel if she doesn't cry." I slapped the little figure—my baby and Angela's, with its little soul gone out and the Shadowman's gone in. It screamed as I had never heard a baby scream—a deep, angry, fiendish yell. I slapped it again. The baby kicked, scratched at my face. The scratch seemed too powerful and purposeful for an infant.

"Oh!" Angela [*Turn to page 72*]

Price List of New McCall Patterns

Leading dealers nearly everywhere sell McCall Patterns. If you find that you can't secure them, write to The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City, or to the nearest Branch Office, stating number and size desired and enclosing the price stated below in stamps or money order. Branch Offices, 208-12 So. Jefferson St., Chicago, Ill., 140 Second St., San Francisco, Cal., 82 N. Pryor St., Atlanta, Ga., 70 Bond St., Toronto, Canada.

No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.
3310..25	3692..40	3733..45	3747..45	3800..45	3809..45	3818..35
3540..30	3698..20	3734..25	3748..45	3801..35	3810..45	3819..45
3562..25	3699..20	3736..45	3754..25	3802..35	3811..35	3820..45
3572..40	3724..35	3737..45	3755..30	3803..45	3812..20	3821..35
3575..30	3725..35	3738..45	3787..35	3804..45	3813..25	3822..45
3578..40	3726..15	3739..45	3796..15	3805..45	3814..20	3823..30
3615..40	3729..30	3740..30	3797..45	3806..25	3815..25	3824..25
3618..30	3730..30	3743..45	3798..45	3807..45	3816..40	3825..35
3640..25	3732..30	3744..45	3799..45	3808..40	3817..35	

EMBROIDERY PATTERNS

No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.	No. Cts.
317....15	739....15	1093..40	1260..30	1313..40	1337..35	1377..30
323....15	927....25	1226..40	1287..35	1319..20	1376..30	1387..30
355....20	1072..25	1253..40	1300..40	1336..25		

The World's Greatest Style Book free

Send for the Book That Saves

Don't Miss This Style Book
The Edition is Limited

Shop At America's Apparel Specialty Shop

Economy

Send for our New Catalog No. 80—the economy sensation of 1924. It shows Standard Quality Merchandise and wearing apparel at amazingly Low Prices. Never before and nowhere else has merchandise been sold on such a small margin of profit, because you pay us only 3c profit, on the dollar sale. We buy direct from the producer and sell direct to you. There are no in-between profits to inflate the price of anything we sell. Ours is the most economical method of distribution and that is why you can save money on everything you buy for the entire family. Send coupon today for free Catalog, and Save Money.

Style

The exquisite styles shown in our Catalog No. 80, are designed exclusively for the Chicago Mail Order Company, by Paul Carét, the recognized leading Fashion Authority in Paris. His most enchanting models for Fall and Winter are shown only in our Style Book! Associated with Paul Carét in making our Style Book a revelation of entrancing Fashions, is Agnes Sourét, the most beautiful, best dressed woman in Paris. From Paul Carét's best creations, she has selected the smartest and most alluring for you. You can now have the famous Paul Carét Paris Styles at our low prices. Mail the Coupon—today.

Money-Saving Catalog Free

Our new Catalog No. 80, with its 300 pages of thrilling bargains and fascinating styles, is by far the greatest catalog we have ever issued. Never before, in the countless millions of Money-Saving Books which we have mailed over a period of 34 years, have we been able to offer such Quality Merchandise at such sensationally low prices. By all means send the coupon *today*, for this FREE Book of Bargains. See what marvelous savings have resulted from our cheerful willingness to take small profits and quote lowest prices. Send for the book that saves you MOST.

Service

You want your goods shipped immediately. You don't want promises, you don't want excuses. You don't want back orders, you don't want delays! And so, we guarantee to give you 14¾ hours' shipping service on your order, or to refund your money at once. No delay—no holding your order. Just ask your neighbor what kind of service the Chicago Mail Order Company gives her. A trial order will demonstrate our "Service without Apology." Send the coupon today—our Catalog is FREE!

Satisfaction

Our business is built upon the satisfaction of our customers. Everything we send you must be exactly right, must reach you when you expect it, must be correctly sized, must be as represented, and must cost you less here than anywhere else. We absolutely guarantee that you will experience this satisfaction with every order you send us. If you're not satisfied, we will return your money to you, cheerfully and without question. Send the coupon for our wonderful FREE Catalog.

Send the Coupon Now—for Your Free Copy of this wonderful Catalog

CHICAGO MAIL ORDER CO.

The House That Serves You Best ~ The House That Saves You Most

DEPT. 500 CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

COUPON

Chicago Mail Order Co.,
Dept. 500, 26th Street and Indiana Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Please mail me at once ABSOLUTELY FREE, your great Fashion Catalog showing me how I can buy Paul Carét Paris Fashions, and everything to wear for every member of the family, at only 3 cents profit on the dollar.

Name.....

Address.....

Post Office.....State.....

Guaranteed 14¾ Hour Service

Gifts you can make yourself

Made from old salt box, attractively covered and decorated

Try this fascinating new way to make things

". . . I HAVE always known that Le Page's is a wonderful mender, but I *had no idea*, until I got your book, how many nice things I could *make* with it. . . ."

Easier and quicker than sewing

". . . YOU are really right about Le Page's Craft being easier and quicker than sewing. I made a doll's cradle and a work basket in one afternoon. . . ."

The handsome new edition of Le Page's Craft Book, illustrated in colors, gives directions for making over 100 articles—unique, dainty, practical and useful.

Send 10 cents for LePage's Craft Book

JUST write your name and address plainly on the coupon below, tear it out and mail with 10 cents in stamps or coin to Le Page's Craft League, 114 Essex Avenue, Gloucester, Mass.

LE PAGE'S CRAFT LEAGUE, 114 Essex Avenue, Gloucester, Mass.
Gentlemen: Enclosed find 10 cents (stamps or coin). Please send a copy of the new edition in color of Le Page's Craft Book to:

Name .....

Street .....

City .....*State* .....

LE PAGE'S GLUE

MERITAS LINENETTE TABLE COVERS

Save your table linen

Meritas Linenette Table Covers, the leading linen substitute, are the newest and most attractive, economical covers for everyday table use. A damp cloth, after each meal, wipes off stains. The specially prepared surface is impervious to moisture. The finish does not crinkle or rub off.

These covers are made so that they can be trimmed to fit square or round tables. The pleasing designs come in china-blue, floral or conventional, on a white background. No laundering necessary.

Ask to see Meritas Linenette Table Covers, at your dealer's, or write us for sample showing the quality of this handsome and serviceable article.

THE STANDARD TEXTILE PRODUCTS CO.
Dept. 6, 320 Broadway, New York

MERITAS STANDARD STP TEXTILE PRODUCTS BRAND REG. U.S. PAT. OFFICE

Out of the Running

[*Continued from page 7*]

figure's under good control. I've got a stunning green Ducelle—never been off the hanger—and you were always gorgeous in green. Yo wear it at that luncheon to-morrow. I'll have Anne get you up the way you ought to be. She's an artist with a rabbit's foot and a lip-stick. All Marian's got is her looks. You're twice the person she is. Take all her dares, fight her with her own weapons, beat her at her own game!"

For a moment the light of her vivid youth, brighter, more poignant because it was so near to vanishing, fell upon Julie. "Oh, Evelyn!" she cried, clasping her friend's arms. "I can! I will! I'll do it!"

AFTER the maid had gone, Julie stepped to the windows, let the shades on each side of the dressing-table run up to their full height. Then she sat before her mirror in the strong light. What had she expected? The face of her own youth looking back at her, instead of this—this caricature. Her own color had withdrawn from her skin so that the rouge lay upon it, a thin, futile veneer. Close to it, too close, came the citrine green of the dress.

"That awful dress! All those crude, sharp colors—I used to dominate them, make them serve me. Now they're too much for me—they eat me up, blot me out!" She began unsnapping the hooks, could not do it fast enough. And her hair, tortured to the latest mode. "Ridiculous—dreadful!"

She got herself into a dressing-gown and hurried to the bathroom. "Soap—oceans of soap!"

When the rouge was washed clean she came back to the dressing-table and leaned her hands quietly on it, questioning the mirror. Her pallor almost frightened her. "Must I go and show myself to him like this?" Then with a physical pain gathering about her heart: "Selden, I was learning to be at peace. I was almost happy! Why did you come back—now?"

For a minute she felt daunted. "I won't go to the luncheon. Marian—that girl—has all the things I've lost—youth, assurance, beauty. Why should I deliberately put myself beside her—let him see me all the older, quieter, more faded by comparison?"

She had her hand on the bell to send a message to Evelyn, but she shrank from her friend's vociferous sympathy.

And then, a deeper reason, she knew she was too proud to refuse the encounter with Marian.

EVELYN, who met her in the lower hall, was aghast. "Julie! What's the matter? Your hair—your make-up! Didn't Anne—and that old blue linen! It's positively faded—"

"I'm awfully sorry, Ev. The person Anne made turned out not to be me, at all. I couldn't—I tried, really, but I couldn't—"

"What perfect rot!" Evelyn looked at her another moment, and the annoyance left her face and the quick tears came. "You darned fool—saint! We'll have to hurry. It's almost half past, now."

As Julie followed Evelyn up the steps, she saw Mrs. Reynolds sitting with three men at the end of the long veranda. The farthest one was Selden Stone. She knew his figure, his pose, even though she could not see his profile. She found herself shaking Mrs. Reynolds' limp hand and bowing to Marian's "Nick" and "Franklin."

Now Selden Stone approached her. Mrs. Reynolds said: "I think you've met Mr. Stone?"

A blindness came upon the woman who loved him, and a sound like the sea in her ears. Then she heard her voice saying: "How do you do, Selden?"

Her eyes, which had last looked at him with impudent allure, to-day looked straight and quietly. He said abruptly: "You've changed."

"Yes," she said. "we do change, don't we?" He had just matured, she reflected, not grown older. He had not even a gray hair. Yes, a few, just half a dozen, there on his temple where it was cut so short and crisp. She looked quickly away. "You probably don't realize how long it is since you've seen me," she went on. "Ten or eleven years, isn't it?"

"Twelve," he corrected. "But I was talking about *you*—not your face."

Every one turned, for Marian came out of the house. She had on her flying costume—chamois-skin breeches, a loose amber silk blouse of mannish cut, sapphire silk knit tie. She carried a leather coat and cap. Her slender young figure was resilient as a sapling even in its careless poses. Her richly tinted, flawless face, though still composed, was lighted to-day by excitement and happiness. "Yes, she really does love him," thought Julie.

Marian nodded to the women. "'Lo. Nick. 'Lo Franklin." She passed them too and went on to Stone.

"That was great tennis this morning, old thing. Did a Congo beauty teach you that mean serve?" She dropped coat and cap on a chair, and taking a long amber cigarette-holder from her pocket, held it up for him to fill.

"Marian, are you still determined to go up in that dreadful flying-machine to-day?" broke in Mrs. Reynolds. "I *wish* you wouldn't. It makes me so frightfully nervous. And after yesterday—"

"Oh, yesterday! That was nothing, mother."

"Nothing! She went up to practice—just after we got home from your house, Mrs. Post—and she made some mistake in landing. She ran into a tree, and broke part of the plane and strained her shoulder. Now she insists—"

Marian interrupted. "Of course I insist. It's the only chance I'll have to show Selden my stunts. He has to go back to town this afternoon."

A maid came out to announce lunch.

AT the round table Julie found herself opposite Selden, with Marian next him and Nick at Marian's other side. Nick and Franklin paid only the minimum requisite attention to the older women, so that Marian was the focus of masculine interest.

Presently Marian asked Selden if he danced the "llama lope." He turned his quizzical eyes on her and shook his head.

"It's the most perfect step. Don't you think so, Miss Houghton?" Marian addressed Julie for the first time, in tones a little too sweet.

"Pretty crude, child," commented Julie's inner self. "And unnecessary, too. I'm down and out—not worth your ammunition. Don't you see it?" Aloud she said with courteous simplicity: "I don't know the step, either. You see I don't go to dances any more. Most of my friends belong to the older—married—set."

"Oh, do they?" murmured Marian.

"Are you going back to town early this year, Mrs. Reynolds?" Evelyn wrested the conversation forcibly from Marian, but Nick Narramore retrieved it and laid it at her feet again.

ON the veranda, over the coffee and cigarettes, Marian began to move about restlessly, talked jerkily, finally fell silent altogether. Once she crossed to the railing and looked up at the sky. "What do you think about going up in the plane, Stonie? The wind's come up, and those clouds in the west look squally."

Stone considered the sky and shook his head. "No, it's all right. There won't be enough wind to bother you."

Stone crossed over to Julie, who, seeing him come, engaged Franklin's indifferent attention. But Stone drew up a chair beside her. "You're staying with Evelyn?" She nodded.

"When can I come to see you?"

"Aren't you going back to town to-day?"

"Yes—on the three-thirty. But there are more days coming—quite a lot of them."

"Some time, then. We should be very glad, of course."

"Why do you say [*Turn to page 65*]

On the floor is shown Gold-Seal Congoleum Art-Rug No. 379. In the 6 x 9-foot size it costs only $9.00.

GOLD SEAL CONGOLEUM GUARANTEE
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK
REMOVE SEAL WITH DAMP CLOTH
COPYRIGHT 1917 AND 1920 CONGOLEUM COMPANY INC.

Look for this Gold Seal

The Gold Seal which is pasted on all guaranteed *Gold-Seal* Congoleum is an identification mark you can depend on. Don't be misled into buying some other material said to be "just as good" as Gold Seal Congoleum. The *Gold-Seal* gives you the protection of your money-back guarantee. Remember that there is only one guaranteed, nationally advertised *Gold-Seal* Congoleum. When you buy insist upon getting it!

Pattern No. 321

Pattern No. 518

Pattern No. 386

Pattern No. 538

"Beautify Your Home With *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs," a very interesting booklet by Anne Lewis Pierce, shows all the beautiful patterns in their actual rich colors. Write our nearest office today for your free copy.

CONGOLEUM COMPANY
INCORPORATED
Philadelphia New York Boston Chicago San Francisco
Kansas City Atlanta Minneapolis Dallas Pittsburgh
New Orleans London Paris Rio de Janeiro
CONGOLEUM COMPANY OF CANADA, Ltd., Montreal

"I must have a Congoleum Rug for my room, too!"

And when she does get her Congoleum Rug she will fully appreciate the many unusual qualities that have made these rugs so popular with up-to-date women everywhere. Then she will readily understand why *Gold-Seal* Congoleum Rugs are replacing old-fashioned woven carpets in thousands of homes.

Congoleum Rugs are as easy to clean and as durable as they are attractive. Their seamless, smooth surface is unharmed by dust, dirt, grease or spilled things. Just a few easy strokes with a damp mop and spots vanish without leaving a trace. Moreover, they lie perfectly flat on the floor without fastening of any kind.

There are patterns to fit into the decorative scheme of any room—at prices that are a pleasant surprise.

6	feet x 9	feet	$ 9.00	Pattern No. 386 (shown below) is made in all the sizes. The other patterns illustrated are made in the five large sizes only.	1½	feet x 3	feet $ .60
7½	feet x 9	feet	11.25		3	feet x 3	feet 1.40
9	feet x 9	feet	13.50		3	feet x 4½	feet 1.95
9	feet x 10½	feet	15.75		3	feet x 6	feet 2.50
9	feet x 12	feet	18.00				

Owing to freight rates, prices in the South and west of the Mississippi are higher than those quoted.

Gold Seal
CONGOLEUM
Art-Rugs

SPEAKING OF SALADS—

EVERYONE speaks of this one—to praise it. And really it is surprising that a salad so simple could be so good.

It only goes to prove how vastly you can improve the natural taste of other foods with the appetizing flavor of Kraft Cheese. And what could be more inviting, when served on these warm days, than one of the many appropriate cheese dishes? We know of no food that furnishes so much vitality, with so little heat, as *good* cheese. That makes it a matter of importance, when buying cheese, for you to select good cheese.

Everyone concedes that Kraft Cheese is good—most people say it's the best. One thing at least is certain: We leave nothing undone that would make it the best.

Of course, no one has a patent on quality. Other cheese might be equal to Kraft if the same care and skill were employed in the making. The point is this: Quality is a hobby with us. Rather than sacrifice quality, we would choose to make and sell less, if that were necessary to make it good. People who know this do not have to be warned against accepting imitations.

Kraft Pineapple Salad

Cream together, one-fourth pound of Kraft American Cheese rubbed through a grater, and one generous tablespoon full of boiled salad dressing until very smooth. Roll into balls. Place balls in center of pineapple slices. Sprinkle slightly with paprika and serve on crisp lettuce. Mayonnaise may be added if desired.

Send for Free Illustrated Recipe Book **M9** *to*

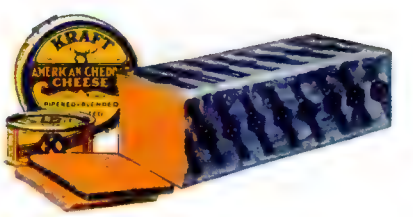
410 Rush St., Chicago

KRAFT CHEESE

Decidedly Better

J. L. KRAFT & BROS. CO.
CHICAGO—NEW YORK—SAN FRANCISCO
KRAFT-MAC LAREN CHEESE CO., LTD.
MONTREAL, CANADA

Made and Known in Canada as Kraft Canadian Cheese



Out of the Running

[*Continued from page 62*]

that? You used to like me, didn't you?"

"Yes, indeed. But—"

"Don't put me off, then. I want to talk to you. I want to ask you lots of things—what you've done to yourself since I saw you—"

The pleasant, natural laugh she gave surprised Julie. "That's something people can never tell, can they?"

"Ready to go up, Selden?" Julie turned to find Marian staring at them. "We'll have to hurry."

"Yes." Stone nodded to her and went on to Julie: "They can if they will."

"Oh, I forgot," Marian broke in again abruptly. "I think you said yesterday you wanted to try a flight, Miss Houghton. Suppose I take you first."

Julie felt anger bursting in every cell of her body. "I told you yesterday I was afraid. Now you want me to say it before him," she thought. Memories of her own devil-may-care youth flashed back upon her. Selden had known her as the girl who never refused a dare. And now to let Marian—of all women this Marian—! "I won't let you!"

She drew a quick breath, then lifted her head and looked at Marian rigidly. "Why, thank you. I'd like to very much."

Side by side she and Marian went down the steps, followed by the men and by protests from Mrs. Reynolds and Evelyn. "This is not courage, this is cowardice," said Julie to herself. "If I were really brave I should tell them I'm afraid. I thought I'd gotten past pretending, trying to appear well. But with Selden looking on—Selden—"

Nevertheless she went on talking and laughing as they walked down the path to the field where Marian's hangar stood. Marian was silent till, half-way, she said: "Franklin, trot back to the house and get a coat and cap for Miss Houghton, will you? And Stonie, will you and Nick go ahead to see that Neilson has that wheel repaired right?"

Her voice came on the same thin, high note that fear had put in Julie's. After the men had gone she walked slowly and more slowly still. "You're afraid, too, and you won't admit it," thought Julie. "You're as much a coward as I am, but you're so pretty he won't realize it. You're going to have him. And you're not worth it. You're not!" The dreadful electricity of hate ran through her body, gritting her teeth, clenching her fists. "If we were primitive women, I'd be fighting you with my hands."

"It looks like a rotten afternoon to fly," remarked Marian. "Don't you think we're sort of foolish to try it?"

"Not at all. I think it will be fun." She added to herself: "I'll do it if you kill me."

Now Marian stopped altogether. She kept moving her head, swinging her cap in her hand. "I don't believe I'll go up to-day."

"Why not? You're not *afraid,* are you?"

"Not afraid, no. Of course it gets a person's nerve a bit—making the kind of landing I did yesterday."

"Why do you go up, then?"

"Well, there isn't any reason why we shouldn't." She fairly writhed at the sound of the aeroplane motor drumming suddenly, close at hand.

"Not wanting to's a good reason."

"Yes, but what could I tell them?"

At the sight of her suffering Julie felt a sudden revulsion to her hard-won understanding, generosity, courage. She took a final step along the pathway of relinquishment. "Why, just the truth, I suppose—that we're afraid," she said.

Marian shook her head violently. "You can't tell a thing like that to a man like Stone."

"What else can you tell him?"

"I thought maybe—you're an older woman—I thought—"

"Oh." There was a short silence between them.

"What's the matter, Mary Ann?" Franklin came down to them, carrying the coat and cap. "Stalled here?"

It was Julie who addressed him. "Go to the hangar, please, Mr. Forbes, and tell them we've changed our minds. We're not going to fly after all."

"Changed your minds—not going to fly? Oh, women, women!" He ran off down the path.

Marian turned to Julie with a motion of her body almost cringing. She spoke in a low, quick voice. "I can't tell Selden I'm afraid. He despises a coward. He wouldn't understand. And you see—I love him. Weren't you ever in love when you were a girl?"

"Yes—I was."

"Well, you know how it is, then. You know, you can't bear to have them think—"

"I know."

"I want him to love me. I want it terribly. That's the only thing I've ever wanted and haven't been able to get. You're so much older—and you don't care. I wondered—I thought maybe—"

"Yes. It's all right. Don't worry, Marian. I'll make it all right."

The sound of the motor had stopped, and the men were coming toward them. "What's the matter?" called Nick.

The three paused beside them, looked questioningly at Marian. Marian, her eyes on the ground, nodded toward Julie. "Why, I was talking to Miss Houghton, and she said—"

Julie stepped forward, smiling, speaking clearly and graciously. "The truth is, I was afraid to go up. You know I'm not as young as I was once, and women lose their taste for stunts like that after they get into the thirties. I'm sorry to spoil things for the rest of you."

Selden Stone looked at her, saying nothing, while the other men tried to make the moment easy.

When they reached the veranda Julie crossed directly to Evelyn. "What happened? Not going to fly?" began Evelyn. Julie shook her head. "Evelyn, would you mind sending for another car to take you home? I want to go now. I want to drive a little by myself."

"But don't you want to wait till Selden—?"

"No. Please—"

Evelyn understood enough. "All right. I'll fix things." She drew Julie over to their hostess and made an excuse for her departure. "I'll stay a little longer, though, if I'm urged. Take the car, woman dear."

JULIE, her good-bys said, drove off into the country—away from Marian, away from Selden Stone. It was blessed to be alone; but more than that, in the place in her heart where pain had lain these years had come instead relief, tranquillity.

She turned off the paved highway upon a quiet country road. She could think of Marian now without hatred or envy. But a pang of protective love for Selden went through her heart. "Oh, be good to him, you girl!"

A motor horn sounded behind her. A glance at the driving mirror showed her a car approaching, but at some distance, not close enough to pass. Funny. She looked again. It was a long gray roadster with red spokes and trim—a car she had seen somewhere—yesterday, and to-day—Marian's car.

Instinctively Julie stepped on the accelerator. What was Marian doing, following her? It looked like a man's figure at the wheel. Had Selden and Marian gone out together and happened on her road? She turned a corner and looked squarely back. The man was Selden Stone, and he was alone in the car.

"What can he want of me?" thought Julie. All the laid ghosts arose at once and began their dance in her blood. "I can't talk to him now. I'd cry or faint. His train goes in half an hour. If I can just keep away from him for half an hour—" She pressed the accelerator. "He's near!" She had an excited feeling of magnified energy and power as the car leaped over the road—wild, fast, tireless. Her mind could scarcely keep up with it. She felt as if she were being left behind. Faster—faster! Now she had caught up—on, ahead, outstripping even the headlong flight of the car. Still he was gaining. She felt a tingle of excitement in her wrists. Of course he would gain. He was a better driver than she. He was a better man all round.

"Running away again!" she thought "Always running away." And her two selves began to argue: "Stop! Don't run! Face it!" "I can't!" "You can! Stop!" She took her foot off the throttle. The big machine plunged on, its speed scarcely perceptibly slackened, then slowly began to lose momentum. Julie drew up in front of the schoolhouse, turned in her seat, and waited. In a moment Selden had stopped his car beside her.

He looked blown, concentrated. There was no mischief now in his eyes. They were hard, like a huntsman's, and there was a hard pallor, too, beneath his tanned skin. "What can he want of me?" thought Julie.

She read the question in his eyes: "Were you trying to run away from me?" She would not let her own eyes answer.

"What a gorgeous race! It's fun letting them out once in a while, isn't it?"

His eyes were still insistent, but baffled now as well.

And now he asked her outright: "Were you trying to run away from me?"

Julie felt herself growing as pale as he. "Yes," she said.

"Let's go up to that bench under the trees," he suggested.

Julie felt horribly frightened by his nearness; she no longer knew what her eyes were saying. Nevertheless she smiled and nodded, and took the hand he offered to help her up the bank. But when they reached the bench, instead of sitting down they stood facing each other. Stone said abruptly: "Did you know I was in love with you when we were youngsters—before I went away?"

"I thought you—liked me—"

His words began to come fast, to tumble over each other. "It wasn't the Julie you were then I loved, so much as the other Julie, the woman you might make of yourself some day."

She smiled at him tremulously. He came closer, so that it seemed to Julie that his presence was all about her.

"And then when I saw you again to-day—so very beautiful—with a beauty you'd made yourself, with heart and understanding in it—"

"Oh, you can't mean that!" her thought interrupted him. "But you do. You do!"

"And when I saw your generosity, and your courage that it hurt a man to watch—"

"You understood! Of course you would," she thought.

"And when I realized you'd done all that without me, I said to myself: 'That's your punishment—that's your punishment, man, for being such a conceited fool. You lost a woman like that!' And then—I'm not very keen on quitting without a fight—I said: 'I'll win her—if she hasn't got too far beyond—'"

Julie clenched a fist, brought it convulsively to her breast. "Beyond!"

"So if there's a chance in a hundred for me—or in a million—I'll fight for it." He got her hands into two hard, warm hands that trembled. The red rushed back beneath his skin; his eyes softened to their quiet, eager brown. His voice came queer and stifled as he ended: "There's never been any one else, not even for five minutes. I'll wait, I'll pay any price, if you tell me there's a chance for me—just one chance. Julie—is there?"

Julie took her hands from him, lifted her arms up and out as if she were receiving into them her inexpressible happiness. "Oh, you love me! You do. You do!" Peace, like dawn, rose quietly upon her.

"Love you! Oh, my dear!" His arms came close around her, but gently in their eagerness, as if they closed on a very precious thing. Julie's eyes filled, and she could feel her lips trembling, but she did not cry. Instead she met his kiss.

The A-B-C of Nutrition

SEPTEMBER—and millions of youngsters are off to school. Science teaches that upon the diet of the child depend an alert mind and a strong body. Children must have *fats* for energy.

To Promote Growth and Health Children Must Have Vitamins —Especially Vitamin "A."

After months of experiment, Dr. Philip B. Hawk, Director of the Food Research Laboratories, Powder Point School, Duxbury, Mass., announces that

Nucoa

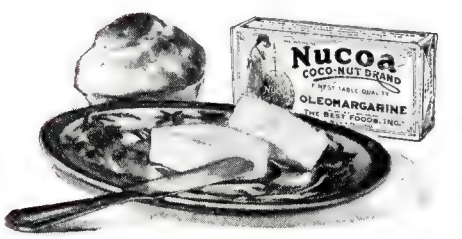
The Wholesome Spread for Bread

contains libreal quantities of Vitamin A.

NUCOA is made from the rich fat pressed from the snow-white meat of the cocoanut, and Pasteurized milk. Regardless of season or conditions which affect a "spread" of a less scientific nature, Nucoa always gives a definite and plentiful supply of life-giving, growth-promoting vitamins.

Keep your bright youngsters always at the top by using NUCOA at your table and in your kitchen. (Send for School Lunch Recipes.)

Finest Table Quality about half the price-



THE BEST FOODS, Inc.
New York Chicago San Francisco

Do Your Curtains Give You All Their Loveliness?

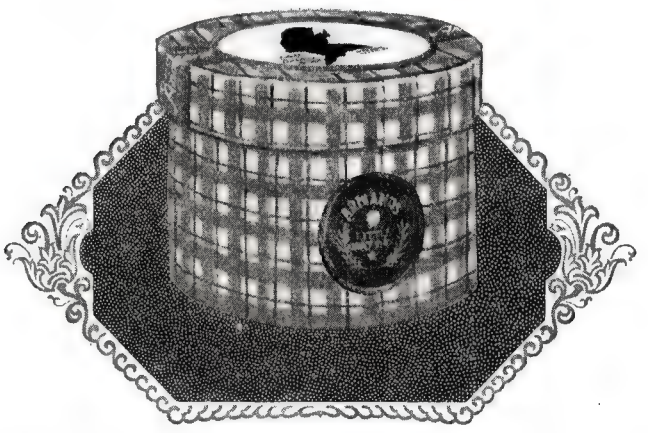
FINE Curtains alone cannot produce beautiful window effects. The rods are almost as important for they make or mar a curtain's charm.

With graceful, scientific Bluebird Rods, Curtains give you all their loveliness. Rustless, sagless, economical, they come single, double, triple, in lustrous Satin Gold and White Enamel. Easy to put up—packed with both nails and screws.

Stiffening Ribs distinguish "Bluebirds" from other rods. Look for this feature. Made by H. L. Judd Co., Inc., New York.

Ask your dealer for Bluebird Rods. He carries them or will gladly get them for you.

All day you can look as lovely as when you leave your mirror



UNDER the most trying circumstances you can keep your complexion at its best. You can look fresh and charming at the end of a day, at the end of a journey, even at the end of a dance—if your skin keeps its glorious color, its creamy softness. . . . Armand Cold Cream Powder is an origination with a marvelous bit of Cold Cream in it. You will find Armand Cold Cream Powder very fine as well as remarkably adherent, and of exquisite quality. In White, Pink, Creme, Brunette, Tint Natural and Armand Flame (Double Brunette). Always $1.00 a box.

We offer you this Armand Week-end Package containing eight generous samples, and the "Creed of Beauty" booklet, for only 25c. There are four kinds of Powder—decide which suits you best; Cold Cream and Vanishing Cream; Cold Cream Rouge, and Mimosa Soap. The "Creed of Beauty" booklet gives complete directions for using them all. Clip this coupon and send for your Armand Week-end Package to-day. Address, Armand—Des Moines. Address in Canada, Armand, Ltd., St. Thomas, Ontario.

ARMAND—Des Moines F

Please send me the Armand Week-end Package, including the "Creed of Beauty."

I enclose 25c { coin / stamps

Name.....

Street.....

City.....State.....

ARMAND
COLD CREAM POWDER
In The PINK & WHITE BOXES

GUARANTEE

No matter where purchased, if any Armand product does not entirely please you, you may take it back and your money will be returned.

Girl in Golden Rags

[*Continued from page 18*]

Anne took a lighted candle, led the way, and mounted the stairs. Connor and Aylward, loaded with baggage, followed. West, both arms full of luggage, looked around at Jacqueline.

"Lean up and let me kiss you," he whispered.

She mounted one step, stood on tip-toe, stretched her slim throat and attained his lips. Then she turned noiselessly and fled, thrilled with mischievous delight.

THE weather held. The sun rose out of a sea of fog each morning and set through opalescent mist. There was no rain during the week; no wind.

West's righthand shooting-pocket was full of loose cartridges; in the left pocket of his shooting coat was a strapped sketch-book. He was quite likely to be sketching the dogs when a covey of grouse roared up through the birches.

Sometimes, too, his impressionable but youthfully unstained mind was preoccupied with Jacqueline.

Toward the latter part of that week, after an exhausting day's grouse shooting through thorn, slashing, and wet woods;—and after the agreeable combination of dry clothing, slippers, and supper;—Roger Aylward's head began to nod earlier than usual over the ancient Albany newspaper; and Connor's cigar kept going out; and he was too drowsy to bother with it.

"Roger," he said with a terrific yawn, "I'm turning in. Are you?"

"All right. . . . It's only a little after nine."

"That's the proper bed-time for a boy," said Connor; "come on—" He glanced around at West, where he sat on the sofa with Jacqueline.

"—As for that sleepless old man, yonder," he continued, "let him sit up if he likes. . . . Old men have a long rest coming all too soon to them. . . . We lads need our sleep, Roger. Come lad; for my eyes are heavy with new youth and the need to dream."

Aylward laid aside his newspaper and got up. Connor made a slight, stiff bow to Anne as she sat knitting.

She looked up at him in friendly amusement and laughed a little, too. For a while she continued to knit; but, a few minutes after the two older men had lighted their candles and mounted the stairs, Anne also rose, folded her wool and needles, glanced across the room at the two young people on the sofa.

"Are you coming up pretty soon, Jackie?" she asked.

"Pretty soon, Mother," replied Jacqueline.

"Don't keep Mr. Halton up late. He has had a tiring day—"

"I'm not tired, Mrs. Ardres," he said.

"I have several things to tell him," added Jacqueline.

Anne said good-night; her daughter jumped up, kissed her vigorously, and returned to the sofa with a hop-skip-and-a-jump, and stood beside it practicing a toe-spin, which abruptly landed her on the sofa's edge, rather dizzy.

West lighted Anne's candle and made a nice bow to her at the foot of the stairs. She looked at him amiably and went on upstairs.

When he returned to the sofa, Jacqueline took him by the arm and pulled herself closer to him.

"West," she said, "I really have something to tell you. It's about myself. Shall I?"

"Tell me, Jack."

"Well, then, in the bookcase drawer over there, I have ten and a half copy-books full of my poems. *I* wrote them all. Would *you* listen—to one or two? Would you, West?"

"Certainly."

"Then you won't laugh. . . . You'll *tell* me—oh, West, you're so sweet!—"

At half past ten Jacqueline Ardres was still reading aloud from her collected works. And West was growing desperately drowsy.

The so-called "poems" which she first had read to him— [*Turn to page 68*]

FOR SUNBURN —*nothing better*

After bathing, a long motor ride, fishing or hiking, there's nothing better for sunburn than soothing "Vaseline" Petroleum Jelly. It keeps out air and assists nature's healing processes.

For cuts, burns, blisters, bed sores, or chafing there's nothing safer. Contains no irritating or harmful ingredients.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. CO. (CONS'D)
State Street, New York

Look for the trade-mark "Vaseline" on every package. It is your protection.

Vaseline
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
PETROLEUM JELLY

$500.00 For Best 2nd Verse

written for the song, "I'LL BE WAITING"---To secure free copy and rules of this prize contest, address: EQUITABLE MUSIC CORP., 1658 BROADWAY, N. Y. C.

Cuticura Talcum Unadulterated Exquisitely Scented

How to care for
Dull Hair

You cannot expect hair which is naturally devoid of lustre to look brilliant or exceptionally bright after an ordinary shampoo. You must use a shampoo that is *different*—a shampoo that *will add real beauty* to your hair—GOLDEN GLINT Shampoo. This shampoo will make your hair look so much prettier, so much more attractive, that you will just love to fuss with it. In addition to the clean freshness any good shampoo gives, it offers something unusual, something new, something more than a promise. This "something" is a secret you'll discover with your first Golden Glint Shampoo. 25c a package at toilet counters or direct.

* * *

J. W. KOBI CO., 642 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Golden Glint
SHAMPOO

No. 320. All-Wool Plaid. Fur Trimmed. Brown or Blue. 14 to 44. **$10.95**

No. 620. All-Silk Satin-faced Crepe. Black or Cocoa. 14 to 44. **$9.95**

No. 621. Fine All-Wool Poiret Sheen. Navy only. 14 to 44. **$8.95**

No. 321. All-Wool Chamois Cloth. Fur Trimmed Brown or Sheik. 14 to 44. **$14.95**

The Same Smart Styles That Are Shown in Our Fifth Avenue Shop Come to You in The New Hamilton Catalog!

ENJOY the advantages of shopping on Fifth Avenue, the style center of America! Your new Hamilton Catalog brings this wonderful buying opportunity to you in your own home—no matter where you live. Actual photographs on living models accurately portray the hundreds of smart styles we are selling daily to New York's well dressed women in our large Fifth Avenue shop.

Being manufacturers, we show the new styles *first*. You are always correctly dressed when you buy at Hamilton's.

ALL POSTAGE FREE!

We prepay the postage on all orders. Everything in women's and children's wearing apparel from hats to shoes!

WE GUARANTEE
the prices in this catalog to be lower than any house in America!

If before December 15, you can buy the same garments for less, we will refund the difference. YOU ARE THE JUDGE!

THE Hamilton label insures the highest quality of workmanship and materials at the lowest prices. Every detail of design and manufacture is carefully supervised. Only the best fabrics are used, scientifically tested and examined before shipment. No matter how low the price, the quality is the best. Hamilton customers appreciate more and more the high standards maintained.

Send for YOUR copy of the HAMILTON CATALOG today! Hundreds of Styles photographed on living models, showing just how your garment will look, when worn. IT'S FREE!

HAMILTON GARMENT CO. MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT B9, 307 Fifth Ave., New York City
Gentlemen Please send me FREE your catalogue of Fifth Avenue Styles for Fall
Name
Street
Town
State
Use Post Card if you Prefer!

HAMILTON GARMENT CO.
MAIL ORDER DEPARTMENT **B9, 307 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK**

Lingette

Everybody thinks it's silk

IT'S a joy to wear underthings made of Lingette! They're flower-tinted, petal-soft—and yet you don't have to give them any more thought or care than you give the household sheets and towels—when you send them off to your laundress! That's because Lingette is made of remarkably fine, long-fiber cotton—which assures an amazing amount of strength and *long wear.*

But—in order to enjoy Lingette's beauty, Lingette's extra service—you must make sure that what you buy *is* Lingette. We want to save you the disappointments that come from poor materials.

Before you buy—won't you see that Lingette is marked on the selvage, or that a Lingette label is in the garment?

FRED BUTTERFIELD & CO., Inc., 361 Broadway, N. Y. C.

LINGETTE IS A BUTTERFIELD QUALITY FABRIC
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF NORMANDY VOILE

Genuine LINGETTE Garment
"SELL AND REPENT"
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

There are other Lingette labels which read: *Slip, Bloomer, Vest, Step-in, Chemise, Shirt, Lining, Pajama, Quilt, Gown, Camisole, Creeper, Brassiere.* Look for them before you buy.

The Girl in Golden Rags

[*Continued from page 66*]

her most recent attempts—surprised, touched, and interested him with their effortless fidelity to truth and childish ignorance of form.

There was even a certain beauty in their crass honesty—in her calm unconsciousness of self—in the utter lack of sophistication.

She had finished reading another poem—an odd, glinting, fragmentary glimpse of some homely commonplace—and, fumbling with the copy-book, and without turning: "Tell me, West?" she begged.

"What?" he asked torpidly.

"How to learn to say—all—all that I'm trying to say."

He breathed something indistinct. He was sound asleep.

A second's hurt surprise melted into that swift, enveloping tenderness that is instinctive in all women at the sight of the human male asleep.

Now, for the first time, to her, he looked alien, unfamiliar—like an arrival from another planet.

If it were born of the altered strangeness of this sleeping face—of her own subtler sense of unfamiliarity with man, where contact with boyhood hitherto had left her without sex consciousness—somehow this sleeper and this contact were disturbing her.

Perhaps the occult retreat of her soul reacted in the slightest of involuntary movements. The strange sleeper opened his eyes; she saw consciousness, the returning flush; and, suddenly, it was the boy!—her familiar comrade returned again, safe, reassuring, smooth of cheek and throated like a girl.

THE weather held. There was no frost and no flight.

Connor, dressing in his bed-room overhead, and looking out of his window, saw acres of dew sparkling in the early sunshine, and Anne crossing the grass, carrying a pitchfork.

She was a wholesome picture, with her reddish hair, clear, tanned skin and rounded limbs—really a charming figure with the free swing of her symmetrical, compact body so gracefully balanced on narrow ankles and long, shapely feet.

Roger Aylward came into Connor's room, knotting a flowing blue tie over his blue flannel shirt, and glanced out of the window over Connor's shoulder.

"Look at yon woman," said Connor, "—up with the sun and we still snoring! And now she's off to some man's work—anything! anywhere!—fork or hoe; shovel or plow—and for forty years I've been telling everyone that that kind of woman is extinct as a dodo!"

He became silent as Anne drove out of the yard, standing up in the lurching hay-rig like some girl charioteer of ancient Athens, giving, swaying, balancing from supple limb to body as the wagon made rough weather of it over ditch and furrow.

"It's the buckwheat she's after—the stacks on the hill yonder," grunted Connor. "Roger, if you had to hoe and dig and reap and thresh and cook everything you shoved into your mouth, you'd say grace before bread and kiss every potato you swallowed. You would that, me buck!"

"Very edifying—from a millionaire," remarked Aylward.

A heavenly aroma of fried ham, potatoes, coffee, and corn-bread pervaded the place. Jacqueline waited on table.

"We're going to thresh buckwheat."

"With *flails!*"

"Yes. It costs too much to send for Welch Verril's thresher."

Connor broke silence again: "Well, little lass, I want you, when my car arrives, to go and tell the man who owns the thresher to bring it here. *I'll* pay for it."

Jacqueline gave him a surprised and slightly troubled look: "Mother wouldn't let me."

"That she would, little lass, when she understood why. I'll just light a pipe and walk over yon. . . . And, Roger! If you had the backbone of a grasshopper you'd bring a fork and pitch buckwheat with me—"

"I can see you pitching it!"

"You shall, then. . . ."

CONNOR took a pitchfork, walked out across the grass, got over the fence.

"Ma'am," he said abruptly, "you need a man on top of that load."

She turned around, saw the pitchfork in his hand and smiled.

He caught her fork; drove both deep into the red stalks, leaned over and caught both her hands as she stepped from the hub to the seat, and drew her up beside him.

"I have to confess I've taken a liberty. I sent that golden lass of yours to fetch the threshing machine."

Anne's cheeks reddened: "Why did you do that?" she asked in consternation.

"Because I've business to talk with you, ma'am; and grain can't wait while fair skies hold—"

She interrupted: "Mr. Connor, I can not afford—"

"One moment, ma'am; if we do no business together, I pay for the trouble I cause; if we do—and I'm thinking we shall—then you can buy the danged old machine and never feel the expense."

She turned where she was seated on the wine-red straw.

"Ma'am," he said, not looking at her, "I'll not disguise what's in my mind. And in Mr. Aylward's, too. We're here to buy your twenty thousand acres—"

"Buy?" she repeated.

"Yes, ma'am."

Anne was silent.

"Ma'am?"

She looked up dully.

"Would two dollars the brush-acre suit us?"

She couldn't answer—couldn't think.

"Well," said Connor carelessly, "I figured it with Roger. He took pencil; I worked it out in my head; and we came close together—we did that—for the farm, fifteen thousand; and fifteen more for the woods. . . . It gives us seventy thousand all told. . . . If you hold out for seventy-five I'll be robbed! I will that. And I'll not pay for the survey—not a penny! . . . Shall we say seventy-five thousand dollars?"

Things got grayish, then dark, then cleared a little. Her eyes were blind with tears, and she bowed her head on her arm.

"I—didn't know I was—so tired," she said.

DURING dinner the chug-chug-pfut! pfut! pfut! of the threshing machine became audible.

Anne glanced up at Connor.

"It's high time, ma'am," he said; "there's a change in the air, and we'll see scud and a sick moon tonight."

"A flight!" exclaimed Aylward.

"The first dribble, Roger. Three days will the white frost lie and melt to dew; then on the fourth day 'twill lie white and harder on the north side of the house. And on the fifth will come a black frost and hard."

West laughed, but Anne's blue eyes rested on Connor with a sort of fascination. Never before had she been conscious of power in any man. But, from the day that this man had entered her door, she was vaguely conscious of power—even under his unvarying courtesy and kindness; and in his lively moments of expansion, his gaiety, and vehemence.

She rose, went out into the kitchen, calling Jacqueline after her.

"Jackie; you and I are going to be very happy," whispered Anne, controlling her voice with difficulty.

"But we *are,* darling—"

"Yes. . . . But we're not to be poor any more. And Mother need not work in the fields—so hard—any more—"

"Oh, Anne!"

In the straining silence of their embrace, Anne dropped her face on her daughter's breast and Jacqueline felt, through her thin waist, the wet warmth of tears.

[*Continued in October* McCALL'S]

Helping Brother

[*Continued from page 2*]

tell me that they had been forced into such stiff religious observances, so restricted in their home lives, that they made up their minds that when they came into control of their own destinies they would never go to church again as long as they lived.

I am not so much concerned with *why* these things happen as I am with the fact that they *do* happen. Because the men and women of my day, and to some extent, the day preceding mine, felt that our ancestors had been puritanical, had gone too far in religious observance and mental and moral training was no reason at all why we should allow all religious instruction to be dropped in our public schools, as to why we should almost cease from attendance upon church services ourselves, or why we should absolutely discard the training given us in our youth and start a headlong race, so far as gratification in appetite, dress and amusement and a struggle to amass a fortune are concerned; without observing ourselves or teaching our children to observe any of the finer things of the spirit which were so rigorously taught to us.

You may talk about the war all you please. There is no question at all but that it did aggravate existing conditions, but if it had not started when conditions were wholly *wrong* it could not have resulted as it has. If we had been living lives devoted to the highest ideals that can animate a nation, if we had kept God in our schools and in our homes and at the outbreak of the war had been worshipping Him in our churches; if we had been living in accordance with the laws laid down for us in our constitution, there is no reason why we should have sent our children to face this terrible catastrophe that overtook all nations without the consolation of religion and without the physical and moral stability which our grandfathers possessed. And there is no reason why those of us who remained at home to furnish the sinews of war should have become so utterly absorbed in committees, in preparation of material, in raising funds and meeting trains that we allowed the present generation to absolutely slip from our control. At this minute it is a dumbfounding fact that we are graduating boys and girls from our public schools who have had not one word of religious training in their whole school life; who never heard the Sermon on the Mount or the Twenty-third Psalm read to them in school in all their lives; who never repeated the Lord's Prayer, and this applies equally to their home lives. And these are the boys and girls who are going out in the world today to become the men and women who will control the destinies of our nation tomorrow. They are the boys and girls, by an appalling majority, who have been defrauded of a good big share of their natural birthright.

The whole trouble today that is sending children, seven years behind their due in mentality and utterly behind their due in physical, moral and religious culture, to face the world is the fact that the fathers and mothers of one and two generations ago slipped the leash and ran amuck themselves. If we had kept on being proud to be Christians, to say definitely for what we stood and why; if we had kept God in our churches and in our schools and homes, where God belongs above every other place in the universe, we would not today be in the frightful mess that we are.

And in all this, naturally and of course, from his position as a leader the male element has gone farther and fared worse. So long as men must fight the wars and go out in the world to transact business, so long women should bear the children and keep the home fires bright. It does not seem probable that any new way of populating the universe is going to be discovered and while the present method obtains homes and cradles are going to loom large in our civilization, but we have got to face the fact that home will not mean much when it is presided over by a girl having no religious instruction, no clear moral standard, and a body weakened by the stress and strain of dances two or three times a week, from the time she is twelve or fourteen years of age onward, by indiscriminate eating of rich and highly seasoned food at irregular times, by an overstressed mental effort to keep up in school when the body is physically tired. Everywhere I go I hear the complaint among school girls that they are tired to death. And they are. Little flat-chested, pale, anemic, tired things, vainly struggling to make a decent grade and at the same time to put in an appearance at all the functions required by sororities and social life and of popular origin. Just how girls growing up under such a régime are going to be made to feel the necessity for keeping up the race, how they are going to settle down to bearing and rearing children, how they are going to learn how carefully and economically to administer the affairs of a home, to be the companion of a man who is willing to undertake the job of trying to found a home under the conditions men must face today, is a problem. And right here is where brother comes in. Brother is the man of tomorrow.

When I compare the boys of today with the boys of my generation and those of a generation before me, my heart aches. It is so rare for me to see a physical specimen of young manhood who looks sound and honest, morally clean and mentally alert. On every hand it is granted that something must be done. Kentucky is taking a hand, and Michigan, by putting the Bible back into the schools as the first step that all of us have got to take in getting back our lost inheritance. This we can do, and I think the awakening that most of us are getting at the present minute is sufficiently horrible that we will reinstate the Bible We will go back to God. Then we will take a stand for higher culture; we will rebel against the cheap and nasty in literature, in music, and in art. If all of us honestly join in the effort, twenty years from now we will have a decent world for brother to be born in, and we will have a decent father and mother to give him birth.

Now there are some of us struggling patiently to help brother back to the place where he is not ashamed to stand up and say that he believes in Jesus Christ and he thinks it would be a manly thing to shape the life of today as nearly as possible on the lines laid down by that greatest One the world has ever known in the form of a man. We are trying to help him to regain the ancient courage and courtesy through the Boy Scout movement, and this movement includes trying to get the boys back on land, to teach them the ancient arts of swimming, shooting straight and playing any game square. Never have I seen any body of men more sorely beset than are the ministers and the educators of the present minute. Our big universities are absolutely filled with heresies that are nothing short of sedition. What comes precious near to Bolshevism and Socialism has crept into them until brother's head has been filled with all sorts of treason against his constitution and his government, and yet it is a government that has survived and gone on without change, to any appreciable extent, so far as its statute books are concerned, for decades on decades; while the governments of these foreigners who would come in to show us how to control our country have fallen and broken up in such chaos that the people who leave them are only too glad to get away from the land of their birth and establish themselves in our country. But why they feel equipped to come here and tell us how to run our affairs is a thing that I cannot understand; and why for a minute we permit foreigners to stand up in public and traduce our laws, our customs, and our religion I am unable to state. We should all acknowledge our guilt wherein we have been remiss; but the essential thing at the present minute is for every man and woman in the United States who has a soul that they feel is immortal and a reverence for homes and firesides, a love for our beautiful land, and a desire to perpetuate our race with clean blood and fine physical specimens, to get on the job and do what they can to make up to brother for the sins they have committed against him.

We will all admit that in the aggregate he has not had the educational opportunity that he might have had. He has been shamefully abused in his lack of religious training. Equally shameful is the abuse that he has suffered in lack of knowledge as to the uses and abuses of his body. The things that his father and his mother and his teachers have failed to instil in him from his very earliest youth will cripple him and handicap him all his life, will make him unfit to be the father of the sons that he might have sired, to take the place in literature and in art and in the government that he might have filled. We have not even required of him that he should be courteous to his elders or to his equals.

A few days ago two handsome young men of marriageable age sat in my home and in talking over these things with me they both admitted that neither of them would consider for a minute such a thing as marrying one of the girls they had been "playing around" with for years. They both said frankly that when the time for marriage and the establishment of a home came they meant to go to the country and marry a sound, healthy girl who had not dissipated her moral and physical strength in jazz dances and "petting parties" and cigarette smoking and tippling intoxicating drink.

But it is about brother that I started out to write, and brother is just about as flabby and as thin and as ill prepared to be the father of the coming generation as sister is to be the mother, and so in an effort to make up for the sins we have committed against brother the first thing we can do is to help him in every way possible to an outdoor life, to physical exercise, to getting some red blood in his veins.

Then take the crime wave that has swept over the land and involved so many of our brothers. Every once in a while the papers come out with a picture of some man who has been apprehended for a crime and very frequently we discover that he has a young, innocent face and instead of being somebody else's brother he might have been yours or mine. What can we do to make up to brother for the lack of honest perceptions no one has taken the time to drill into him in his first days? If he has not been trained from earliest childhood to keep his fingers off of anything that did not belong to him, to play the game square, to do to all men as he would like to have them do to him, how are we going to go to work today to teach him and to help him to these things? Educators can do their best; preachers can do their best; welfare workers can do their share; but I believe it would be an excellent idea for fathers and mothers to get on the job. I think it would be fine for every father in the United States to take one day and go to the woods, there sit down alone and think about how he has handled his responsibility as a father. He has not taught his son religion; he has not drilled him to be strictly honest; he has left him very largely to shift for himself morally and physically. What can he do and do quickly that will truly help brother to get the things of which he has been defrauded?

For one thing, a father cannot very well ask a boy not to carry a flask if he has one in his own pocket. He cannot very well ask a boy not to shatter his nerves and ruin his stomach and fill his system with nicotine poison if he is smoking like a furnace himself. He cannot very well urge his boy to play the game square, to be absolutely fair in business transactions, if the son knows that the father is taking devious short cuts to wealth and cheating and evading. The very first thing that any father can do to help his son is to do right himself. It was Christ who said: "Thou hypocrite, first cast the beam from thine own eye," and that is what the fathers of today must do before they can go to their sons and put their arms lovingly around them and say: "Come on, lad, let's get together. I have failed. I have let you go the wrong way. I have gone the wrong way myself. Now let's make a right about and see what we can do to get into the game together and repair what damage we can." And if it is not necessary for some fathers in this country to go quite this far, that is a thing for which they should thank God; but I will venture that there is no father living, who, if he would take a day to think it over, could not think of *some way* in which he could help his boy and other boys today who are needing help so sorely.

And then there are things that the girls in a family can do to help their brothers. It would be a great help to thousands of boys if older sisters would only coach them on matters pertaining to the life they are starting to live. As I read the records of the boys who are going wrong at the present minute, I believe that a great many of them started the troubles that are ending so disastrously for them and for their families while they were youngsters in school. They see other boys who have rich fathers having a great deal of money to spend. They see the attractive girls electing to go with these boys because of the treats and the automobile rides and the parties that they can attend with them. Many a boy knows in his heart that the girl he likes best prefers him; but because he has not the money or the automobile or the freedom to show her a good time she will not accept the simple entertainment that he can give her and be content with his company. She will deliberately flout him and go with the one who can show her the best time; and that is where the girls ruin their lives. It is where they lose their chance to help a boy to be square and to be honest and to lay a foundation for a manhood of which they can be proud.

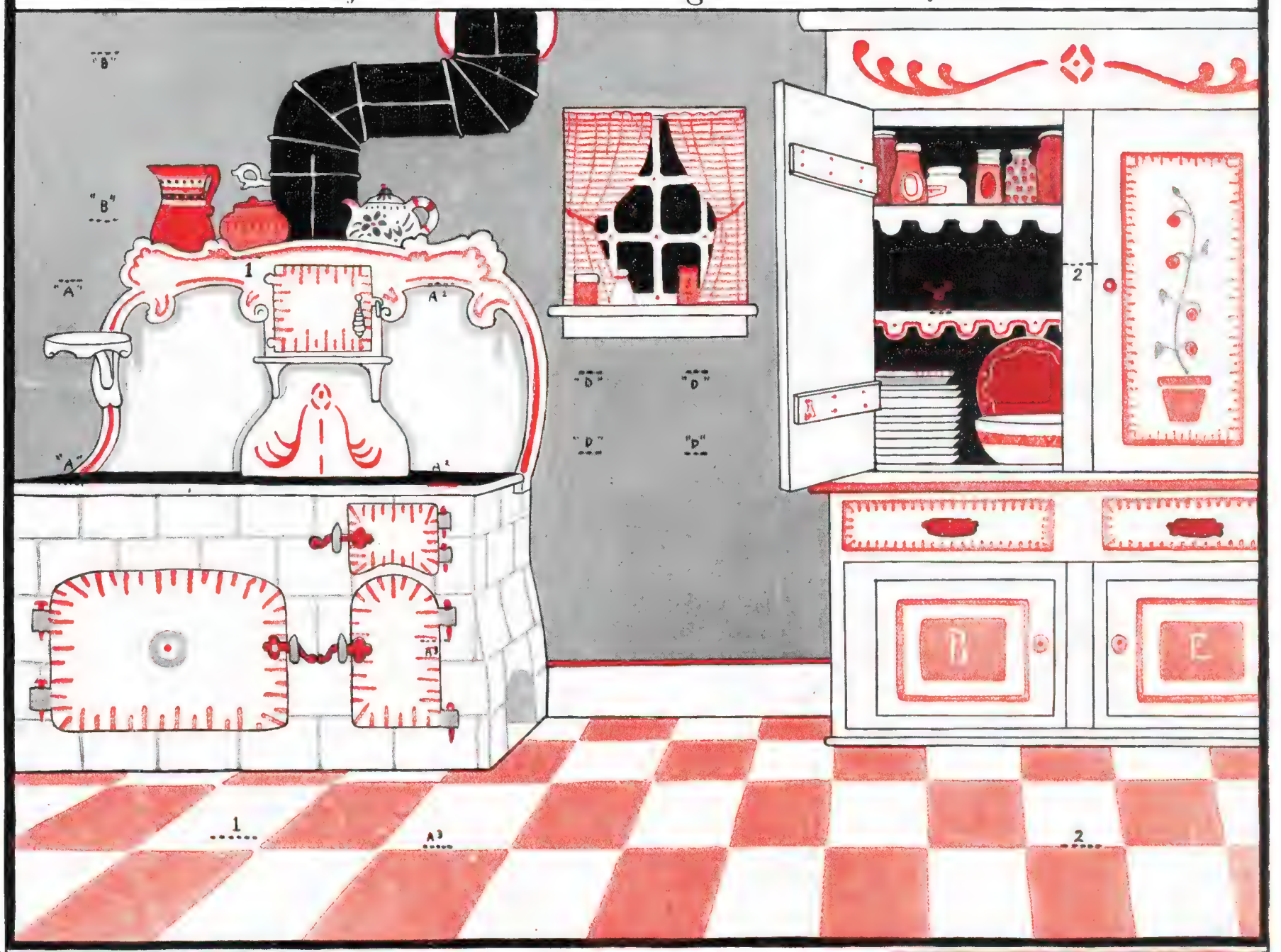
Physical attraction is a horribly strong thing, and if a boy is strongly attracted to a girl he will go to almost unbelievable extents in his efforts to be with her, to furnish her such entertainment as will make her prefer his company. I am sorry that there is such a thing in this whole world as the girl who will turn down a boy whom she knows is honest and fair, trying hard to make a man of himself, and give her company to a boy simply because he has a father who can provide him with a car and spending money. Every once in a while I see in public places a youngster out attempting to entertain a girl, when it takes no particular mental endeavor to see that he is scared to death. Every once in a while you can see one of these chaps slipping his hand into his pocket frantically feeling over the few coins there to see if they are going to be enough to meet the bills. Often you will see a youngster excuse himself and remember something he has to say to his friend, and what he has to say is: "For God's sake, can't you slip me a dollar? I am here with Susy and she has ordered more than I can pay for!"

Why in all this world do not girls realize that boys in school have not large sums of money to spend? If they go out with school boys who offer to treat, why take the most expensive thing on the bill of fare? Why not stop and compute the total cost and figure on whether the boy is in a financial condition to pay for what you are ordering? Why not ponder a little and see whether you are making a prospective thief and bandit out of the youngster you like to be with and who is so bright and interesting? If you know that a young man is fond of you and likes your company, and that it means everything in the world to him to give you a treat, why not figure a little on whether he can afford that treat, and in a case where a girl has as much pocket money as a boy, why should she spend all of it on pretty accessories to her toilet and beauty parlors? God knows there is nothing more pitiful in our civilization today than our painted, rouged, marcelled school girls. I have been laughing in the last few days over wonderful big signs that are decorating the landscape all around Los Angeles reading: "Keep that school girl complexion," for almost every school girl I see on the streets, from so young as twelve years of age up, looks like a moving picture actress when she steps before the Klieg lights to play a part in which she would look like a negro if she were not so made up. And because professional girls, earning their living under the glare of Klieg lights, have been forced to go from one studio to another, or to rush hurriedly to a store for a change of costume, or to go to and from work on the street cars so made up, our youngsters here in Los Angeles have decided that it is up to them to look as the professional women look, and so on every hand we see school girls with lips and cheek bones that appear as if the last steps of tuberculosis were ravishing them and their faces are painted until they have a mask-like appearance. There is not any bloom of youth. They have no expression. It is a set white face with a splash of red on the cheeks and a scarlet line for the lips, and hair so artificially arranged that it looks unnatural. What the mothers are thinking of I cannot imagine, but the whole thing is covered by the convenient phrase "Everybody's doing it. If my girl does not do what the others do she is unhappy." I wanted to shout Glory Hallelujah! a few days ago when I was told about a woman from the west who went to Washington with her husband, newly elected to a high official position. She put her children into one of the most fashionable private schools in Washington. When they came home and told her that they were not dressed as the other girls were, she said to them: "My dears, we did not come to Washington to *follow* the fashions. We came to *set* them!"

I cannot see the fairness in the school girls of today who are so fortunate as to have an allowance, spending it all on themselves and then expecting the boys [*Turn to page 72*]

The Kitchen of Sunshine Cottage

By Berta and Elmer Hader

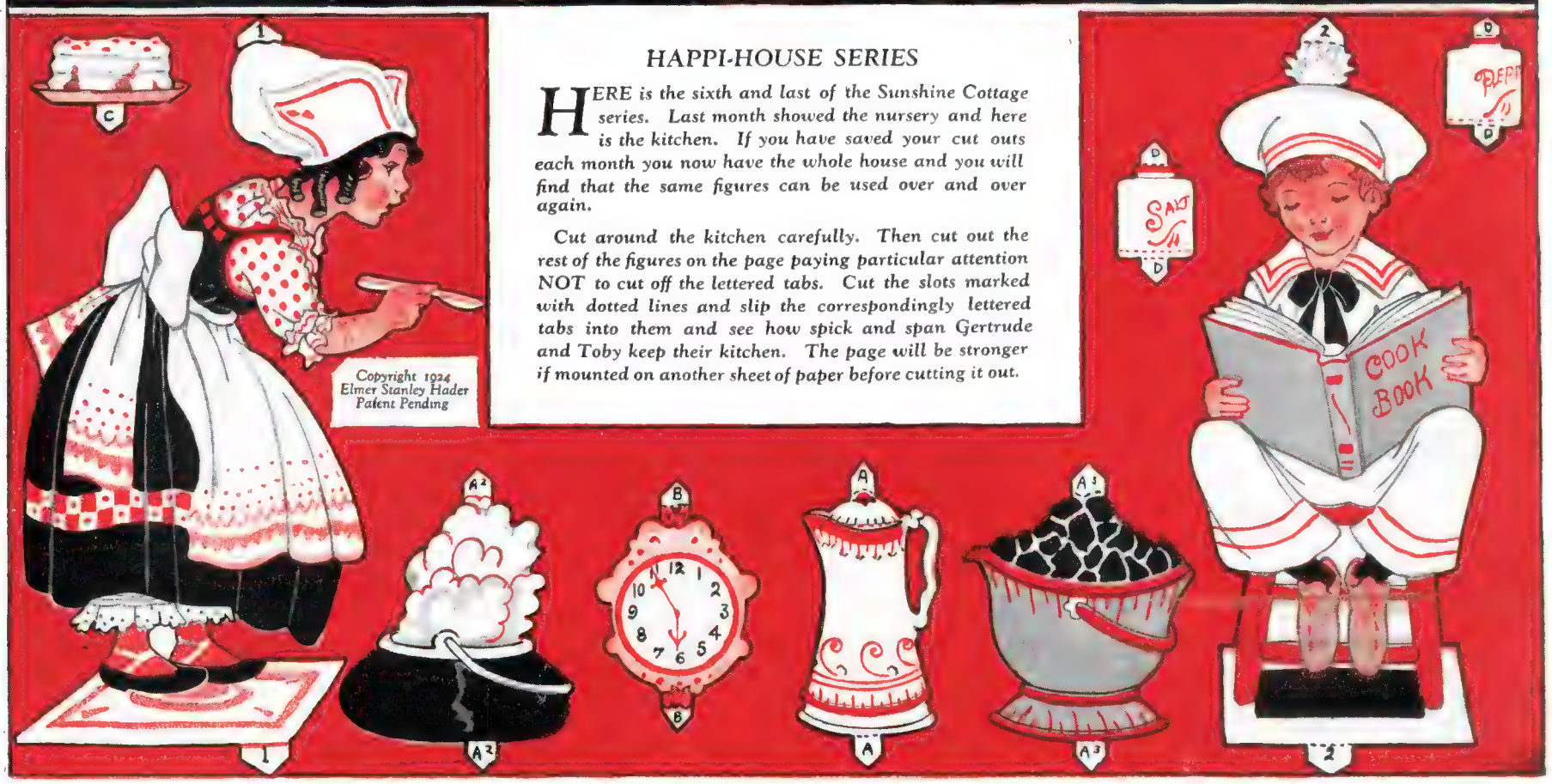


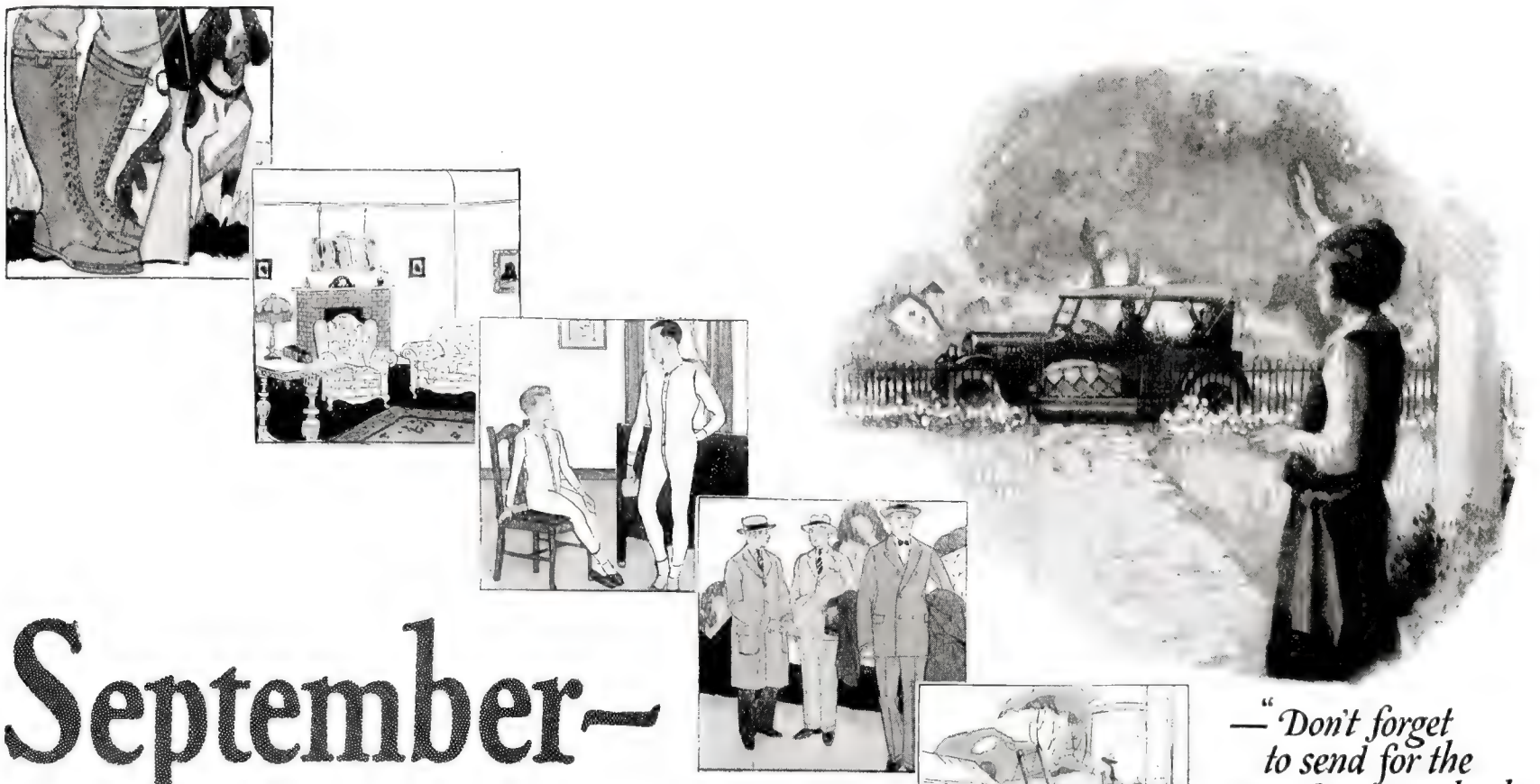
HAPPI-HOUSE SERIES

HERE is the sixth and last of the Sunshine Cottage series. Last month showed the nursery and here is the kitchen. If you have saved your cut outs each month you now have the whole house and you will find that the same figures can be used over and over again.

Cut around the kitchen carefully. Then cut out the rest of the figures on the page paying particular attention NOT to cut off the lettered tabs. Cut the slots marked with dotted lines and slip the correspondingly lettered tabs into them and see how spick and span Gertrude and Toby keep their kitchen. The page will be stronger if mounted on another sheet of paper before cutting it out.

Copyright 1924
Elmer Stanley Hader
Patent Pending





September—

—"Don't forget to send for the New Sears, Roebuck Fall Catalog"

A good time to take care of your Fall needs—Send your orders now to the World's Largest Store

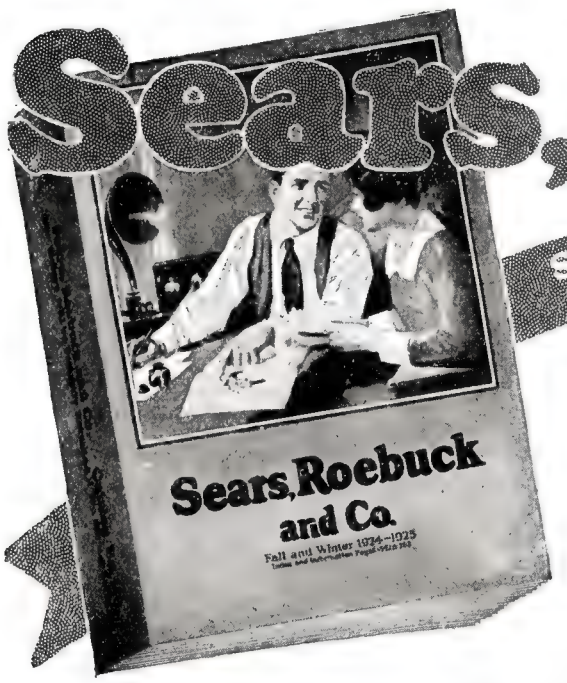
Everything is at its best in September!

The golden Indian Summer days—the best of all the year—carry with all their beauty a suggestion of the colder weather to come. Time to prepare for Winter!

Our supply of the things you need for fall and winter is most complete. Values are the greatest in years. If you need wearing apparel for any of the members of your household, if you need new furniture, rugs or furnishings for your home, if you would like labor saving equipment for farm or shop, if you want a radio, a gun or a tire—our new General Catalog for fall and winter has it for you at the lowest prices.

The quality of Sears-Roebuck goods has long been recognized by our eight million customers. They know that we were the first to guarantee merchandise and the first to equip a laboratory to make certain that the goods were of the proper quality. We'd like to have you test our merchandise. We know you will find it the best that can be had at anywhere near the price. And we guarantee it!

Our catalog of 35,000 bargains is ready. If you haven't already received your copy, use the convenient coupon below.



Sears, Roebuck and Co.

SEND FOR YOUR COPY OF THIS CATALOG

We guarantee to satisfy you and save you money

24 Hour Service!

The World's Largest Store gives you the best service! 99 out of every 100 orders are shipped within twenty-four hours after we receive them.

That's Service!

The Worlds Largest Store owns and operates Station W.L.S. Wavelength 345 Meters. Tune in

Mail the coupon TODAY to the store nearest you

Sears, Roebuck and Co. 60M70
Chicago Philadelphia Dallas Seattle

Send Latest General Catalog

Name .....

Postoffice .....

State .....

Rural Route..... ..Box No.....

Street and No.....

The Pen of Accomplishment

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

"The Daddy of Them All"

SPECIAL
With flexible Gold Filled lip band
$7.50

Other Waterman's from $2.50 to $50.00 in barrel sizes and point tempers to fit the hand and preference of individual owners.

Pen illustrated ¾ actual size.

Every age in pen-ownership has its appropriate

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

The sturdy pen of school day utility, dependable aid to neatness and accuracy.

The appreciated companion of office and campus hours—a pen selected to keep pace with growing hands and more exacting employment.

Finally, the insignia of success—the handsome gold mounted pen of the man of affairs, dignified as his treasured time piece and as efficiently ready for instant call.

Pride of possession goes with every Waterman's Pen that's sold.

Selection and Service at Best Dealers Everywhere

L. E. Waterman Company

191 Broadway, New York

Chicago Boston San Francisco Montreal

Waterman's Ideal Ink—Best for fountain pens and general use. Writes blue, dries black.

Brightens and Beautifies

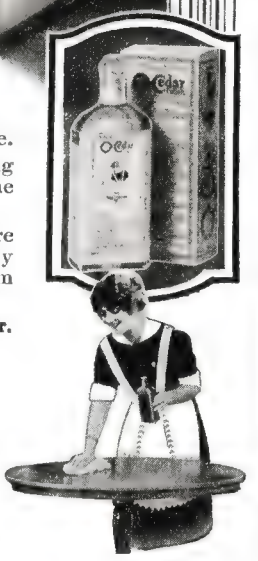
O-Cedar adds new beauty and charm to every room in the home.

With O-Cedar Polish—as in no other way—you so easily bring out all the wonderful grain, coloring and lovely finish of the fine wood surfaces in your furniture, woodwork and floors.

Use O-Cedar in your weekly cleaning and your piano, furniture and woodwork will glow with a soft, rich, lustrous sheen. Apply it with O-Cedar Polish Mop to your floors and they will gleam anew like velvet.

Remember, all O-Cedar products are guaranteed. Ask your dealer.

O-CEDAR CORP'N - Chicago
Toronto - London - Paris



30c to $3.00 Sizes

O-Cedar Polish

Helping Brother

[*Continued from page 69*]

to meet their natural expenses and at the same time furnish all entertainment that youth enjoys together. If a girl really cares for a boy and is interested in his welfare, or if she merely wishes to preserve her own self respect, why become so deeply indebted to him? Why not say frankly: "Let's make a Dutch treat and let me pay my share of the bill." If a boy has feelings on the subject that will not permit him to accept that sort of an arrangement, then there certainly could be no objection to her suggesting alternate entertainment. If the boy has taken her repeatedly, why not say to him: "Won't you come with me today?" to whatever place they have been accustomed to frequenting.

I believe that the girls of today have a heavy responsibility, and I think they can discharge a very large part of it directly in this matter of expense. A girl is a very young thing indeed when she fails to realize sex attraction. She is not out of pinafores until she understands that she means something to a boy which will transform him into a totally different creature. All hail to the girl who will use her power to help a boy to be square, to be honorable, to be healthful, to be a soldier of the Cross and of his country, a pillar of the government, a fit man to be sent abroad to adjust our affairs with other nations; and all shame to a girl who will spend every penny that comes into her possession selfishly and allow the boy whom she might help to become an upstanding citizen to be a petty thief or a burglar or a bandit for her sake.

When it comes to helping brother it is about time that every function of the government, every business ramification, every educational force, every home force, and every social force of the country be bent deliberately and at one time toward this most important of all revolutions that can be worked in our civilization today. Let us, all of us, get on the job and see what we can possibly do to help brother back to the inheritance that he has been deprived of through selfishness and neglect.

The Prince of Wales

[*Continued from page 58*]

at which one's every word and action is important and must be carefully thought out in advance. This is real hard work and, as the Prince sometimes says—as any live human being can be excused for saying—"it's a dam' nuisance." But he says it with a cheery smile which covers no grievance at his responsibilities.

But in his rôle of worker, of which you never hear, and at which the Prince labors with the assiduity and regularity of a business director, a very considerable portion of his time is employed. He has big estates to manage, and farms, ranches, and other properties in many places to run. It is true that he has agents and managers and advisers to do his actual work, but so has the owner of any organisation of size.

All big businesses have their departmental heads and directors, but all important and knotty questions have to be decided by the chief. So the Prince, as the man who runs the show, has to deal with all the questions of decision affecting the policy and conduct of his business. His desk is always piled with work; his secretaries and clerks are always busy with callers and deputations; the telephones are always buzzing.

In addition, the Prince has to keep in constant and up-to-date touch with all the affairs of the day, with foreign, colonial and dominion matters; with internal questions; with preparing and delivering speeches on industry, commerce, agriculture, politics and art. He has got to be ready to talk publicly on everything, and with a knowledge and diplomacy above criticism. But in spite of it all he never gets worried, never loses his supreme courtesy and consideration for others.

A picture of the heir to the throne of Britain as only a charming dancing man does not represent him. He is a *man*, doing a man's work in high office; a workman as well as a sportsman; a live human person as well as a Prince of Wales, and, above all, a soldier playing the game. And if he had had his own way, and could have pleased himself like one of us in his choice of a career, he would have been a regimental officer. What is more, he would have been one of the very best!

The Shadow Man

[*Continued from page 60*]

cried. "Let me hold her then. . Oh, Eric! She's scratched your hand . . . Mummy's darling child . . . *Oh!*" The Shadow Man had clutched Angela's lip so fiercely that it was bleeding violently.

The Professor took the child to the laboratory. I held it firmly—it was hard work—and gave it a little gas, while the Professor inspected my mending of the transmitter, altered a few things here and there.

"You are doing what's best for our tiny little baby," she said, "aren't you? . . . Our tiny little baby . . . Doing what's best? . . ."

"Doing what's best," I said, looking round the room, and seeing nothing of the Shadow Man; concluding as the little one regained consciousness that she was still possessed. She began to kick and scream and stiffen herself, as soon as she came round.

"There is nothing more that can be done," the Professor said hoarsely.

There was a great flash of lightning then, and the thunder came almost at the same time. For a second the room seemed to be alight, and then to rock. The baby was quiet and still very suddenly, opened its eyes and seemed to smile, to smile vacantly as a child of three weeks should. Angela kissed it, and hugged it close—then buried her face on my shoulder. I saw a shadow that wasn't thrown by any of us at my feet! The Professor saw it too.

"Out!" he almost screamed, and clutched at levers upon the machine. I saw the Shadow Man then more clearly than at any other time. He was like a ghostly man built of shadow boxes, clutching at the air with his square arms and legs to try to hold himself back from some power which was drawing him into the great horn of the transmitter. Just outside this he seemed to become merely a cloud of mist, almost invisible mist.

"You naughty girl!" Angela said, shaking her finger in baby's face, "to worry poor daddy so! Look at the mist going into the gramophone thing, Eric! It's gone."

"Gone for good!" the Professor said. He pulled some levers; nodded at me. "It's a funny world; and we are funny things—bodies and souls. men and shadow men! All round us there are strange worlds, strange beings. Some day some fool of a scientist may invent a machine to bring some of them here. But *I* shall not be the fool, Angela!"

He took the whole apparatus to pieces during the afternoon, and burnt all the notes about it—"for fear," he said, "that they might come into the hands of some other scientific idiot, after I am a shadow man."

Painting by
Charles E. Chambers

Bring out the beauty of your teeth with Colgate's

Nature made teeth beautiful. With Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream they can be kept that way—safely. Colgate's, being free from grit, has the washing action that protects, rather than the harsh scouring action that scrapes and scratches. It washes gently, thoroughly, safely.

How to Protect your Teeth from Grit

The U. S. Public Health Service warns* against grit. Avoid it in your dentifrice as you would avoid sand in your toilet soap.. Colgate's is a common sense dental cream, without grit or strong drugs.

It brings out all the natural loveliness of your teeth—makes them add to your attractiveness.

No "cure-all" claims are made for Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Educated people realize that only a Dentist, not a dentifrice, can correct unhealthy mouth and gum conditions. The purpose of Colgate's is to keep your teeth clean every day—to keep them beautiful as nature made them.

If Your Wisdom Teeth Could Talk They'd Say, "Use Colgate's"

Safe for a Lifetime

Regular examination at least twice a year by your Dentist will guard against unusual tooth troubles. You will find that more Dentists recommend Colgate's for daily brushing than any other dentifrice. The Colgate habit is a health and beauty habit for you and yours.

A large tube is on sale today for 25c at your favorite store. If you prefer a sample, mail the coupon and we will send you a generous trial size—enough for two weeks' use.

COLGATE & CO. *Established 1806*

* On page 12 of the book "Good Teeth", Keep Well Series No. 13, issued by the U. S. Public Health Service, the emphatic statement is made that a dentifrice should contain no grit, for grit is "too hard for continuous use."

Truth in advertising implies honesty in manufacture

COLGATE & CO.
Dept. 750 199 Fulton Street
New York City

Please send me, free, a trial tube of Ribbon Dental Cream.

Name

Address

For Greater

Economy

and

Better Results
Use Old Dutch

A little goes a long way

A little Old Dutch goes a long way. It is not only your greatest cleaning help but the most economical too, because it does so much with so little cost and labor and nothing else can do it so well.

The reason is that Old Dutch is a *natural* cleanser. Its fine, flaky particles, so active and efficient, go farther because they are flat shaped and cover more surface. Every particle works and the cleaning is done in less time, at a great saving in work and expense.

Old Dutch cleans hygienically. Everything is made sweet and sanitary. Doesn't scratch surfaces or hurt the hands.

Be sure you use Old Dutch —there's nothing else like it.

© 1924 The C. P. Co.

Should the Doctor Tell?

[*Continued from page 46*]

low voice, meditatively, as though he were rehearsing something dreadful in his mind.

"You see, doctor, I can't ask Steiner. He's dead."

The doctor sprang from his seat in genuine consternation.

"I'm deeply grieved. I assure you I acted for the best."

Macey was not listening. The last clue to the tragedy he had witnessed had been placed unexpectedly in his hand; he was overwhelmed with the pity and the sorrow of it.

"Dead," he went on in the same low voice. "He died in hospital; his wife, with her baby that's soon to be, never saw him. In allowing him to go unwarned to Monte Carlo, you sent him to his death."

"That's not true. I couldn't prophesy what would happen. I acted for the best."

"You lied," Macey insisted grimly. "I've seen men shot for less. You robbed a poor girl of all the happiness she had, and your only excuse is that you acted for the best. Shall I tell you what you are? You're a punk doctor selling lies for dollars."

"You have no right, no grounds for saying that."

"Haven't I?" Macey stroked his chin reflectively. "No right, you said. Steiner's dead. He took a risk no sane man ought to have taken—one he wouldn't have dreamed of taking but for your assurance that he was well. He left his wife on your bare word. That was what he came to ask you—whether it was safe to leave her. You took your fee and answered *yes*. Pretty glib I call it—and I'm a ward-politician. By this French law she couldn't even claim his body; she's gone back to England without it. And you sit there, safe and happy, and tell me I have no right, no grounds for my accusations."

"Mr. Macey," the doctor's voice was deeply moved, "don't suppose I am not as sorry as a man can be over this affair. There's no bitterer moment in a doctor's life than when he discovers he's been guilty of an error. But you simply don't understand how such a thing occurs. Had I told him what was his true condition, that in itself might have killed him. Won't you believe me when I say that a doctor can't always tell the truth—he cannot?"

"Then you own you lied?"

"Yes, I lied— if you like to call it that."

It was a hard thing for a man to have to say; as Macey saw the genuine trouble in the doctor's face, his own native generosity conquered his resentment.

Through the turmoil of his mind there labored to be born a new thought, that perhaps, after all, the doctor himself was the victim of a system; that, as he himself had said, exact truth was not permitted him.

"Doctor," he said, in a kinder voice, "perhaps I don't altogether understand. Let it go at that. I guesss I'll take back what I said about selling lies for dollars. I didn't ought to have said it."

"No," the doctor assented quietly, "that was a mistake—and, as you put it, we'll let it go at that. I've lied and lost a life; some day I'll lie and save one."

THE wagonette halted on the brow of the steep descent and two men got out.

"It's down there, sir," said the driver, pointing with his whip to a cluster of houses in the dell; "that's Yewelm. Yer can't mistake the rectory; it's next door to the church. That there's the tower showing up above them trees."

Rising through the clear spring air from the valley came the chimes of the Sunday matins. "Makes me feel sort o' good just to hear them." They commenced their descent, walking in silence, catching the few faint notes of birds as they fluttered from bough to bough. Some of the trees were already budding. The earliest of hedgerow flowers were out. When they came to the outskirts of the village, Croker halted. "Say, Pop, I won't come any further; I'll wait here till you return."

Macey reached the rectory just in time to see a white-haired old gentleman pass out. He was clad in a surplice and carried a book in his hand. Traversing the garden, he entered the side-door of the church. The bell ceased tolling and the service commenced. Macey walked up the path to the front door and rang. After a few minutes he heard ponderous feet upon the stair and was admitted by Aunt Mary. She wore a white apron.

When they reached the landing, Macey halted. "I can't—can't go in there," he whispered. "*You* wouldn't think it proper."

But Aunt Mary turned on him a beaming countenance. "Not a bit of it," she said. "You stop out here; I'll go in and make her ready."

She opened the door gently and vanished. He heard the sound of whispered question and answer. The door opened. She beckoned.

Entering, he found himself in an old-fashioned room, in the midst of which stood a large mahogany bedstead. He turned about, as if for flight, and found that Aunt Mary had left him.

His eyes had become misty; the bed seemed to him a sea of white, lying in the midst of which was a fragile girl, with something still more tiny asleep upon her breast. She was calling to him in a weak voice. He went to her.

"Mr. Macey."

She held the little bundle out to him. "Kiss him," she whispered.

As he bent across her, she stooped towards him and her lips brushed his grizzled hair.

He glanced up and, though her eyes were wet, he saw that a smile of contentment played about her mouth.

"*They* wouldn't let me see his face," she was saying: then tightening her arms about the little body, so that it half-awoke and stirred, "but baby is just like him. I can always see him now."

I Tune In on the Universe

[*Continued from page 16*]

and human. And then we know from times past that as soon as we start for the door our shoes will begin to squeak. They always do. I've known shoes that had a long and blameless life behind them, to develop a squeak instantly one started for the door.

But with the radio we don't have to suffer. The minute the speech gets tiresome, or we have had what we think a sufficient dose, off we go!

And just think what a joy it is going to be to us in the coming campaign, when we can tune out at will all the campaigner's bunk! We can listen to what is worth while but when he begins, "Applying the percentage of losses obtained in the inquiry to the 1920 census figures for farm owners—" we can tune out in the middle of a word and listen in on a minstrel show that is going on down in Birmingham, Alabama!

Let all campaign speakers take notice! We, the country folks of America, who have suffered from such overdoses of bunk in the past, now stand ready to twist the screws and tune out of any speech that doesn't talk sense and hit the nail on the head. There's a minstrel show in Dixie and a symphony concert in Schenectady on which we can tune in with the turn of a screw, and thus assuage our sorrows. So, Mr. Campaign Speaker, be prepared with a speech that is really worth listening to, if you hope to gain the votes of the farmer by radio—for he is used to good concerts and speeches now, just like his city brother. Since the last campaign, every dirt road in America has tuned in on the universe!

FREE Your Bellas Hess New Fall and Winter Catalog is NOW READY!
Bigger and Better Than Ever With 312 Large Pages Showing New Yorks Latest and Best Styles in All Kinds of Wearing Apparel for the Whole Family!
Guaranteed Lowest Prices in America
Bellas Hess Pays All Postage!
All Wool Oblong Check Velour
35Y50
$7.98
Postage FREE
Every Bellas Hess Woolen Outer Garment is Moth-Proofed by The LARVEX Process
All Silk Charmeuse
35Y51
$9.98
Postage FREE
Black Suede Dressy Satin Inlay
20Y500
$2.98
Postage FREE
35Y50—Typical of the exclusive styles and amazing values you will find in a Bellas Hess Catalogue is this smart Tailored Frock with the new style touches approved by Fashion for Fall and Winter. Made of fine, soft, serviceable quality All Wool Velour in the new oblong-check pattern. Striking features are the apron overskirt effect, the jaunty, well fitting Robespierre collar, the new peasant sleeves and the novelty metal buttons which trim front, collar and sleeves. Narrow, detachable all 'round self sash. Guaranteed mothproof, as all Bellas Hess woolen garments are. Colors: Reindeer, navy blue or brown with harmonizing checks. Sizes: For women, 32 to 46 bust; also for misses and small women, 32 to 38 bust. Skirt lengths: 33 to 39 ins. Deep basted hem.
$7.98 Postpaid
20Y500—To give you an idea of the smart new styles and wonderful value in the Bellas Hess Shoe Department we have selected this charming one-strap Pump designed on flatteringly slender and graceful lines. Fashioned of soft, rich black Suede with snug fitting tongue effect inlaid with black Satin. Good wearing flexible leather soles; military rubber heels. Sizes: 2 1-2 to 8. Widths: D and E. Genuine $5.00 value! Our price,
$2.98 Postpaid
35Y51—Bellas Hess customers find they can keep abreast of the new fashions without extravagant expenditure. The dress pictured above well illustrates this. Where else could you get as chic and up-to-date a model of good quality All Silk Charmeuse for only $9.98? Cut on straight graceful age lines that preserve the slender silhouette. Two loose folds in tier effect around bottom, rows of self covered buttons at each side. Neck line is new and becoming, and the long tie effect with bead and fancy tinsel ornaments at the end is particularly smart. Half self sash ties in back. Colors: Black, navy blue or brown. Sizes: For women, 32 to 46 bust; also for misses and small women, 32 to 38 bust. Skirt lengths: 33 to 39 ins. Deep basted hem.
$9.98 Postpaid.
Clip Off This Handy Coupon and Mail it Now for Your Copy!
Satisfaction or Your Money Refunded
BELLAS HESS & CO.
WASHINGTON, MORTON & BARROW STS.
NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.
24 Hour Service
Fill out blank below with your name and address (cut out on dotted line and mail to us).
BELLAS HESS & CO., New York City, N. Y. McC. M-9-24
Gentlemen:—Please send me your FREE Catalog No. 116 of New York's Latest Styles
NAME
STREET
TOWN
STATE

THE NEW EMBROIDERIES, AND HATS WITH SPECIAL TRANSFERS

By
Elisabeth May Blondel

1383

No. 1383. McCall Pattern for Ladies' Hat and Scarf With Special Transfer. In 23-inch head size. A complete picture lesson in millinery, showing step by step how to make hat; embroidery directions, etc. Price, 40 cents.

No. 3802. Girl's Dress With Special Transfer. In 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2⅛ yards 36 inches wide; embroidery, 4 skeins wool or 8 silk floss. For running-stitch and French knots in 3 colors. Price, 35 cents.

No. 1387. Transfer Design for Dress Trimming. Includes 4 corner motifs 5⅜ x 8⅜ inches; 4 pointed motifs 3¼ x 4¾ inches; 6 yards of 1-inch border. For satin- and outline-stitch in gay peasant colors. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.

3802 Dress
6 to 14 years
Price, 35 cents
With Transfer

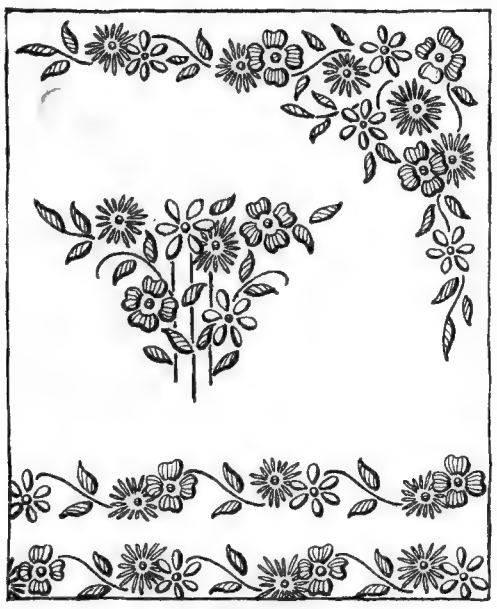
3801 Dress
6 to 14 years
Price, 35 cents
With Transfer

1384

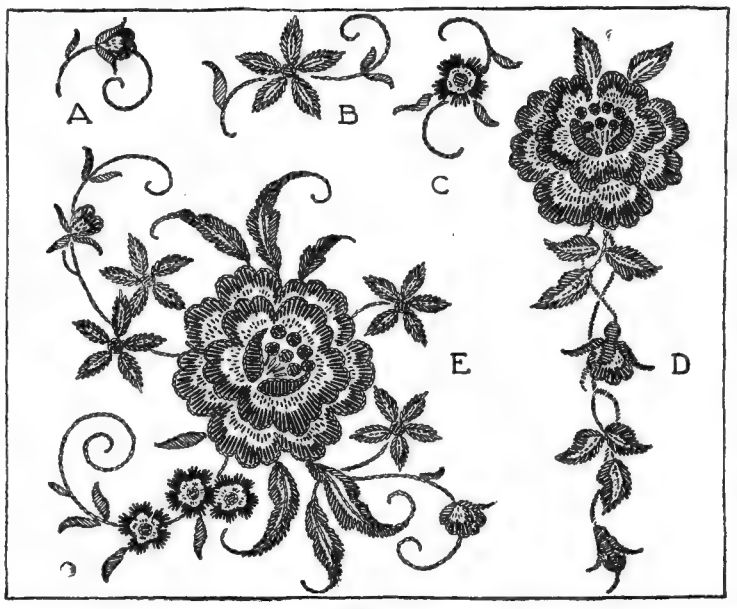
No. 1384. McCall Pattern for Ladies' Hat With Special Transfer. In 23-inch head size. Large photographs show step by step how the hat is made; pattern states amount of material and silk floss needed, colors, etc. Price, 35 cents.

No. 3801. Girl's Dress With Special Transfer. In 5 sizes, 6 to 14 years. Size 8 requires 2¼ yards 36 inches wide; embroidery, 4 skeins wool or 7 of silk floss. For lazy-daisy- and buttonhole-stitch. Price, 35 cents.

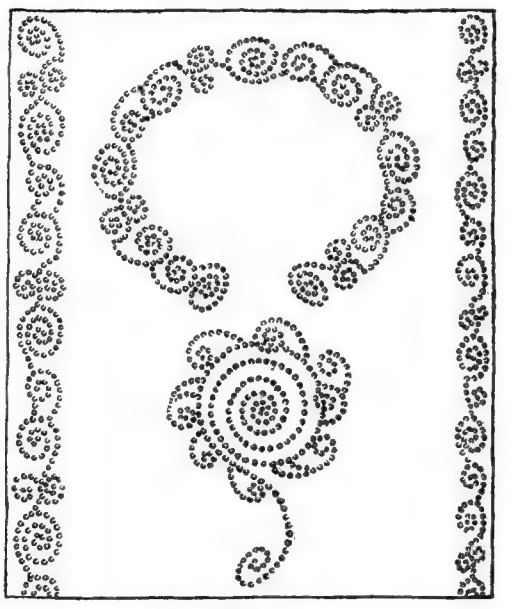
No. 1389. Transfer Design for Spanish Roses. Includes 2 corner designs, E 16 x 16 inches, suitable for scarf ends; 2 sprays D, 20½ inches long; 14 small motifs. For satin-stitch, etc., in brilliant Spanish colors. Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.



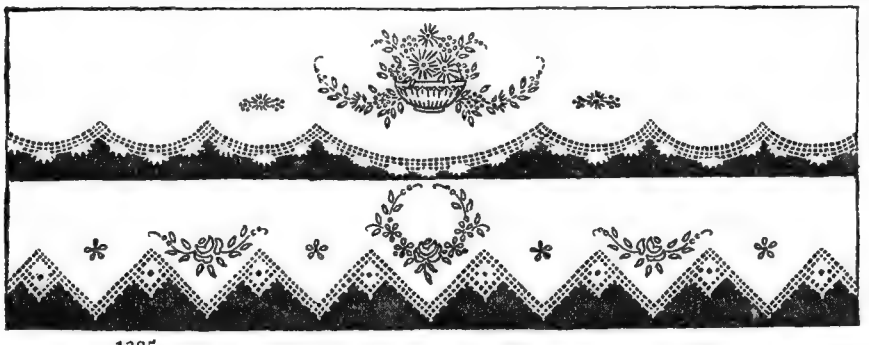
1387



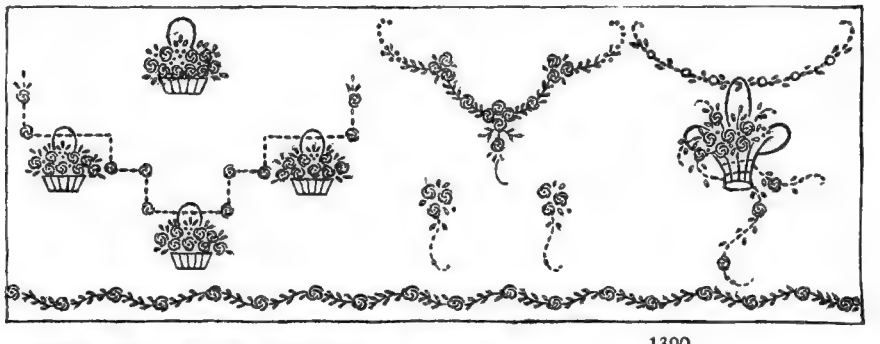
1389



1388



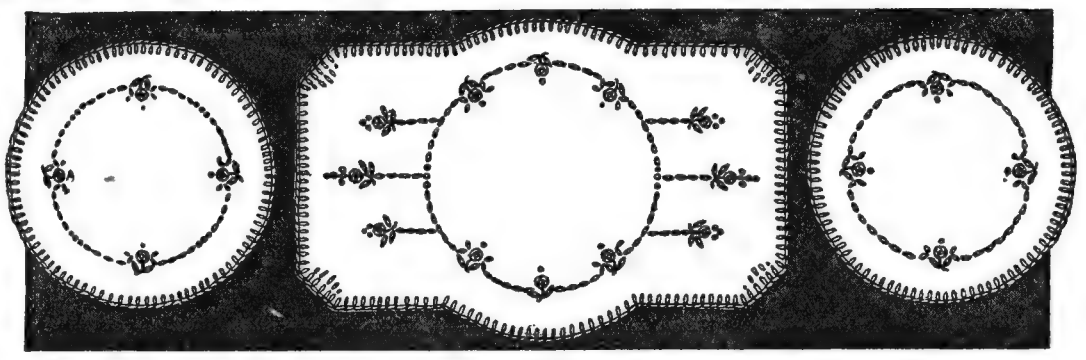
1385



1390

No. 1385. Transfer Design for Pillow Cases or Towels. 1 pair of each given, scalloped design 22½ inches across, pointed design 21 inches across. For lazy-daisy-, outline-, satin- and running-stitch; crochet directions included. Price, 35 cents. Blue.

No. 1390. Transfer Design for Long French-Knot Sprays. Includes 3 styles of neck designs as illustrated; 4 baskets, 9 small motifs 1 inch long; 3 yards of ½-inch border. For underwear, children's dresses, teacloths. Full directions. Price, 30 cents. Yellow or blue.



1386

No. 1388, Transfer Design for Bead Trimming. Includes neck motif, 3 scroll motifs, 8 x 11⅛ inches; 3⅛ yards of 2½-inch border, 6¼ yards of 1-inch border. For crystal or colored beads. Price, 40 cents. Yellow or blue.

No. 1386, Transfer Design for Rambler-Rose Scarf Set. Includes 1 oblong piece 14 x 20¼ inches, 2 round pieces 11⅝ inches in diameter. Matches Lunch Set No. 1381 (price, 45 cents), and makes a handsome sideboard scarf. Full directions. Price, 30 cents. Blue.

Style Book Free!

A Statement by Porter M. Farrell,

The New President of Philipsborn's

I want every reader of this magazine to send the coupon below for Philipsborn's New Fall and Winter Style Book—just out. I want *you* to see what the new management of Philipsborn's has done, in this new Fall and Winter Style Book, to bring you the latest and choicest New York styles, and the most complete selection of *amazing bargains*, wearing apparel for women, men and children.

Policy of New President

Last winter when I took charge at Philipsborn's as president, I said to the new directors:

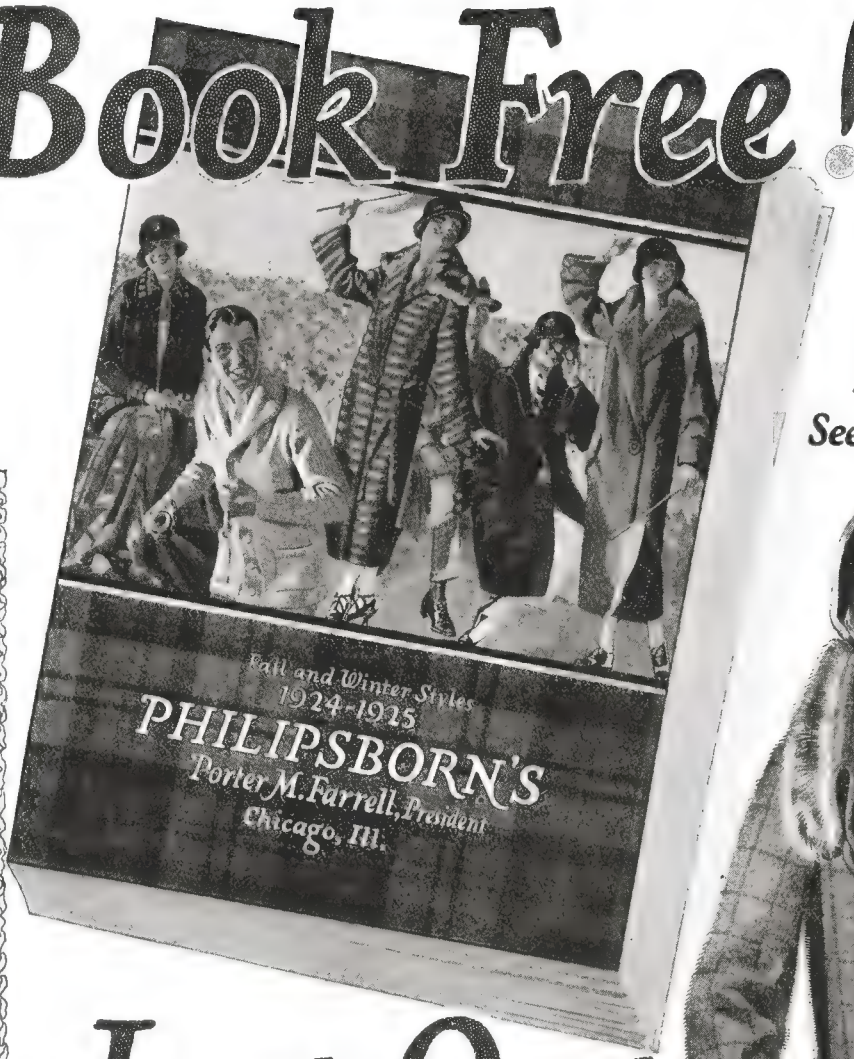
"We must let everybody realize that we are making this old established institution the leader—yes, the *undisputed leader*—in *prompt service*, in values and in thorough, complete satisfaction to *every* customer.

"And those of our customers who haven't ordered from us for some time, we want to make *them* see that the new management of Philipsborn's gives such prompt service, such up-to-the-minute styles, such good, serviceable merchandise and *such bargains* as they have never had before from any house—*even from Philipsborn's!*"

We believe that in our new Fall and Winter Style Book, we have accomplished much that will *delight* and *amaze* everyone—*a book full of surprises!*

Extra Copies Free!

We have printed a limited number of extra books. Get your copy while these extra copies last. I promise you this Style Book contains hundreds of money-saving opportunities you'll not want to miss—yes, bargains that you *cannot afford* to miss. You'll want that book *now*, at the opening of the season, so you can be correctly dressed all Fall and Winter. **So mail** the coupon **below**—***at once.***



Now Ready!
See Coupon Below

Just Out

(Sent free while extra copies last. See coupon below.)

HERE are the *latest* creations from New York, 268 pages, fully illustrated (141 pictures in full, natural colors) and—completely described in every detail. A book full of surprises!

Styles of every kind, from the most conservative to the ultra smart. You will be posted on all the latest and best ideas when you have looked through this Style Book.

You'll know *what* to wear, you'll know prices, **rock-bottom prices**, when you see what we offer in this Style Book.

Here is a partial list of the bargains listed in this Style Book:—

Women's Coats	$4.98 to $37.98	Children's Coats,	$ 2.98 to $18.98
House Dresses,	.59 and up.	Boy's Suits,	2.98 to 12.90
Other Dresses,	2.79 to $19.98	Men's Suits,	11.95 to 24.85
Sweaters,	.49 to 8.98	Men's Dress Shirts	.89 to 4.48
Furs,	1.98 to 24.50	Overalls	1.29 to 2.39
Women's Hats,	.79 to 4.98		
Blouses,	.98 to 5.98		
Shoes,	.43 to 6.48		
Hosiery,	.10 to 2.25		
Corsets,	.69 to 6.44		
Muslin Underwear,	.15 to 1.99		
Knit Underwear,	.10 to 5.59		

Complete Supplies for the Baby, Dry Goods, Toilet Goods, Novelties and hundreds of other items for all the family—thousands of bargains—268 pages of money saving values!

Only a limited number of extra copies will be sent out free. So send the coupon *now* for your copy.

$11.98

THIS all wool, blocked polaire coat is one of the very latest and most popular models for fall. It is fully described and illustrated on page 25 of our new Fall and Winter Style Book. Note the style and grace; how warm and yet how charming! Would you believe that such a coat can be had for only $11.98? Yet this is but one of the many equally big values shown in our new Style Book. Send the coupon for your copy *now!*

PHILIPSBORN'S

Porter M. Farrell, President

Remember, only a limited number of extra copies of this Fall and Winter Style Book have been printed in addition to those needed for distribution among our regular customers. These extra copies are for new friends of Philipsborn's and for old friends who want to come back and see what the new management of Philipsborn's offers in styles and values. These extra copies cannot last long—so if you want a copy, *better send the coupon now.*

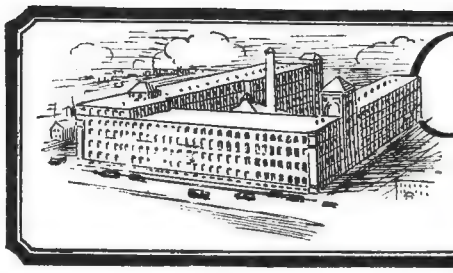
Philipsborn's Dept. 2736, Chicago, Ill.

Absolutely free and without obligation, send me your new Fall and Winter Style Book showing latest New York styles and great bargains in women's, men's and children's wearing apparel.

*Name*_____

Address _____

*Town*_____ *State*_____



The House of Royal Worcester
Leaders in Corsetry

Unda-Belt
TRADE MARK
Also Royal Worcester Front Lace $5.50
Bon Ton Back Lace at $6.50 and $8.00
Bon Ton Front Lace at $6.00 and $8.50
Style 683
Price $5.00

Members of a Famous Family

ROYAL WORCESTER and BON TON corsets are now available in all the correct corset modes of the moment ~ making possible for any figure, sweeping, graceful lines and modish flat-back effects.

FOR over sixty-three years *The House of Royal Worcester* has been preeminent as designers of corsets and brassieres for women.

AGE has ripened that experience until these members of a famous family now represent but a part of the many that are ROYAL WORCESTER and BON TON models.

POPULAR and patented features of these models are the flexible, non-breakable and rustless boning, a non-pinching clasp, insuring comfort and style, with hose supporters that will not tear ~ materials and workmanship always of the finest and best.

Two Qualities: **Royal Worcester from $1.50 to $3.00**
Bon Ton from $3.50 to $25.00

Carried by all of the best stores and specialty shops

ROYAL WORCESTER *Corset Company*

WORCESTER - NEW YORK - CHICAGO - SAN FRANSISCO - LONDON

What Paris Wears in Street Frocks

The Outlook

By

Anne Rittenhouse

PARIS:—Finding the mythical Frenchwoman who never makes an error in dress, one who is a symbol of the secret desire of every woman, is not an easy task;—but this magazine asked me to do it. There is every reason that I should find a vast assemblage of such women.

I have studied clothes for the American press for fifteen years in Paris and America, therefore it is a reasonable assumption that I should know a well-dressed Frenchwoman on sight. This is not a phrase of braggadocio. It is a cold statement of what sharp reportorial training will achieve in any mind, even if that mind has only candle-light power.

Why is it a difficult trick to find the well-dressed Frenchwoman? Because one has to do that Greek business originated by an Athenian scholar: searching in every corner with a lantern. One has a shrewd suspicion that the really chic Frenchwoman hides from the American. Certainly she is not abroad in the streets, at the Ritz, at the races, in the shops.

I handed the lantern of Diogenes over to a Parisienne who accepted the commission with high amusement. She found several women for me. Given an expert lead like this I found a few others by myself. Our combined discovery of chic women in Paris was made more amusing by the fact that half of these women were American born. Proud titles of old French aristocracy they bore, but I knew their source was in California, Boston, Illinois, New York, Maryland and Virginia.

But let it be said that in their chic, they were the symbol of all that the women from their home states desired.

[*Turn to page 82*]

3803 Dress
6 sizes, 16 years
36-44
Emb. No. 1337

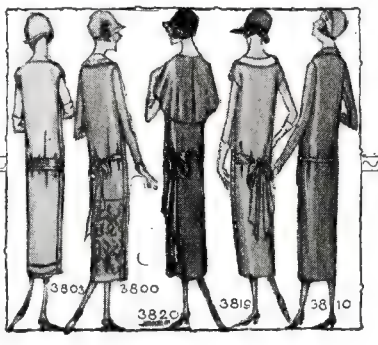
3820 Dress
7 sizes, 16 years
36-46

No. 3803, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards of 36-inch material. Width, about 1⅜ yards. To trim effectively a Chinese design in running- and lazy-daisy-stitch, Embroidery No. 1337, is suggested.

No. 3820, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Size 16 requires 2⅞ yards of 36-inch material; bertha ¾ yard of 40-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1⅜ yards.

No. 3819, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Size 36 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material; collar, ⅜ yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1⅜ yards.

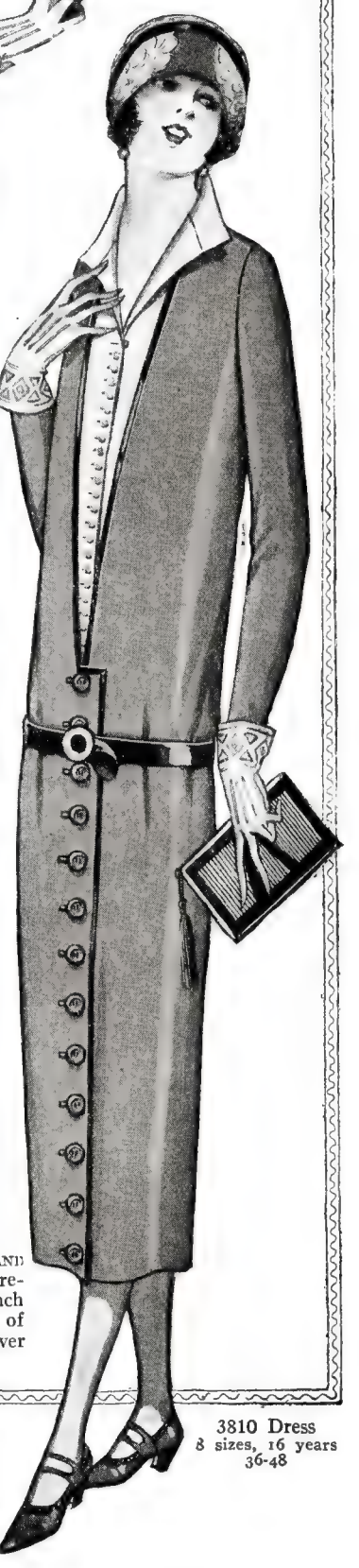
No. 3800, Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch material; collar, ½ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1⅜ yards. The lower section of the dress may be worked in outline- and satin-stitch with silk floss using Embroidery No. 1093.



3819 Dress
7 sizes, 16 years
36-46

3800 Dress
6 sizes, 16 years
36-44
Emb. No. 1093

No. 3810, Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Size 36 requires 3¼ yards of 40-inch material; vest, ⅝ yard of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1⅜ yards.



3810 Dress
8 sizes, 16 years
36-48

With Fall Come These New French Frocks

Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from the McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

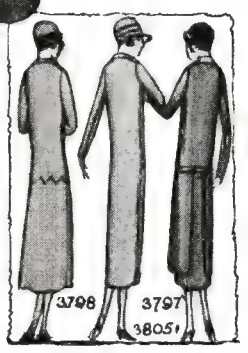
3805 Dress
6 sizes, 16 years
36-44

3797 Dress
5 sizes, 16 years
36-42

3820 Dress
7 sizes, 16 years
36-46
Emb. No. 1300

3799 Dress
5 sizes, 16 years
36-42
Emb. No. 1377

3798
Dress
5 sizes, 16 years
36-42



No. 3797, Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards of 54-inch material, ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting for collar, vest and sleeve ruffles. Width at lower edge, about 1⅜ yards.

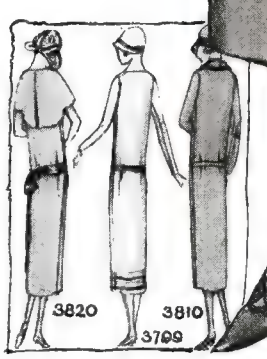
No. 3805, Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards of 54-inch material, ¾ yard of 27-inch contrasting. Width at lower edge, about 1½ yards.

No. 3798, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch material, 1⅞ yards of 3½-inch ribbon. Width at lower edge, about 2¼ yards.

No. 3820, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards of 36- or 40-inch material. Width, about 1½ yards. Embroidery No. 1300, combining outline-, single-stitch and French knots, is suggested.

No. 3799, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material. Width, about 1⅜ yards. A shield motif from Embroidery No. 1377, worked in outline- and running-stitch, would add great chic to this dress.

No. 3810, Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards of 54-inch material, ⅝ yard of 36-inch for chemisette. Width, about 1⅜ yards.



3810
Dress
8 sizes, 16 years
36-48

The Mode Permits a Piquant Capelet

Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from the McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

3803 Dress
6 sizes, 16 years
36-44

3807 Dress
6 sizes, 16 years
36-44

3809 Dress
7 sizes, 16 years
36-46

3819 Dress
7 sizes, 16 years
36-46

3800 Dress
6 sizes, 16 years
36-44
Emb. No. 1093

No. 3807, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS; two-piece skirt. Size 36 requires 3⅞ yards of 40-inch material, ¾ yard of 36-inch for collar and vest. Width at lower edge, about 1½ yards.

No. 3803, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; dropped shoulder. Size 16 requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material, ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Width, about 1¼ yards.

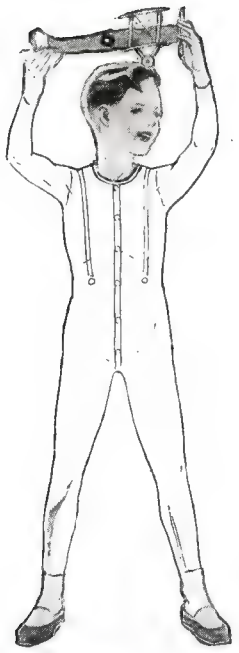
No. 3800, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material; collar, ⅜ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 2¼ yards. Above the circular flounce, Embroidery No. 1093, in outline- and satin-stitch would give the final smart touch.

No. 3809, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards of 40-inch material, 1⅝ yards of 18-inch for scarf and front band. Width at lower edge, about 1⅜ yards.

No. 3819, LADIES' AND MISSES' SLIP-ON DRESS; kimono sleeves. Size 16 requires 3½ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1¼ yards. This model shows the attractive new capelet so fashionable.

No. 3822, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1¼ yards. In woolen fabric this design makes a most desirable street dress for early autumn.

3822 Dress
6 sizes,
16 years
36-44



Mother Says:

"I have recommended 'E-Z' Waist Union Suits to many mother friends of mine."

"I KNOW that every garment has real unbreakable bone buttons, taped on to withstand the wear and tear of play. I am sure of the children's comfort and freedom because of generous size and flat seams.

"There is only one garment to wash, put on and take off, instead of three. I always insist on 'E-Z' Waist Union Suits for my children."

Children like "E-Z" undergarments. The knitted elastic fabric is made of soft, fine yarn, assuring the proper warmth, comfort and healthfulness. The roomy gusset seat and the genuine tubular knitted straps, complete in themselves and doubly supporting the garment, give the child "E-Z" freedom of movement.

Each suit comes sealed in an individual, sanitary, glassine envelope. They are made in medium weight (blue label) and extra heavy weight (purple label), in high neck, long sleeve, or "Dutch" neck, short sleeve, knee or ankle lengths.

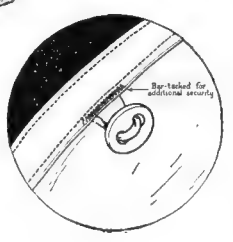
THE EZ WAIST UNION SUIT
TRADE MARK REGISTERED

The Standard By Which To Measure All Children's Underwear

SOLD IN THE CHILDREN'S UNDERWEAR DEPARTMENT OF MOST GOOD STORES

Write for our Fall and Winter Booklet B

The E-Z Waist Co., 61 Worth St., New York



BUTTONS—All of *real* bone. Garment-supporting buttons all taped on and doubly secured. Won't break in the washer and can't tear off during play

Unrivaled In Smartness

Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

3737 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16
36-44

3739 Dress
10 sizes, 14-16
36-50

3736 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16
36-46
Emb. No. 1226

3747 Dress
9 sizes, 34-50
Emb. No. 1377

3743 Dress
7 sizes, 14-16
36-44
Emb. No. 1313

[*Continued from page 79*]

This fact brought out another question: "Is the well-dressed Frenchwoman all the better-dressed for having American blood?" The answer was given by the lady to whom I handed the philosopher's lantern: "The Americans have the money," she said, sadly. But that was no answer, because the Americans also have the same money in America. Money does not make a well-dressed woman. It never did. It is the American mind, the American figure, the American money grafted to French perfection in clothes that creates a result to which tribute must be paid. Given two weeks in Paris, an American woman with a knowledge of clothes and a trick of assembling them, can achieve the miracle.

I have watched the butterfly come out of the cocoon

No. 3736, Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Size 16 requires 3 yards of 36-inch material. Width, about 1¼ yards. A band of trimming in darning- and satin-stitch may be worked from Embroidery No. 1226.

No. 3737, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Size 36 requires 2⅞ yards of 54-inch material; vest, ⅜ yard of 27-inch. Width, about 1⅜ yards.

No. 3743, Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Size 36, 4½ yards of 40-inch material; contrasting, 1⅜ yards of 36-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards. A simple darning-stitch trimming, Embroidery No. 1313, is suggested.

No. 3739, Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Size 16 requires 2¼ yards of 54-inch material. Width, about 1¼ yards. Developed in flannel, this model is extremely smart.

No. 3747, Ladies' Slip-On Dress. Size 36, 3⅝ yards of 36-inch material; collar, ¼ yard of 36-inch. Width, about 1¼ yards. The satin-stitch motif on the tie may be worked from Embroidery No 1377.

From Paris

3733 Dress
10 sizes, 14-16
36-50

3744 Dress
8 sizes, 14-16
36-46

3748 Dress
7 sizes,
14-16
36-44

Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City

3804 Dress
5 sizes, 16 years
36-42

3738 Dress
5 sizes, 14-16
36-40

in two weeks. It is a blessing that being the most imitative young race in the world we have the sense to go after the best. If America *is* the new Roman empire, she is doing what the Romans did: borrowing and absorbing the art and glory of Greece.

So, whether her source is American and her title French, or whether she comes from the Main Line in Philadelphia, the Piping Rock Club in Long Island, the Lake Shore in Chicago, the Back Bay in Boston, the orange groves of California, or whether she was born and raised in a French chateau, what does she wear? That's the question!

It is an important question in this exact day and season, because every advertiser in [*Turn to page 90*]

No. 3733, Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Size 36 requires 4¾ yards of 36-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1⅜ yards. The circular tunic and low waistline are smartly combined.

No. 3744, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Size 36 requires 3¾ yards of 40-inch material, ⅜ yard of 36-inch for collar and cuffs. Width, about 1⅜ yards. The circular flounces in front are a new feature.

No. 3748, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress. Size 36 requires 4⅝ yards of 36-inch material. Width, about 1⅜ yards. Suitable for wool or silk fabric.

No. 3804, Ladies' and Misses' Slip-On Dress; two-piece skirt with circular apron tunic. Size 36 requires 5¼ yards of 40-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1½ yards.

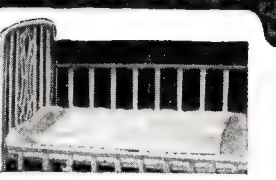
No. 3738, Ladies' and Misses' Dress. Size 36 requires 1¾ yards of 54-inch plaid material, 1¾ yards of 36-inch plain; tie, 1½ yards of 3-inch ribbon. Width at lower edge, about 1⅜ yards.

Kleinert's Genuine Jiffy Baby Pants

are equally popular with Baby and his Mother—the soft pneumatic waist and knee bands are a patented Kleinert feature. In small, medium, large, and extra large sizes, in natural, white, and flesh color.

Kleinert's Sleeve Bibs

are very cunning and immensely practical, in white, pink, or blue rubber with contrasting binding.



Pure Gum Crib Sheets

with grommets in the corners are indispensable in a well-ordered nursery. Guaranteed to protect the mattress from water and acids. Easily cleansed.

Kleinert's also make handy Rubber Sheeting Squares and Rubber Blankets to cover the whole mattress.

Buster Brown Hose Supporters

have all the stretch *below* the buckle—safe from the teeth. Buy them for active children—they wear much longer.

I. B. KLEINERT RUBBER CO.
465 Fifth Ave. New York
Cor. 41st St.—opp. the Library

Kleinert's
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Well known to American women for 40 years as the makers of Kleinert's Dress Shields — "protection guaranteed."

The New OLSON RUGS

FREE

Book on Rugs *and* Home Decoration

Endorsed by America's Leading Decorator!

50th Anniversary Number

NEW LOW PRICES!

ALL the fashionable new shades and patterns are illustrated in actual colors in rooms arranged by experts. Endorsed by Dorothy Ethel Walsh. Full of useful suggestions. **Save ½ on your new rugs.** Write for this book. Describes the new OLSON Patented Process of reclaiming—

Your Old Rugs, Carpets and Old Clothing

Your materials are washed, pickered, carded, combed, bleached and spun into the finest kind of rug yarn and DYED any color you wish. This yarn is then firmly woven, *within one week*, into brand-new OLSON RUGS with the same smooth, velvety surface you find in the high-grade Wiltons and Chenilles. Woven *any size* or *shape*, *seamless* and *reversible* to give twice the wear.

Free Trial Satisfaction guaranteed. We pay you for your material if not delighted with new rugs. **We pay Express**, Freight, or Parcel Post from all states.

OLSON RUG CO.
Dep't A-38, Laflin Street, Chicago, Ill.

Tear out and Mail this Coupon NOW!

OLSON RUG CO., Dep't A-38, Laflin St., Chicago

Gentlemen: Please mail to me, FREE, your 50th Anniversary book "Beauty and Harmony in the Home" and your Free Trial offer.

Name.....

Street (R. F. D.).....

Town.....*State*.....

P. O......

NOTE: To those writing promptly we will include, Free, the wonderful new *OLSON Color Guides* for home decorating.

Fashion Reveals Its New Autumn Coats

3816 Coat
9 sizes, 16 years
36-50

3808 Coat
5 sizes, 16 years
36-42

3615 Coat
8 sizes, 14-16
36-46
Emb. No. 927
3787 Skirt
5 sizes, 34-42

3821 Cape
Small, medium, large
3822 Dress
6 sizes, 16 years
36-44

No. 3816, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36 requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch material, 3⅜ yards of 36-inch for lining. Width, about 1½ yards.

No. 3808, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36 requires 4 yards of 48-inch material, 3¾ yards of 36-inch for lining. Width at lower edge of circular flounce, about 2⅜ yards.

No. 3615, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards of 54-inch material, 3 yards of 36-inch for lining. A charming decoration is suggested in darning-stitch developed from Embroidery No. 927.

No. 3787, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT; in two pieces. Size 36 requires 1 yard of 54-inch material; camisole, ⅞ yard of 32-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1⅜ yards.

No. 3821, LADIES' ONE-PIECE CIRCULAR CAPE. Small size, 35-inch length, requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch material, 3¼ yards of 36-inch for lining.

No. 3822, LADIES' AND MISSES' DRESS. Size 36 requires 2⅝ yards of 54-inch material. Width at lower edge, about 1¼ yards. With a cape to match, this dress makes as smart a costume as can be desired.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

Perplexed?

"Summer desserts no longer perplex me. I've found a new dish which pleases the family immensely—Mapleine Sundaes."

"They are cooling, refreshing—and so easy to make," she said. "Simply topping ice cream with home-made Mapleine syrup. I often serve them in the afternoon and when guests come unexpectedly. They make a pleasing change from ordinary desserts—there's a rich old-fashioned flavor in the syrup that everyone seems to like."

Mapleine has many practical uses. It is a splendid syrup-maker and an ideal flavoring for many desserts, candies, etc. We've issued a booklet of simple Mapleine recipes many women have found to be valuable. A copy will be mailed you upon request.

CRESCENT MFG. CO.
4 West Connecticut Street
Seattle, Washington

MAPLEINE
For Syrup - For Flavoring

Be a Nurse

Learn in Spare Time at Home
Earn $30-35 a Week

Every woman should learn. We train Beginners, Practical Nurses, Mothers and Religious Workers by our Fascinating Home-study Method. Leading Chicago System. Endorsed by physicians. Established 25 years.

Earn While Learning

If you are over 18 and under 55 years write for illustrated catalog and 32 Sample Lesson Pages with FREE details of Money-back Guarantee and FREE NURSES EQUIPMENT.

Become Independent

CHICAGO SCHOOL OF NURSING
Dept. 99 - 421 South Ashland Boulevard - Chicago

THREE DOLLARS PER HOUR IS YOURS

Many of our lady representatives are making that much and more in their spare time. Write for details and get our FREE STATIONERY OFFER.

INDIVIDUAL STATIONERS, INC., Corry, Pa.

GO INTO BUSINESS **For Yourself**

Establish and operate a "New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Money-making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Big Candy Booklet Free. Write for it today. Don't put it off. **W. HILLYER RAGSDALE, Drawer 120, E. Orange, N.J.**

***Beautiful White* APRON DRESS**

ONLY $2.43 PREPAID

Highest Quality Linen Finished Percale — Reversible Front — Full 54 in. long — Extra Wide Hem — Famous Hoover Style — Order Now! Supply Limited.

For 30 days we offer this fine stylish convenient garment for house wear, nurses, doctors' assistants, beauty parlors, laboratories, at *special introductory price!* Sizes 34 to 44. 2-needle shoulder seams and armholes, 2 pockets. Exquisite durable. State size. One dress $2.43. **Three Dresses $6.95. Postage Prepaid.** Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. If you prefer sent C.O.D. add 15c.

Merle Mfg. Co., 79 South River St., Aurora, Ill.

Corns

No Paring—*End Them*

Don't let the agony of corns destroy your comfort. Apply Blue-jay—and instantly the pain vanishes. Then the corn loosens and comes out. Does away with dangerous paring. Get Blue-jay at any drug store.

Blue-jay

© B & B 1924

For Long and Short Hair
Will Make and *Keep* your hair wonderfully beautiful.
Caressingly Soft
Cannot Crack the Hair
3 SIZES
Short 25c—Medium 30c—Long 40c
If not obtainable at your dealer a sample package will be sent upon receipt of price and dealer's name

A. STEINHARDT & BRO. 866 Broadway New York

A Tint for Every Type
BOURJOIS
JAVA
The Wonderful French Face Powder

DEMAND it at your druggist's. Send 10 cents for samples of JAVA* with either Ashes of Roses* Rouge, dark and rich, or Rouge Mandarine*, light and bright.

A. BOURJOIS & CO., INC.
PARIS B 33 W. 34th St. NEW YORK
*REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

STERIZOL
THE ANTISEPTIC
Dissolves quickly in water. Makes a reliable Antiseptic for Gargle or First Aid at a cost of only 3 cents a pint. A $1.00 jar makes 40 pints.
Ask Your Druggist
The Sterizol Co. 23 Water St. Ossining, N. Y.

Hotels Need Trained Women
Nation-wide demand for trained women: all departments, hotels, clubs, apartment houses; uncrowded field; fine living; quick advancement. Our methods endorsed by leading hotels everywhere. Write for FREE BOOK, "Your Big Opportunity".
LEWIS HOTEL TRAINING SCHOOLS
Room D-5097 Washington, D. C.

Automatic Rapid Electric
FIRELESS COOKER
Gives every facility of electric range plus every advantage of fireless cooker at less cost than a good oil stove.
New Invention
Revolutionizes Cooking
Saves 50% to 75% fuel cost
Bakes, roasts, broils, boils, stews, fries, toasts. Needs no watching. Shuts electricity off automatically. Attaches to any electric socket. **No special wiring.** Write for FREE Home Science Cook Book. 30-day FREE trial offer and direct factory prices.

WM. CAMPBELL CO., Dept. 21
Alliance, Ohio. Georgetown, Ont.

Crooked Spines
Made Straight
OVER 50,000 REMARKABLE CASES

An old lady, 72 years of age, who suffered for many years and was absolutely helpless, found relief. A man who was helpless, unable to rise from his chair, was riding horseback and playing tennis within a year. A little child, paralyzed, was playing about the house after wearing a Philo Burt Appliance 3 weeks. We have successfully treated over 50,000 cases in 23 years

30 Days' Free Trial
We will prove its value in your case. There is no reason why you should not accept our offer. The photograph shows how light, cool, elastic and easily adjusted the Philo Burt Appliance is—how different from the old torturous plaster, leather or steel jackets. Every sufferer with a weakened or deformed spine should write at once.

Send for our free booklet. If you describe case it will aid us in giving you definite information at once.
PHILO BURT COMPANY, Jamestown, N. Y.
201-21 Odd Fellows Temple

Street Wear According To Paris

3572 Coat
9 sizes, 34-50

3692 Coat
8 sizes, 14-16 36-46

3787 Skirt
5 sizes, 34-42

3578 Coat
9 sizes, 34-50

3808 Coat
5 sizes, 16 years 36-42

No. 3572, LADIES' COAT; convertible collar. Size 36 requires 41-inch length, 2½ yards of 54-inch material; lining, 3 yards of 36-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1½ yards.

No. 3808, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 16 requires 2⅝ yards of 54-inch material, 3¼ yards of 36-inch for lining. Width at lower edge, about 1⅜ yards.

No. 3578, LADIES' COAT. Size 36 requires 3⅛ yards of 54-inch material, 3⅜ yards of 36-inch for lining. Width at lower edge, about 1⅝ yards.

No. 3692, LADIES' AND MISSES' COAT. Size 36 requires 1¾ yards of 54-inch material, 2 yards of 36-inch for lining. The straight hip-length coat is a becoming model for the fall suit.

No. 3787, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT; in two pieces. Size 36 requires 1 yard of 54-inch material; camisole, ⅞ yard of 32-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1⅜ yards.

Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

Science Discovers the Secret of Caruso's Wonderful Voice

Why is it that the humble peasant boy o Italy became the greatest singer of all time? This diagram of his throat will show you. Caruso's marvelous voice was due to a superb development of his Hyo-Glossus muscle. Your Hyo-Glossus muscle can be developed, too! A good voice can be made better—a weak voice become strong—a lost voice restored—stammering and stuttering cured. Science will help you.

Your voice can be improved 100%

A few very fortunate persons—like the late Caruso—are born with the ability to sing well. But even Caruso had to develop his Hyo-Glossus muscle before his voice was perfect. You can develop a beautiful singing or speaking voice if *your* Hyo-Glossus muscle is strengthened by correct training. Professor Feuchtinger, A. M.—famous in the music centers of Europe for his success in training famous Opera Singers—discovered the secret of the Hyo-Glossus muscle. He devoted years of his life to scientific research and finally perfected a system of voice training that will develop your Hyo-Glossus muscle by simple, silent exercises right in your own home. The Perfect Voice Institute guarantees that Professor Feuchtinger's method will improve your voice 100%. You are to be your own judge—if your voice is not improved 100% in your own opinion, we will refund your money.

Grand Opera Stars His Students

Hundreds of famous singers have studied with Professor Feuchtinger. Over 10,000 happy pupils have received the benefits of his wonderful training. You do not know the possibilities of your voice. If you want to sing—but lack the proper training because you have not the time nor means to study—here is your chance. You can now train your voice at a very small cost in the privacy of your own home.

If you want to improve your speaking voice—if you stammer or stutter—Professor Feuchtinger will help you.

Prof. Feuchtinger's Book FREE

You will do yourself a great and lasting good by studying this book "Enter Your World." It may be the first step in your career. Do not delay. Mail the coupon today.

Perfect Voice Institute
1922 Sunnyside Ave., Studio 20-86 Chicago

Please send me FREE Professor Feuchtinger's book, "Enter Your World." I have put X opposite the subject that interests me most. I assume no obligations whatever.

.....Singing.....Speaking.....Stammering....Weak Voice

Name.....

Address.....

.....**Age**.....

Outstanding Quality

The sterling structural integrity, delightful tone and artistry of design and finish found in every *Ivers & Pond,* mark our smallest (five foot Colonial) grand, shown above. Send for our catalogue picturing this and other latest styles.

Ivers & Pond PIANOS

are used in over 500 Educational Institutions and 70,000 homes. Built today, as from the first, in *but one quality—the best*—with continuity of proprietorship and of artistic ideals, they represent the farthest advance in fine piano building. Every intending buyer should have our catalogue. *Write for it.*

How to Buy

Where no dealer sells them we ship IVERS & POND piano direct from the factory. The piano must please or it returns at our expense for Railroad freights. Liberal allowance for old pianos in exchange. Attractive easy payment plans.

Fill out and send this coupon to

IVERS & POND PIANO CO.
149 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.

Please mail me your new catalogue and valuable information to buyers.

Name.....

Address.....

THE NEW ALLEN BOOK OF BEADS

is ready. A 36-page book, all beads illustrated actual size. Send 10 cents for book and a piece of music, thought to be the most beautiful lullaby in the English language.

Allen's Boston Bead Store, 8 Winter St., Boston, Mass.

BURNS AND SCALDS soothed and gently healed if bandaged with

Mentholatum

Write for free sample

Mentholatum Co., Buffalo, N.Y., Wichita, Kans.

Instant—Natural Beauty

You can have that charm and beauty of complexion—face, neck and arms that makes so many women attractive

Relieves eruptions, sunburn, freckles, tan. Entrancing, lasting fragrance. TRY IT.

Sold by all dealers, or direct from us, 75c postpaid 4 colors

Brunette, White, Flesh-Pink, Rose-Red

Magnolia Balm

LIQUID Face and Toilet POWDER

75 Years Wonderful Success.

TRIAL OFFER

If you have never used Magnolia Balm, the favorite of beautiful women for 75 years, send us 4c in stamps for a Trial Bottle, or 5c for two colors. Be sure to mention color or colors wanted

LYON MFG. CO.
48 So. Fifth Street
Brooklyn, N.Y.

For descriptions of Nos. 3734, 3726, see page 90

Considering Their Everyday Needs

No. 3754, Child's Romper. Size 4 requires 2½ yards of 32-inch material, ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3824, Girl's Slip-On Dress. Size 6 requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch material. Even the smallest miss would like a satin-stitch monogram on her tie. Embroidery No. 1260 is suggested.

No. 3823, Girl's Coat. Size 10, view A, requires 2¾ yards of 40-inch material; size 6, view B, 2 yards of 40-inch.

No. 3698, Girl's Set of Aprons. Small size, view A or C, requires 1⅛ yards of 32-inch material; medium size, view B, 1¼ yards of 36-inch. The appliqué baskets, Embroidery No. 1319, and a large scallop, Embroidery No. 323, are easily worked.

No. 3732, Girl's Slip-On Dress. Size 10 requires 2⅛ yards of 36-inch material, ¾ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3310, Little Boy's Suit. Size 4 requires 1 yard of 40-inch material; waist, ¾ yard of 36-inch.

No. 3812, Girl's Pajamas. Size 6 requires 2¾ yards of 27-inch material. This comfortable model may be developed in cotton crêpe or flannelette.

No. 3699, Girl's Princess Slip. Size 8 requires 1¾ yards of 36-inch material. A dainty finish is offered in the scallop, Embroidery No. 317.

3796 Kimono and Sacque
1 size
Emb. No. 739
Emb. No. 355

3806
Suit
4 sizes, 2-6

3813
Suit
5 sizes, 2-10

3823 Coat
5 sizes, 4-12
View B

3640 Dress
5 sizes, 2-10
Emb. No. 1336

3824
Dress
5 sizes, 4-12

3755
Coat
5 sizes, 6-14

3730
Dress
5 sizes, 4-12

3729 Dress
5 sizes, 6-14
Emb. No. 1287

3823
Coat
5 sizes, 4-12
View A

Simple and Suitable Dresses for Children

No. 3730, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 12 requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material, 1⅛ yards of 36-inch for collar and flounce.

No. 3729, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 12 requires 2⅜ yards of 40-inch material, ½ yard of 36-inch contrasting. The scroll design in darning-stitch may be developed from Embroidery No. 1287.

No. 3823, GIRL'S COAT. Size 12, view A, requires 2¾ yards of 54-inch material; size 6, view B, 1⅜ yards of 54-inch.

No. 3824, GIRL'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 10 requires 2½ yards of 36-inch material.

No. 3755, GIRL'S COAT. Size 10 requires 2⅜ yards of 54-inch material; collar, ⅛ yard of 54-inch.

No. 3813, BOY'S SUIT. Size 8 requires 2⅝ yards of 32-inch material.

No. 3796, INFANT'S KIMONO AND SAQUE. Kimono requires 1¾ yards of 27-inch material; sacque, ⅞ yard of 32-inch. Scattered eyelet sprays, Embroidery No. 355, and a fine scallop, No. 739, offer trimming suggestions.

For description of 3814, 3815, 3806 and 3640 see page 90

3815 3814

3814 Sleeping Garment
5 sizes, 2-10
Emb. No. 1072

3823 3640 3796 3806 3813 3823 3729 3730 3824

3815
Undergarment
6 sizes, 4-14

Lovely teeth—

would the X-Ray show they're safe?

YOUR teeth may be white and free from decay, but they are in danger unless your gums are firm and healthy. The X-Ray shows how the root sockets, which support your teeth, are weakened when pyorrhea attacks the gums. The teeth fall out—or must be pulled—if pyorrhea is not promptly checked.

Bleeding, soft gums

—give warning that pyorrhea is developing. Dental clinics since 1908 have proved that Pyorrhocide Powder is a most effective dentifrice for checking, as well as preventing, pyorrhea.

The tonic and stimulating qualities of Pyorrhocide Powder correct bleeding gums, strengthen tender gums, harden soft gums. It keeps the teeth white and clean. It is medicated with Dentinol, a gum-tissue healing agent used by dentists in the treatment of pyorrhea.

Pyorrhocide Powder *keeps* healthy gums healthy. Its daily use—with proper dental care—will guard you from pyorrhea. Theeconomical dollar package contains six months' supply. At all druggists. Send for free sample and booklet on causes and prevention of pyorrhea.

FREE Sample

THE DENTINOL & PYORRHOCIDE CO., Inc.
(Sole Distributors)
1474 Broadway, New York City
Send me free sample of Pyorrhocide Powder and booklet.

Name _____

Address _____

Such Pretty Wavy Lustrous Hair!

So easy for anyone to have! The simple Silmerine method gives you the loveliest curls and waves imaginable—like "Nature's own"—and they will remain many days. And your hair will have a lustre as of "hidden sunshine."

Liquid Silmerine is a greaseless, non-sticky, beneficial application for all shades of hair—for the young, middle-aged and elderly. Effectually eliminates dandruff. Full 5-oz. bottle $1; At Drug Stores and Toilet Counters everywhere.

Write for free copy "Beauty Secrets Revealed"
Parker-Belmont Co., 2358 Clybourn Ave., Chicago

Liquid Silmerine

how easily it works

WATCH how swiftly and thoroughly Sani-Flush works. Simply sprinkle a little into the toilet bowl, follow directions on the can, and flush. All marks, stains and incrustations disappear.

The hidden, unhealthful trap—always so inaccessible—is also cleaned and made sanitary. Sani-Flush will not injure plumbing connections.

Sani-Flush destroys all foul odors. It does its work more thoroughly than you can by any other means. Always keep a can handy in the bathroom.

Buy Sani-Flush at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25c for a full-size can.

THE HYCIENIC PRODUCTS CO.
Canton, Ohio

Sani-Flush
Reg U.S. Pat. Off.
Cleans Closet Bowls Without Scouring

BUNIONS

PEDODYNE, the marvelous new Solvent, banishes Bunions. The pain stops almost instantly. The Hump vanishes as though by magic. THEN YOU WILL HAVE SHAPELY FEET.

SENT ON TRIAL

I want you to have relief from Bunions. I want you to know the pleasure of foot comfort. I will gladly arrange to send you a box of Solvent to try. Simply write and say, "I want to try PEDODYNE." Address—

KAY LABORATORIES, 186 N. La Salle St. Dept. K 636, Chicago, Illinois

LEARN PIANO!

This Interesting Free Book

shows how you can become a skilled player of piano or organ at **quarter** usual cost. It shows why one lesson with an **expert** is worth a **dozen** other lessons. Dr. Quinn's famous Written Method includes all of the many important modern improvements in teaching music. Brings **right to your home** the great advantages of conservatory study. For the beginner or experienced players. Highly endorsed. Successful graduates everywhere. Scientific yet easy to understand. Fully illustrated. **All music free.** Diploma granted. Write today for free book.

Quinn Conservatory, Studio Mc89, 588 Columbia Road, Boston, 25, Mass.

FRECKLES

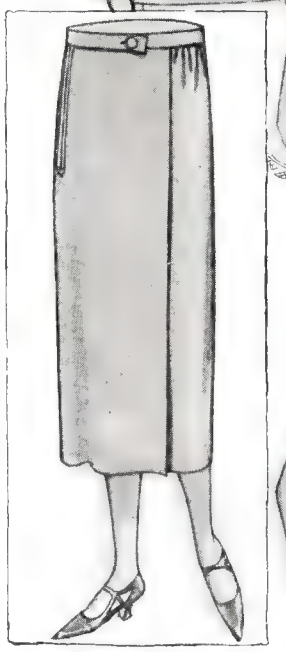
Now is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to make these homely spots fade away.

Simply get an ounce of Othine from any drug or Department Store and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than an ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to make freckles fade away.

Just What You Need



3562 Skirt
9 sizes, 24-40

3540 Skirt
7 sizes, 34-46

3618 Negligee
Small, medium, large

Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

No. 3562, LADIES' THREE-PIECE SKIRT. Size 28 requires 2⅜ yards of 48-inch material. Width at lower edge, 1⅜ yards. A skirt for general utility may be made of the smart wool fabrics for fall.

No. 3724, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2⅜ yards of 36-inch material. This new type of tailored overblouse may be smartly developed in silk broadcloth.

No. 3811, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE. Size 36 requires 2¼ yards of 36-inch material. A small cape collar and tie distinguish this blouse of satin.

No. 3725, LADIES' SLIP-ON BLOUSE; dropped shoulder. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yards of 32- or 40-inch material. Slight gathers at the shoulder and tucks at the hips make this a becoming model.

No. 3540, LADIES' CAMISOLE SKIRT; in two pieces. Size 36 requires 1 yard of 54-inch material for tunic and lower part, 2 yards of 32-inch for foundation, ⅝ yard of 36-inch for camisole. Width at lower edge, 1¼ yards.

No. 3618, LADIES' AND MISSES' NEGLIGEE. Small size requires 4⅜ yards of 36-inch material. Figured silk-and-cotton crêpe trimmed with bands of a plain color is recommended for this dainty negligee most simply constructed.

Charles M. Young, Chicago, Ill.
Lucie R. Shaw, Leesburg, Fla.
Frederic P. Jones, No. Weymouth, Mass.
L. Phyllis Y. Fleming, Philadelphia, Penna.

Mellin's Food

All Mellin's Food babies are conspicuous by their fine, robust appearance and happy dispositions.

Write for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and a copy of our helpful book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants."

Mellin's Food Company
177 State Street, Boston, Mass.

High School Course in 2 Years

You can complete this simplified High School Course at home in spare of two years. Meets all requirements for entrance to college and the leading professions. This and thirty-six other practical courses are described in our Free Bulletin. Send for it TODAY.

AMERICAN SCHOOL
Dept. HC-60 Drexel Ave. & 58th St. © A S 1923 CHICAGO

KNITTING WOOLS

HIGHEST QUALITY HAND KNITTING YARNS

that stand the test of comparison on both quality and price. It pays to inspect our samples before ordering.

WORSTED 15c Per Oz. SILK & WOOL 22c Per Oz.

200 SEND FOR SAMPLES FREE

THE CLIVEDEN COMPANY 419-C High Street Germantown, Phila., Pa.

waterproof cream!

ELIZABETH ARDEN announces a new cream—her Waterproof Cream. Smooth it on the face, neck, arms and hands under powder. It gives the skin a lovely silken finish—a waterproof finish! It keeps the skin fresh and attractive for hours of swimming and sports. Prevents sunburn, roughness, peeling, freckles. Also gives the skin a superb finish for evening. $3.00.

Write for Elizabeth Arden's book on the correct care of the skin. Ask also about her Beauty Exercises.

Elizabeth Arden
681-P Fifth Avenue New York
25 Old Bond Street, London
2 rue de la Paix, Paris

5-Room ALADDIN $548

We Pay the Freight

You can buy all the materials for a complete home direct from the manufacturer and save four profits on the lumber, millwork, hardware, labor.

6-Room ALADDIN $695

Living room, dining room, 2 bedrooms, kitchen, bath. 4 other plans, some with pantries, dining alcoves, grade and inside cellar entrances. Get free Aladdin Catalog.

4-Room ALADDIN $414

Here's your opportunity to avoid high apartment rentals. Build this home yourself. Two men can build it in a week. Our instructions explain every step. Five plans shown in Aladdin catalog.

7-Room ALADDIN $1,068

Living room, dining room, kitchen, pantry, three bedrooms, bath. Semi-open staircase and rear porch. Four bedroom plan with grade cellar entrance at same price.

12-Room ALADDIN $1,932

Dutch Colonial for wide inside lots or narrow corner lots. Full ceiling heights entire second floor, sewing room, columned and inset front entrance.

Price includes all lumber cut to fit; highest grade interior woodwork, siding, flooring, windows, doors, glass, paints, hardware, nails, lath, roofing, with complete instructions and drawings. **Freight paid** to your station. Permanent Homes—NOT PORTABLE. Many styles to choose from. **Write nearest mill today for FREE Money-Saving Aladdin Catalog No. 352.**

The ALADDIN Co., BAY CITY, MICHIGAN

Wilmington, North Carolina; Portland, Ore.; Toronto, Ont.

Wedding Invitations, Announcements, Etc. 100 in script lettering, including two sets of envelopes, $3.50. Write for samples. 100 Visiting Cards, $1.00

C. OTT ENGRAVING CO., 1030 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Will You Take Cash For Your Spare Time?

What is your spare time worth? Will you take $15 to $35 a week for one hour, two hours or three hours a day? Read my offer.

I must have at once a limited number of refined, cultured women in every community who will take cash for their spare time. An amazing new scientific discovery has been made which assures radiant beauty to every woman—**in five days.** A big profit is ready and waiting for just telling other women where they can get this wonderful new discovery. Just your spare time will pay you well. Others are making from $15 to $35 a week. **BEAUTY OUTFIT FREE.** Write me immediately and I'll explain the whole wonderful plan to you and tell you how you can secure my Beauty Outfit **FREE.** No obligation. I will finance you. You can start earning money at once if you write to me now. **MARIE FRANZAN, Dept. 529 2707 Cottage Grove Avenue, Chicago, Ill.**

Bad teeth dangerous!

Aching cavities are a menace to health. Treat them regularly with Dent's Toothache Gum until you can see your dentist. It does four things for bad teeth.

DENT'S TOOTHACHE GUM

1. Relieves toothache quickly.
2. Cleanses and protects cavity
3. Retards further decay.
4. Destroys all odor.

Contains no creosote or harmful ingredients Does not spill or dry up like liquids. At all druggists' 25c, or by mail upon receipt of price. Made for 35 years by C. S. Dent & Co., Detroit.

11¢ per oz.

Samples FREE

Peace Dale Mills, Dept. 169, 25 Madison Ave., New York
Send me FREE 120 beautiful samples Peace Dale quality yarns including unusual bargain yarn 11c an oz. 14 oz. skeins only), other yarns up to 22c per oz. Lovely colors. 100-year old firm. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Name.....
Address.....

Things Stylish & Comfortable

3818 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46
Emb. No. 1253

3817 Blouse
7 sizes, 34-46

3811 Blouse
6 sizes, 34-44
Emb. No. 1376

Patterns may be bought from all McCall Pattern dealers in the United States and Canada, or by mail, postage prepaid, from The McCall Company, 232-250 West 37th Street, New York City.

3740 Skirt
8 sizes, 24-38

3575 Skirt
9 sizes, 34-50

3825 Negligee
Small, medium, large

No. 3740, Ladies' Two-Piece Skirt; straight lower edge. Size 28 requires 2⅜ yards of 36- or 40-inch material. Width, about 1⅝ yards. Pleats at the sides give extra fulness while preserving the desired straight lines now so favored.

No. 3818, Ladies' Slip-On Blouse. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yards of 36-inch material. Ever so dainty will be this blouse if the suggested trimming in chain-stitch and back-stitch, Embroidery No. 1253, is carried out in colors.

No. 3817, Ladies' Slip-On Blouse. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards of 36-inch material. The straight overblouse cut along tailored lines is one of the very smart models of the season.

No. 3811, Ladies' Slip-On Blouse. Size 36 requires 1⅝ yards of 36-inch material. An effective spray worked in lazy-daisy and other simple stitches from Embroidery No. 1376 will give a smart effect if placed at one side.

No. 3575, Ladies' Camisole Skirt; three-piece wrap-around skirt. Size 36 requires 2⅛ yards of 40-inch material; camisole, ⅞ yard of 32-inch. Width at lower edge, about 1⅜ yards. The wrap-around is still a favorite model for skirts.

No. 3825, Ladies' Negligee. Small size requires 3¼ yards of 36-inch material, 14 yards of ruffling. A specially dainty negligee may be made of crêpe de Chine and lace ruffling the scalloped edge, collar and pocket lending themselves to a fancy effect.

The crippled girl who became the world's most perfectly formed woman

Annette Kellermann's Own Story

When I was a child I was so deformed as to be practically a cripple. I was bow-legged to an extreme degree; I could neither stand nor walk without iron braces. For nearly two years I had to fight against consumption. No one ever dreamed that some day I would become famous for the perfect proportions of my figure. No one ever thought I would become the champion woman swimmer of the world. No one ever dared to guess that I would be some day starred in great feature films. Yet that is exactly what has happened.

My experience certainly shows that no woman need be discouraged with her figure, her health, or her complexion. The truth is, tens of thousands of tired, sickly, overweight or underweight women have already proved that a perfect figure and radiant health can be acquired in only 15 minutes a day, through the same methods as I myself used. These startling, yet simple methods can now be used in your own home.

I invite any woman who is interested to write to me. I will gladly tell you how I can prove to you in 10 days that you can learn to acquire the body beautiful, how to make your complexion rosy from the inside instead of from the outside, how to freshen and brighten and clarify a muddy, sallow, pimply face, how to stand and walk gracefully, how to add or remove weight at any part of the body; hips, bust, neck, arms, shoulders, chin, limbs, waist, abdomen; how to be full of health, strength, and energy so that you can enjoy life to the utmost; how to be free from colds, headaches, neuralgia, nervousness, constipation, weak back and the many other ailments due to physical inefficiency; in short, how to acquire perfect womanhood.

Just mail the coupon below or write a letter for my free book, "The Body Beautiful." I will also explain about my special Demonstration Offer. Mail the coupon now, before my present supply of free books is exhausted. Address, Annette Kellermann, Dept. 89, 225 West 39th Street, New York City.

Annette Kellermann, Dept. 89, 225 West 39th Street, New York City.

Dear Miss Kellermann: Please send me, entirely free of cost, your new book "The Body Beautiful." I am particularly interested in ☐ Reducing Weight. ☐ Body Building.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

ALBRECHT'S ADVANCED FUR Style Book For 1925 SENT FREE

For 69 years fashion leaders have depended upon Albrecht for fur style and quality. Albrecht's Catalog—better, more beautiful than ever—is ready. 70th Anniversary Sale closes October 20th. To buy furs without having the money-saving facts in this book is unwise. It is free! Get your copy now—Write E. Albrecht & Son, 402 Minnesota St., St. Paul, Minn., today.

Albrecht Furs

FOUNDED 1855

BUY REGISTERED FURS — Be sure the Albrecht Registration Certificate is sealed on the fur you buy.

I Start it, You Finish it — $9.45

I Design This Dress

I trace the pattern on the material, mark for trimming, do all the planning! *You* simply cut, sew and embroider along the lines marked. No experience needed. *Dolly Gray* dresses come with everything included—even a needle!

You Save $20

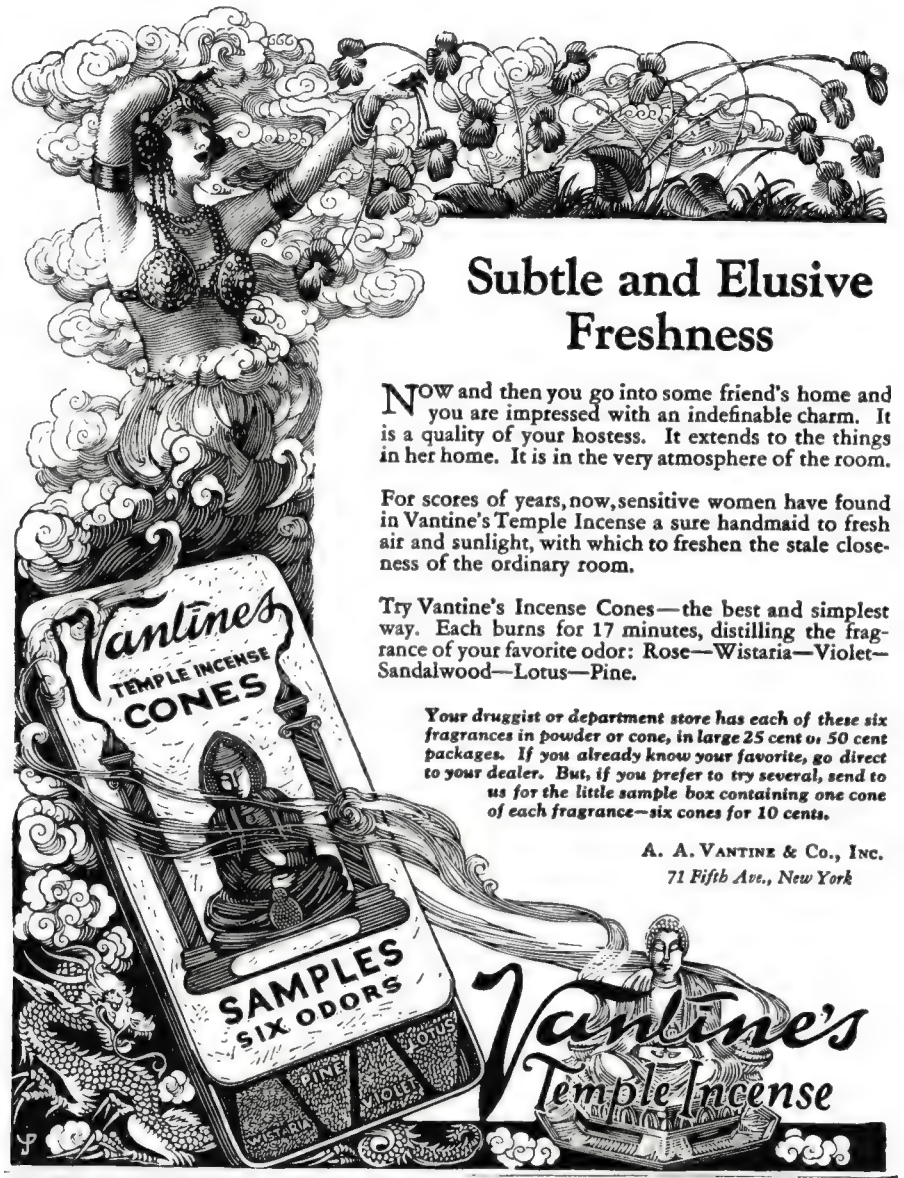
and get the real Fifth Avenue Style and Perfect Fit. Satisfaction Guaranteed.

FREE! Write for my "Secrets" Book and magazine "Modes of the Month"—showing all my new styles.

DOLLY GRAY Room 113 568 B'way, N. Y.

DOLLY GRAY SEMI-MADE DRESSES

AGENTS! *I'll pay you to sell these dresses.* Write for my "Agent's Plan".



Subtle and Elusive Freshness

NOW and then you go into some friend's home and you are impressed with an indefinable charm. It is a quality of your hostess. It extends to the things in her home. It is in the very atmosphere of the room.

For scores of years, now, sensitive women have found in Vantine's Temple Incense a sure handmaid to fresh air and sunlight, with which to freshen the stale closeness of the ordinary room.

Try Vantine's Incense Cones—the best and simplest way. Each burns for 17 minutes, distilling the fragrance of your favorite odor: Rose—Wistaria—Violet—Sandalwood—Lotus—Pine.

Your druggist or department store has each of these six fragrances in powder or cone, in large 25 cent or 50 cent packages. If you already know your favorite, go direct to your dealer. But, if you prefer to try several, send to us for the little sample box containing one cone of each fragrance—six cones for 10 cents.

A. A. VANTINE & CO., INC.
71 Fifth Ave., New York

WANT WORK AT HOME?
Earn $18 to $60 a week RETOUCHING photos. Men or Women. No selling or canvassing. We teach you, guarantee employment, and furnish WORKING OUTFIT FREE. Limited offer. Write today.
ARTCRAFT STUDIOS, Dept. B 8, 3900 Sheridan Rd., Chicago

Agents $54 a Week

Sell Guaranteed hosiery for men, women and children. All styles. Seamless cotton, mercerized lisle, drop stitch, glos silk. None better made. Highest quality. Wonderful new line of silks for Summer, latest and most popular shades, including peach, blonde, french tan & beige
Must Satisfy or Replaced Free
Take orders for dozen pairs in one family. Repeat orders make you steady income. Sell for less than store prices. Whether you devote spare time or full time, it will pay any man or woman to handle this guaranteed line. Samples to start you. Write today.
Thomas Mfg. Co., H-402 Dayton, O.

6 Days' Trial!

See What Your Child Can Do In Six Days
Many a child learns the scale in an hour and within 6 days is playing some popular air. You, also, may try, in your own home, without obligation, this wonderful new
BUESCHER
True-Tone (101)
Saxophone

It's exactly the same high grade instrument used by the great professionals, such as Bennie Krueger, Ben Selvin, Clyde Doerr, Tom Brown, Joseph C. Smith, Donald Clark and hundreds of others.
Easy to Play
Easy to Pay
For community orchestras, for church and school musical affairs, for social and home entertainment, the Saxophone is the most popular instrument and one of the most beautiful. A good Saxophone player is always popular socially and enjoys many opportunities to earn money.
Send your name for a free copy of our interesting Saxophone Book. Shows pictures of the great Saxophone players and orchestras. Mention any other instrument in which you may be interested.
Buescher Band Instrument Co.
Everything in Band and Orchestra Instruments
137 Buescher Block Elkhart, Indiana

FREE! NEW MONEY SAVING BOOK

Buy direct from factory! Save ¼ to ⅓ on your stove, range or furnace. Take advantage of the biggest SALE in our 24 years. Kalamazoo quality is the highest; prices are at bed rock. This is *the* year to buy. Send for our big, new catalog—its full of new ideas, new features, new models. 200 bargains in heating stoves, gas ranges, combination ranges, coal ranges, furnaces, both pipe and pipeless, and household goods. Cash or easy payments. 30 days' trial. Money back guarantee. Quick, safe delivery. 530,000 pleased customers.

Write today for Your FREE Book Now Ready

KALAMAZOO STOVE CO.
"A Kalamazoo Direct to You"
Trade Mark Registered
88 Rochester Ave., Kalamazoo, Mich.

Maternity Apparel
With No Maternity Look
LANE BRYANT Maternity Clothes enable you to dress stylishly during all stages of maternity—and *after* baby comes, as well. Latest modes, designed to conceal condition. Simple adjustments provide expansion. Low prices. New Style Book, picturing latest styles in Coats, Dresses, Skirts, Corsets for Maternity wear. Sent Free. *Write for it today.*
Style Book FREE

Lane Bryant *Address Dept 91 38th St at Fifth Ave.* **New York**

The Outlook

[*Continued from page 83*]

America pleads his cause on the basis of what the Paris lady wears. No one ever tells us in the public press what the American woman in America wears. In the language of the pavements, she is supposed to be a copy-cat.

Paris is more than ever the magic word in clothes. Once it was a word for only the elect. Now, one billion dollars a year is turned into ready-to-wear clothes for the American woman throughout the continent, bearing the magic phrase: These are worn in Paris. The girl on the Rural Free Delivery route wears her string of imitation pearls with a shirt-waist because she is told that Chanel of Paris wears it thus. These are the reasons why one must answer a question which has as many tongues as Rumor.

The Simplicity of the Greek

The Parisienne spends her entire time eliminating things. She aims at Greek severity, simplicity, grace. If braiding is permitted on a street frock, it is so flat it appears to be woven in material. Hats are without ornamentation. Colors are black, white, sand, beige. She does not mingle one color with another. As a rule her hat matches the costume so completely that one suspects that it is made of the same material. Printed fabrics in several colors she ignores.

Her gown is in one piece. The coat hangs from shoulders to within three inches of skirt hem. The latter is from 12 to 14 inches above the floor. It has no width beyond what is necessary for body movement. Her shoulders are narrow, arm-holes are small, sleeves fit the arm from shoulder to wrist. She does not wear short sleeves at any hour of the day or night. In this respect the visiting Americans are in striking contrast to her in a day-time gathering. In the evening there are no sleeves. The frock is a straight sheath with narrow shoulder seams which leave the arms bare. The joining of the arm to shoulder is covered.

She wears a girdle as often as she does not. If her hips are pronounced the girdle is an inch-wide strip of the fabric fastened in front of the left hip by a flat buckle of importance. In this buckle often lies the glory of her gown. Its fashioning is done by an artist so it will not project above the lines of the frock. It is in keeping with the other jewelry worn. It may be tortoise-shell, cornelian, gold-embossed onyx, what one will. But it matches two small hat-pins, drop ear-rings and a small pin that fastens the surplice front of the gown. Colored necklaces are not worn. Pearls are universal, real and artificial. Mme. Chanel's string of pearls, which are eagerly sought in her dress-making house, lead the fashion. They are moderate in size and interspersed with clumps of emeralds or jade. She explains the immense price asked for these necklaces by saying it is so hard to put flaws in emeralds. No one pretends that such jewels are real.

The ear-rings worn by the well-dressed Parisienne consist of a pearl against the ear from which drop several links of metal holding a larger pearl which swings like a pendulum. If the jewelers have produced any other design of ear-ring, I have not seen it worn by any woman of taste.

The fashion for black has not decreased It forms the bulk of the smart woman's wardrobe. In the morning she may wear beige or sand color. Stockinette jersey cloth is made into the smart street suit and sports frock.

It is worn in the Paris day as a long coat straight as a pencil, hemmed and collared with coarse fur, and a one-piece frock as primitive as something a heathen might wear, the edges of which are bound with black or brown crêpe de Chine. Her shirt-waists are of this jersey cloth. It is dyed in many colors for sport clothes, but it is used *au naturel* in the majority of these suits. Doucet sells shirt-waists of it at a moderate price; women buy them and have the edges bound with black crêpe de Chine.

The short-coated tweed suit which all America was wearing in May, invented by O'Rossen of Paris has been dead over here, since winter. Americans who brought such suits to Paris under the fond delusion they were "the thing" have put them in camphor until the return to America. What bad luck if they were dead, then, over there.

Kasha is the material for smart tailored suits worn in country or city. The jacket of a few of such suits is cut off at the hips, but its hem is even. It has no flare over the hips. It does not curve in at the waist. There are a few gathers on the hips, well above the edge, to make a break in the surface. The stockinette blouse such as Chanel and Doucet sponsor, is worn with it, or crêpe de Chine shirtwaists cut after the American fashion are chosen. The Vionnet blouse with its

White, Silver, Pale Gold for Evening

square neck-line and embroidered monogram commonly worn in America is not worn by Parisennes who move in uppermost fashion stratas. When they do not wear the round neck stockinette blouse they wear the white or cream American tennis shirt-waist with broad rolling collar and careless open neck-line. It fills in the open front and low V-shaped neck-line of black or beige bulgurante satin frocks.

When the welldressed Frenchwoman of the exclusive set that actually dominates fashion, goes to theatre or opera or to important charity fêtes which are ruling Paris, her gowns are thin, supple, deeply décolleté, sleeveless, very short. There is no break in their surface at any spot. They cling to the body as did the moist muslin frocks of the gay ladies of the Directoire.

If Chanel is the maker the frocks are of white chiffon or georgette crêpe. If Paquin dresses them, they are shaded beige georgette crêpe. That is a novelty for America! There are pale silver gowns and pale gold ones, but dead white, translucent and clinging, is the preferred foundation for the Parisiennes gorgeous jewels.

[*Descriptions for page 86*]

No. 3734, CHILD'S SLIP-ON DRESS. Size 2 requires 1½ yards of 36-inch material. A border of colored flowers in outline- and lazy-daisy-stitch would be most attractive worked from Embroidery No. 1387. The little dress is cleverly cut with body and sleeve in one, a scalloped effect finishing the sleeves. The dress is tied on the shoulders which simplifies the dressing of the small child.

No. 3726, INFANT'S COAT; KIMONO SLEEVES. Coat requires 2⅛ yards of 27-inch material or 1 yard of 54-inch. If the baby's coat is to be of flannel or heavy silk, this model will serve equally well. The kimono sleeves are a feature that the maker of this garment will appreciate. Collar and cuffs may be finished with ruffling which will supply sufficient adornment for a practical coat.

[*Descriptions for page 87*]

No. 3640, CHILD'S DRESS WITH BLOOMERS. Size 4 requires 2⅛ yards of 32-inch material, ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting. Appliqué cat pockets, Embroidery No. 1336, would be delightful trimming.

No. 3806, LITTLE BOY'S SUIT. Size 4 requires 1¼ yards of 54-inch material, ⅜ yard of 36-inch contrasting.

No. 3814, CHILD'S SLEEPING GARMENT. Size 4, 1⅝ yards of 32-inch material. A small satin-stitch monogram, Embroidery No. 1072, would be smart on the pocket.

No. 3815, GIRL'S COMBINATION UNDERGARMENT. Size 8 requires 1⅝ yards of 32-inch material. Dainty in cross-bar dimity or cotton crêpe.

The accurate Printed Cutting Line is found only in

McCALL

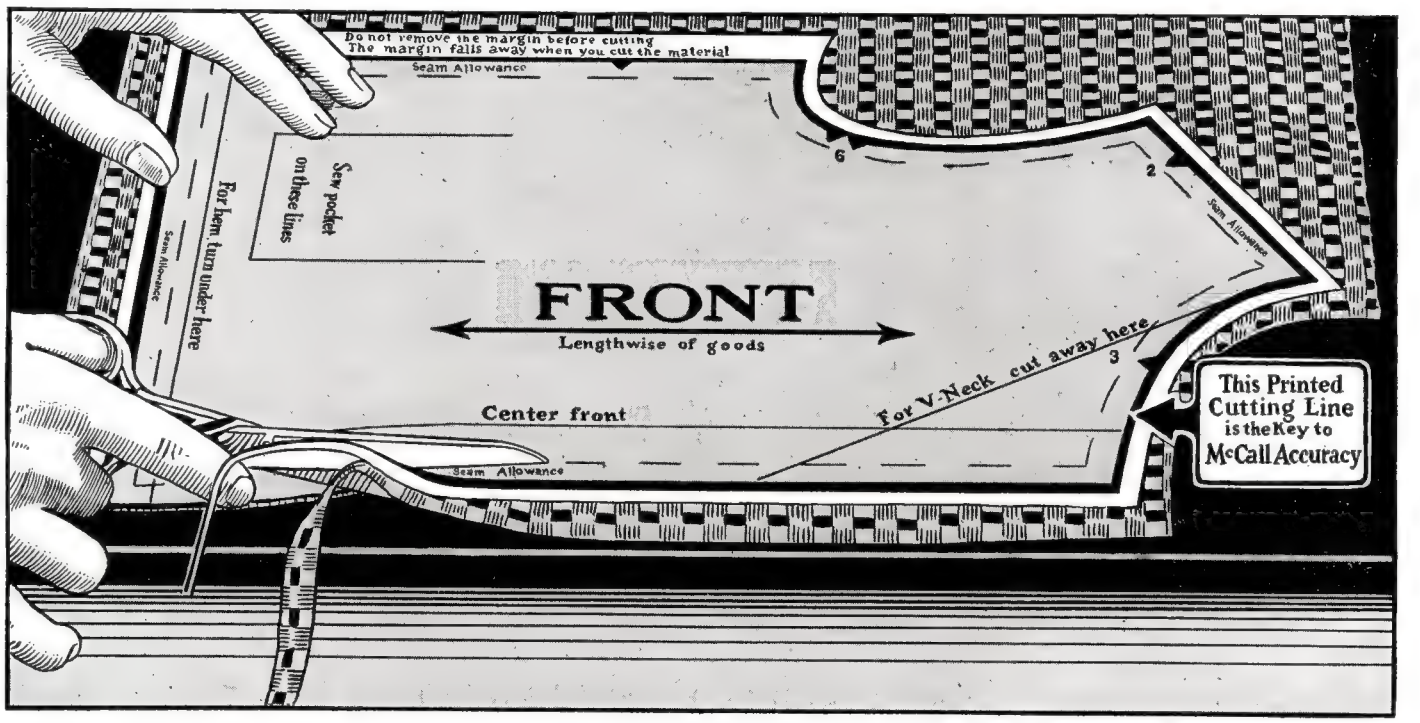
PRINTED PATTERNS

Millions

of women are joining the ever-increasing number of satisfied McCall Pattern Users

Because

The printed cutting line found only on McCall Printed Patterns is the only way of reproducing styles accurately



Cut on a printed line

-not along a wobbly paper edge

The margin, that protects the accuracy of the printed cutting line, falls away as you cut through paper and material

Patented Aug. 16, 1921

THE invention of the New McCall Printed Pattern revolutionized home sewing. It substituted printed words for puzzling perforations, a *printed cutting line* for an inaccurate paper edge.

In addition to its simplicity and accuracy, it pictures in the "Printo Gravure"— 1. Cutting layouts for two widths of material in each size. 2. The easiest way to assemble the garment. 3. Suggestions for material and trimmings. 4. Photographs of finishing details and sewing helps.

Women who have been afraid of the difficulties of the old-fashioned pattern find they can easily use the McCall Printed Pattern.

Spanish Sunlight

[*Continued from page 24*]

"But what makes you fancy Roden had any hand in it?"

"Roden has got Hautrive to take him on as his chauffeur: and I'm fired as gentleman guide."

He got up. "Now come in. It's long after sunset and here you sit with nothing on." Swiftly, before she could prevent him, he placed his hands on Emilia's waist and lifted her to her feet. "I'm going to kiss you, like I did last time. Just one kiss!"

"Let me go."

"Oh yes! That's what I love. Shy's the word. That's what I love. Put up your lips. Don't be shy; you're half a Spaniard and you've got their hot blood in you, your mother's blood."

Suddenly Ewing kissed her. Emilia uttered a low cry—of anger, not of fear— and seized his wrist with force and determination to free herself. But Ewing had an arm of steel and a temper which his jovial manner dangerously belied. He laughed. "Emma, you Spanish wildcat! you beauty! stand still, or I'll—"

"D-dispense me, señor—is this the way up to Deyá?" said a voice behind them.

Ewing uttered a deep oath. He knew that voice, Clare Hautrive's voice, its faint stammer giving it away; the tall slight figure and courteous manner were Clare's too, though in the dense shade of the ilex, features and dress were merged—but how to account for Clare's serene Castilian? Emilia's voice was naturally low and Ewing had spoken softly out of caution; still it was impossible to suppose that Clare had neither heard one word they said nor realized that they were engaged in some sort of struggle. Within twelve hours it was the second time that Clare had foiled him. He would have liked to strike Clare—might have done it if Clare had given him an opening. Clare did not.

"I have been down to the sea." Perfect politeness mingled with slight stupidity to form Clare's coat of mail. "I want to get back to my car, which is waiting for me at the inn. It is so dark under these trees—"

"But you are an Englishman?" Said Emilia in English. She straightened herself, mechanically righting the straps of her dress, and stooped to throw on her scarf. "I am going to the village. You may walk with me."

"Emilia!" exclaimed Ewing, suffocated, and stretching out an imploring hand.

Emilia's impulse was to leave him without a word. An ache of irremediable, desolating sadness, a profound instinct of loyalty, rose up in her breast and stayed her. Poor Jack! and he was Milly's friend, Roden's friend, in a sense her own—all of them a little inferior, products of the shady side of life and doomed to live in it.

She gave her hand to Ewing and let him kiss it, Spanish fashion. "I'm sorry, Jack. Good night, my friend."

Emilia walked on in silence for a little distance, Clare keeping pace with her steps and mood. She had not failed to remark that he took his way back to the path without guidance. Indeed it was not twenty paces from the ilex under which he had found her; and suddenly her heart, which had beaten firmly under Ewing's libertine touch, began to throb like the pulse of a frightened bird. If Clare's was the car that she had seen on the Sóller road half an hour ago, and if he had strolled down this path from the inn to the water's edge, he must have passed within earshot at the outset of her conversation with Jack. And he had returned to find her in Ewing's arms! What interpretation could he put upon the scene but that it was a lover's quarrel—endearments carried a shade too far for the lady's liking, or professed liking? What must this stranger think of her?

FORTUNATELY for her Clare was still only feeling and had not begun to think. What he felt was that he had come on Una in a wood sufficiently peopled by one satyr. what he might think when the impression of Emilia's young beauty wore off was a problem to be determined by factors not known to Emilia, or fully to Clare.

"We're coming out into the moonlight now," Emilia said at length, as if in reply to Clare's last speech made some minutes ago. "It is dark even under the trees. Are you very short sighted?"

"No," said Clare gently: "not at all."

"Then you guessed—you understood?"

"Enough to gather that, though I had no title to interfere, you would be glad if I did."

"No, I am sorry."

"What?" Clare exclaimed. They had reached the place where the path divided, and Emilia stopped and stood facing him at the parting of the ways. She was wishing, she hardly knew why, that she had never seen him. He was of her father's class, and never had she realized so vividly her own exile from it.

"There's your way back to the inn. This is mine. I live here." She made Clare start literally as though a whip had cut him. "If I have blundered in any way I beg you to forgive me." He was stammering over every word. "I am always a blunderer—unready, like my tongue—"

"Oh no, no!" Emilia cried out, "it is not that . . ." She stopped because Ewing's words had darted into her mind like a poisoned arrow: *Spanish blood, your mother's blood.* Emilia had liked many men, but never had she felt such a rush of protecting sweetness as now for Clare. A moment ago she had thought of him as an Olympian moving serene in a heaven of paid bills, but he was disarmed now, and by her! An exquisite mingling of surprise, pity, mirth, and tenderness fused in her in a desire to take Clare's head between her hands and kiss it. *Put up your lips. . .* Ah! if Clare had bidden her! Was this then what her mother had felt? . . . O what was she thinking of here in the moonlight alone with this stranger whom she would never see again? She stood crimson under her bridal lace of shadows. Then Clare in his turn savoured an exquisite moment, the sweeter because it was as novel for him to make a woman blush as for Emilia to feel confusion, and because he was a man and had a man's power to translate his dreams into reality. "May I know your name?" he asked, bending towards her and daring in that swift inflow of manhood to touch with his fingertips the fringe of her scarf. "My own is Hautrive."

Emilia raised her head. Whatever Clare had done for his own dream, he had certainly translated hers into reality and with a rough hand. This then was the gentleman with whom Roden was in service! If she gave him her name in return she would be obliged to add, "And I am the sister of your valet."

She laughed. "You have been very kind," she said, "did you leave your car at the inn? Your servant will be tired of waiting. I am sorry I cannot ask you to come over and see me, but I am not in a position to make new friends. Jack, you see, is an old one."

Clare watched her swiftly mounting the rocky path. "Angels in heaven!" he said under his breath, "that fellow is her lover."

[*Continued in October* McCALL'S]

Mr. Teacher

[*Continued from page 50*]

way and walk out of the range of these eyes. She, too, felt a bitter curiosity. How much further did he intend carrying the joke? In that mood she began walking with him. They walked over streets sleekly black with fresh rain. Tenements lining the streets were wet crags hovering over dark, narrow valleys. They walked several blocks through almost empty streets; the rain had driven indoors most of the promenaders and squatters on stoops. Mr. Arthur Talbot spoke fragmentarily of the weather in general and of this rain in particular. What was his purpose in walking with her she wondered. One of the self-imposed duties of a conscientious teacher? Really, he was too kind.

He stopped abruptly before the mournful gray bulk of a tenement.

"Here we are," he remarked, glancing up at the number of the house. He held out his hand. There was of a sudden a vast, strange embarrassment about him.

"Good—good-night, Miss Florio," he said.

"Good-night, Meester Talbot," she replied from between tight lips.

He still held her hand. "Good-night," he said. "Oh—you'll be sure to come Monday?"

"Ye—es, sir, good-night." If only he would leave her so that she could rush through the cooling rain to a subway station.

His hand trembled in hers.

"Marie," he said softly.

Her thoughts became suddenly very confused. She looked wildly past him, up the wet black street stretched with the smooth glare from white and yellow lights; Italian restaurants, grocery stores.

Then suddenly, from an open window in the rain-veiled block of houses opposite, there spurted a flight of chords pumped from a player-piano. A man's sweet tenor sang. "Oh, Marie!" it cried melodiously into the cool, rain-spattered darkness, "Oh, Marie!"

As though he were a marionette which agile fingers were moving to the music, Mr. Arthur Talbot threw his shoulders back with a reckless flinging aside of last hesitations. His eyes widened and burned into Ethel's.

"Oh, Marie!" he sighed. His whispering voice carried those warm syllables, and mingled with the throbbing music.

Then suddenly bending, he pressed his lips to her hand. Straightening, with a queer little quirk in his laugh: "Oh, Ethel Rand!" he said, quite distinctly.

Her head flew up, her hand reached for the support of the wet stone of the house.

"Ethel Rand—you lovely, romantic girl, you darling!" cried Mr. Arthur Talbot to his pupil. Still she found no word.

"Last night—you were absent," he explained in eager gasps. "I happened to compare one of your night-school exercises with one of your notes about blackboards—the same handwriting! Oh, Marie—!"

Her hands fluttered helplessly. Darkness cut by sharp flashes of light whirled about her.

"I was on the point to-night—a dozen times of telling you who you are—Marie—Ethel—but—your disguise—frightened me. Till I saw Miss Coye. I knew she taught in your school—and she would tell me—if *you* were *you*. I was never so glad to see anyone in my life as I was to see Miss Coye to-night. She got a look at you—confirmed my suspicions—oh, she raved and raved about it—the most romantic thing she ever heard of. But I wouldn't let her go near you—I—didn't want to embarrass you—don't you understand—Ethel—Marie—I—love you—watched you—night after night—found myself liking you more and more—and now—I love you!"

The street-lamps were torches of joy. A motor-car swished by with a sweet, restful swish. Warm rain fell thickly as Arthur Talbot recklessly cast aside the umbrella to catch her hands. She faced him, smiling in the torrent that beat upon the many flowers on her hat.

"Do you—could you—don't you—oh, tell me," he demanded masterfully, "Why—why have you been coming to evening-school—every night—?"

She lifted her head and her eyes met his through the enveloping rain. She said no word but in her eyes he read her answer, her eyes smiling, timorous, and trustful—oh, so trustful.

The Unknown Quantity

[*Continued from page 39*]

She pushed past it, narrowly avoiding a puddle just inside, and, guided by the welcoming fanlight, mounted the step.

The piercing strains of a cheap gramophone reached her from within. She knocked feverishly, insistently. The door opened.

"Why, goodness gracious unto me!" ejaculated Mrs. Ammer. "It's you, my dear! Who ever would 'ave thought it? Step right in and make yourself at 'ome, and I wish you a very merry Christmas!"

A hard sob suddenly shook Jeannette. She held out a trembling hand. "Thank you! Thank you!" she said. "I—didn't go to my friends after all, and—and—"

"My dearie!" said Mrs. Ammer, and pulled her in heartily. "I were just a-thinkin' of you. We ain't a big party this Christmas, only m'usband and Georgie and my little Arriet, and Mr. Smith the lodger. 'E's out just now, but I'm expectin' 'im in any minute. We were just 'avin' a bit of a song to cheer us up. Oh! 'Ere *is* Mr. Smith! Come in, Mr. Smith, and shut the door! It's a miserable night. This is Miss Wyn from The Caravan Theayter. You've seen 'er before no doubt though."

A man clad in an ulster had come up the path behind Jeannette. He took off his cap as he entered, and stopped to rub his feet on a tattered mat on the threshold. Then, with a deliberation that was faintly tinged with embarrassment, he faced the Christmas visitor with hand outstretched.

"Yes. I think I have seen you before," he said.

"Buck!" cried Jeannette, and almost fell against the wall in sheer amazement.

"Yes, me!" said Buck, and somehow his hand found hers, though whether he took or she gave she could never afterwards determine.

"Well, I never did!" declared Mrs. Ammer, nonplussed. "So you 'ave met before! Dearie me! Well, I am surprised!"

"No, it's my fault," said Buck, taking the burden upon himself in his usual clumsy, kind-hearted way. "Miss Wyn has never seen me working at the theatre. You don't suppose she'd ever look at a scene-shifter like me? The fact is, we're both up from the country, Mrs. Ammer. We used to live in the same village. And we've both come to London to seek our fortunes."

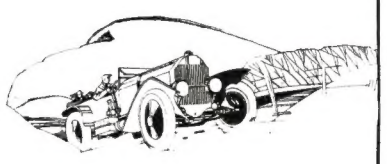
"Well, there now!" ssaid Mrs. Ammer. "That's a bit of Providence, that is. And to think of you two a-workin' in the same shop, so to speak, and not knowin'. Well, there, I am surprised. Walk right in, my dearie. M'usband's a bit rough but don't mind 'im."

They went in, and "m'usband," surly with shyness, received them with a nod of welcome. Georgie, the young policeman, had just started another record, and they had to sit through a wailing and very nasal reproduction of Tosti's "Good-bye," over which Jeannette, had to exercise the utmost self-control to maintain a serious countenance. The contrast between this and the misery that had preceded it was so intense that she felt almost absurdly lighthearted now that she had escaped. There remained of course Buck—his behaviour had been extraordinary, but perhaps it was better not to take him too seriously. That ridiculous feeling of gladness persisted in spite of her. So he had not forsaken her after all. He was still standing by with that fond and foolish faithfulness that she had tried so often to annihilate. And she could not say to herself any more that she wished it had been another. Though it was only Buck, she was glad—she was glad—she was glad.

[*Concluded in October* McCALL'S]

How to take your daily life "on high"

Do you know the power of this amazing food? —the secret of its action?



Clearer skin • Easier digestion • Regular elimination

THESE remarkable reports are typical of thousands of similar tributes to Fleischmann's Yeast.

There is nothing mysterious about its action. It is not a "cure-all," not a medicine in any sense. But when the body is choked with the poisons of constipation—or when its vitality is low so that skin, stomach and general health are affected—this simple, natural food achieves literally amazing results.

Concentrated in every cake of Fleischmann's Yeast are millions of tiny yeast-plants, alive and active. At once they go to work—invigorating the whole system, clearing the skin, aiding digestion, strengthening the intestinal muscles and making them healthy and active.

Dissolve one cake in a glass of water
(just hot enough to drink)

—before breakfast and at bedtime. Fleischmann's Yeast, when taken this way, is especially effective in overcoming or preventing constipation. Or eat 2 or 3 cakes a day—spread on bread or crackers—dissolved in fruit juices or milk—or eat it plain.

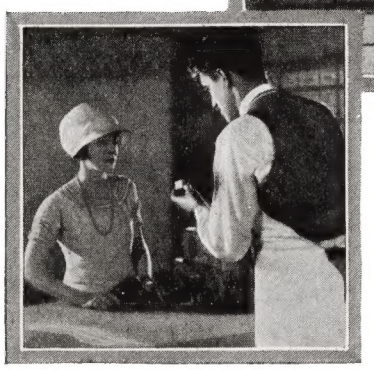
Write us for further information, or let us send you a free copy of our latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Address: Health Research Dept. **F-8,** The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington Street, New York.

"A martyr to indigestion and constipation, I was as thin as a rake with a complexion like mud. I had tried many different kinds of tonics and laxatives without permanent relief. I was advised to try Fleischmann's Yeast. In about four months my constipation and indigestion had disappeared. I am now in perfect health and look it. My complexion is clear and the envy of all who know me. I have more vigor and look many years younger than I did."

(A letter from Mrt. P. F. Robin, Mobile, Ala.)

"I was only 24 years old, my health, my good looks, and the old time dynamic energy, which I had believed so permanently mine, were gone. A man of wisdom is my physician but I thought him indeed crazy when he prescribed three yeast cakes a day. But at the end of a month I was surprised to find that the world looked much better to my tired eyes. For two months more I took the Yeast and now I am well and happy, the old-time buoyancy and energy are mine again."

(A letter from Miss Elva Tanner, Clover, Utah)



"When I was constipated, I was always gloomy, melancholy, and unhappy. I got so I did not believe in any remedy at all. But I found on taking Fleischmann's Yeast that I did not have to have faith in it. It is one thing that will do its work whether one has faith in it or not.

"At the end of about three months I was as well as any man could possibly be. My constipation was gone, all my old headaches, listlessness and gloom left me. It does seem strange that these little yeast cakes can do this thing, but as sure as the sun shines, they can."

(A letter from Mr. T. C. Hinkle of Baldwin, Kansas)

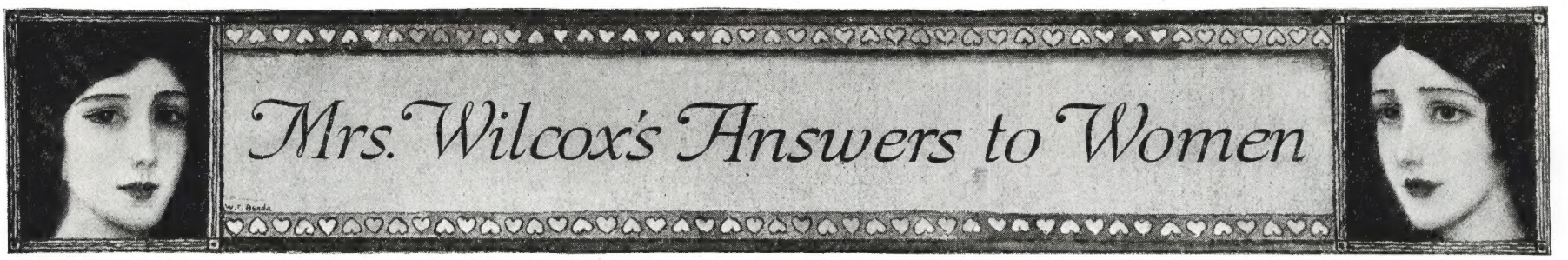
FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST FOR HEALTH *comes only in the tinfoil package—it cannot be purchased in tablet form. All grocers have it. Start eating it today! You can order several cakes at a time, for Yeast will keep fresh in a cool, dry place for two or three days.*

"Youthful freshness made way for lackadaisical indifference—headaches and constipation were my constant companions. Splotches appeared upon my face, and with seven large carbuncles, in a short time my neck and back resembled a shell-torn battle-front. When Fleischmann's Yeast was proposed I readily accepted it as a possible means of escape. The effect was miraculous. The invaders withdrew, and in ten days the last of the carbuncles was healing, and very soon my health was restored."

(Miss Lydia M. de Fuentes, Waukegan, Ill.)

"One day the chef at the country club suggested that I try Fleischmann's Yeast. I was haggard, anaemic, and had lost all interest in life. I smiled, reminding him of my previous experiences with 'tonics.' He began serving me with what he called a special cheese sandwich daily. A month elapsed, and everyone marvelled at my complete transformation. One day I saw the chef spreading Fleischmann's Yeast on sandwiches and realized that I had been the butt of what he thought was a good joke."

(Mr. Herbert J. Hoffman of Philadelphia, Pa.)



The letters which come addressed to this page are all true, human interest stories — revelations of life in many phases, confronted by many problems. They are the honest confessions of women — and men — who are facing every intimate question involved by personal relationships. Some are songs of triumph. Others tell of failure. There is a story hidden in every one of us. No life is commonplace or uneventful when you analyse it closely. Let others read your story that they may judge and profit by it. All letters will be published anonymously receiving every consideration. Send your story to Winona Wilcox, McCall's Magazine, 236 West 37th Street, New York City.

IF WE keep up with our time, we are calling somewhat excitedly for the truth about existence. It's a fine cry but there's nothing new about it. Our elders also sought truth—and without so much clamor.

Today we select what truth and how much truth we will have. But select as man will what he wants, and ignore as he will what is difficult to live by and therefore undesirable, there is left over from each generation some residuum of persistent truth. The accretion of this truth makes civilization.

The newest generation may ascertain new truths, but it is compelled to build upon foundations provided by preceding generations.

The wheel upon which youth today rolls and speeds—and skids—survives from a model devised centuries ago. In details and material, the wheel has varied with its use and its epoch, but the principle underlying its construction remains forever the same.

In every branch of human culture there are parallels to the wheel. Ideals of sane living by which alone the individual can achieve any genuine happiness, have varied with many conditions.

The details of morality have changed with the ages but the principle underlying right and wrong is as permanent as that of the wheel.

All this is preliminary to a curious page whereon I am privileged to print letters which state the truth about life very frankly, and irrespective of its pleasing qualities.

IT DOESN'T MATTER!

If you want the very latest philosophy of life, that's it.

When a child is born, when one's heart's dearest proves untrue, when the cook leaves, or a hat proves unbecoming, "it doesn't matter," nowadays.

Perhaps this is the inevitable reaction from the kind of thinking which once made everything matter too much.

Certainly in the pre-war time, "feeling our feelings" had become our pet malady. The ailment is still fashionable.

It's plain that some of us fit our feelings too tight, as some women fit their corsets. And with the same result: asphyxiation and impaired circulation.

Whoever wears her emotions too tight surely can profit by the story of the old negro woman, a patient and kind servant in a southern family. When her mistress asked how she could be so cheerful in every trial, she said with a laugh: "Lawd, chile, I jes weahs de wurl lak a loose gyarment!"

WHY WE GET LONESOME

This letter has a special significance for the plain girls who are so sure that no pretty girl ever gets lonesome.

Dear Winona Wilcox:

In my home town of two thousand, I grew to think that a dance could not be a dance unless I was there. Circumstances have sent me to a city where I don't know a soul.

Sometimes I get so lonesome that I go into shops and buy trifles I do not want, solely for the sake of talking to somebody!

I'm terribly human and this feeling of being a little lost child is horrible.—**Marcella.**

For this common tragedy, there's a scientific explanation. Put in the words of the wise men, "The life process is essentially social from the start."

Before birth, the child depends upon the mother. All through its early years, it finds safety and joy in the proximity of its parents. This need for the human touch fixes itself upon the mind. Obviously, when the instinct is thwarted, the average individual suffers torment.

The cure? To form the habit of making and keeping friends, to establish a variety of human contacts.

RUIN IN "BIG BOY" THEORY

"My husband is just a great big boy," writes an OLD WIFE. "Years ago I discovered this, so I've always treated him like a nice boy and matrimony has been easier for me than for many a woman I know."

The letters I receive prove that the above conceit is very popular. Some men like it, too. It relieves them from an uncomfortable responsibility for themselves.

There's just one trouble with the theory: there's no truth in it.

Physicians, nurses, and books for mothers lately have been warning women that the baby is not a miniature adult but must be treated as possessing a peculiar physiology of its own.

In other words, the adult human machine is not a large edition of the infant. Nature improves and makes over the body at intervals. The adult becomes something quite different from the adolescent.

If any man behaves like a big boy, and is good only if petted and humored like a spoiled child, it is because his development has been arrested. The "gay old boy" never has grown up to the standards for a man of fifty.

Women who hold the above theory and act according to it, actually are hampering the normal progress of their men toward a dignified old age.

MARRIAGE A LA MODE!

Here's the newest version of modern matrimony. It provides plenty of Platonic friendships for wives. Here a club of women comes to confession; and it is probable that isolated women will find in the following avowal an echo of some secret wish.

Dear Winona Wilcox:

I read a page of yours aloud to my club lately, that page on which "Maude" said she knows she can go around with men not her husband and not disgrace her little daughter. And she wants to!

Well, so do we! The members of the club talked freely, and agreed that Maude isn't the only married woman so inclined. Lots of us have wanted to go to luncheon, to a movie, a dance or for an auto ride with nice men not our husbands.

Now I'm sure there are no finer girls than these friends of mine. They are prosperous and educated women in a big middle-west town.

Don't you think women are changing? And that opportunities for this kind of companionship with men will come? And that respectable women can seize them and remain perfectly good?

Forty young women of the club are awaiting your answer.—**Amelia.**

Yes, it is true that times are changing. Isn't change time's chief characteristic? And women—also characteristically—are changing with the times. And curious opportunities are here for Platonic friendships after marriage. And I am positive that the forty young matrons who held the above discussion can venture far afield without disgracing anybody.

But—but—they will skate on thin ice! Because the old, obstinate, human instincts are NOT changing!

In this hour of ease, the average man can't help talking sentimental nonsense to the handy woman. Her personality arouses his curiosity. He wants to know what she thinks about love, what has been her experience with it; he demands that she understand his personality and, above all—he desires her sympathy.

Read what any psychology says about Platonic friendships.

I'd like to know how many of the girls who talked this over ever have experimented along these lines. And how they avoided mental intimacies and sentimental revelations when alone with a man for the third time.

And have they asked husband what he thinks about it? His opinion is valuable, for he knows men, hears them talk every day.

And what girl is willing to let her husband take other charming girls around?

My dear and my dears—the whole forty of you! It all depends on the man, not on you!

I don't think man is changing very much, certainly not along the line of inhibiting his instincts. And as for the conventions, he's pretty well satisfied with them. As they stand, they do not greatly hamper him. Usually he doesn't much care to pass an hour alone with any woman he knows is bound to avoid the personal note in conversation.

Of course, girls, your theory is better and decenter than mine. At your age, I believed as you do. But I've never seen the idea worked out successfully. It isn't feasible. Nor will it be until instincts change considerably, until propinquity ceases to do its deadly worst. (This subject is now open for discussion.)

NEW GARB FOR OLD STORY

An outstanding feature of the correspondence on this page is the writing of women who are unaccustomed to composition. When a woman tells the story of her life, she is apt to do it with a literary touch. An odd simile running through the following letter makes it unforgettable.

Dear Winona Wilcox:

Did you ever see an oil well shoot over a derrick, smearing everything within reach, and then settle down, sputtering and spewing, lower and lower, until nothing remained but huge quantities of salt water and blasted hopes?

Thus did soul mating, at his dangerous age, affect my husband, spouting far beyond control, spattering wife, family and friends.

The dynamite which caused this explosion was a thrice divorced "widow," anxious to make a grand financial haul.

She was experienced. She knew the power of flattery. She loaded her bomb with the "not understood at home" ammunition which is sure to unsettle the heart of an old man.

My husband prides himself upon telling the truth. So he informed me that he loved another, over the hospital bed whereon our little daughter lay near to death! With our dying child between us, he stated his wish to be free!

Like a victim of shell shock, I was ill for months. And all the time his affair went on boldly and happily.

Struggling up from black depths of despair, I saw that I would be a weakling to surrender my home and the place in our community I had helped to establish for our children.

I decided to clean up that wreck. Evidence which would ruin them both fell into my hands. With a determination and thoroughness I never dreamed I possessed, I scrubbed the black slime from my husband and warned the lady I'd make her the dumping ground for the sticky mess.

There was no publicity. Our children had to be shielded. She was not hard to handle, she had options on other prospects!

It's over, all but the bleaching process. My husband's character was spotted. His honor, courage, assurance, ability and self-esteem were deeply stained. He felt second rate and showed it. He had acquired a cheap and sheepish grin! It was terrible!

Naturally the scouring process was slow and tedious. It took a good deal out of me. It took my reverence for him, and my trust in him, and my old notion that he was a wonderful man.

There remains only a tenderness for the father of my children and the determination to keep him as honorable as possible for their sakes.

She, the dynamite, has destroyed another home. For such as she have I parted with my ideals of love!

He expects the episode to be ancient history to me, but it isn't! Salt tears have furrowed my cheeks. Only blasted hopes remain in my heart.

He thinks he's as good as new! But many a wife knows that there are some stains which never come out.

I've never felt I could tell this to anyone before, but oh! it has been a great relief to put it on paper and send it to you.—**J. R. M.**

THE BATH SOAP

FAIRY SOAP

Quiet Your Nerves—To-night!

DR. EDMUND C. GRAY, noted authority on natural hygiene says:

> "The bath soothes nerves, calms the quick tempered, quiets the hysterical, induces sleep in insomnia, and relieves pain in inflammation . . ."

There's no tonic like a bath. It refreshes, invigorates, revitalizes the whole body. Healthful skin activity is awakened, and injurious waste matter is eliminated through the opened pores.

Fairy Soap helps to regulate the pores and aids them to function properly. A perfectly pure soap made especially for the bath.

SPECIAL OFFER — LUXURY BATH TOWELS

FAIRY SOAP DIVISION, 239 West 30th St., New York City.

I enclose 3 Fairy Soap carton fronts and .....c. for which please send me, postage paid, the bath towel which I have marked below with an X in the square.

Luxury Bath Towel, 20 x 38, thick, soft and absorbent. 35c. with 3 Fairy Soap fronts. Worth 65c. Choice of ☐ blue border ☐ pink border

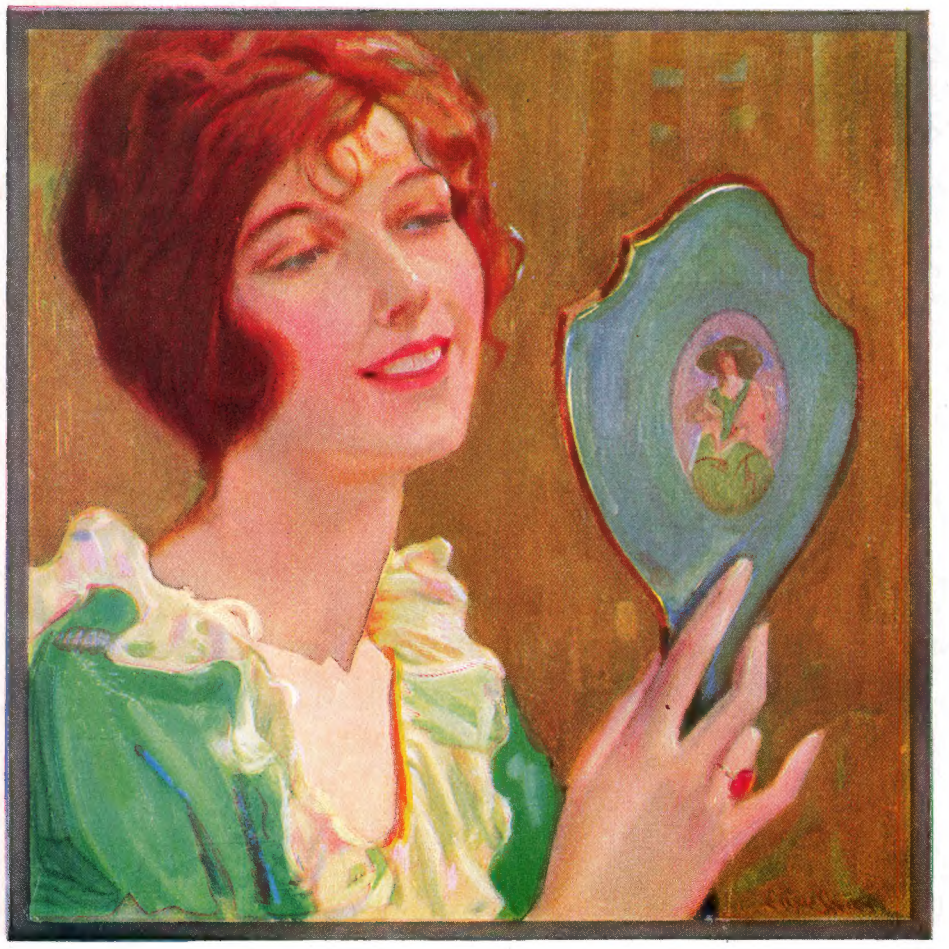
Luxury Bath Towel for the guest room, 25 x 45; Super quality. 65c with 3 Fairy Soap fronts. Worth $1.25. Choice of ☐ all white ☐ blue border ☐ pink border

Name.....

Street Address.....

Town..... *State*.....

MONEY REFUNDED IF NOT SATISFACTORY



"—TELL THEIR OWN STORY"

TO have beauty, in these modern days of many beauty aids, is a duty of every self-respecting woman. Looked at from any viewpoint—beauty, neatness, hygiene or personal cleanliness—nothing betrays the lack of self-respect quicker than unclean teeth. Unattractive figures can be disguised by attractive clothes. Complexion fault, ragged fingernails, and other minor blemishes can be concealed. Unclean teeth tell their own story with every smile, at every spoken word, to all who care to look—and few care to look twice.

Clean teeth keep themselves beautiful

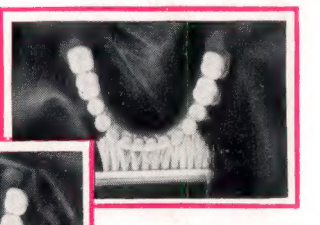
The question of beautiful teeth is not merely a matter of sentiment. It is fundamentally a matter of health. Unclean teeth are unhealthy teeth. Teeth covered by unsightly tartar are constantly being attacked by germs that cause decay.

Keep your teeth clean and they will keep themselves beautiful. Dentifrices help to keep your teeth clean, but the essential is to brush well—with the right kind of a brush, one that really cleans.

The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush does keep teeth clean and beautiful. The wide-spaced, saw-tooth-pointed bristle tufts reach all your teeth and the crevices between them, because the brush is curved just right, to fit against all your teeth. The large end tuft cleans the backs of teeth, even the backs of the back teeth. It really cleans. And remember, A Clean Tooth Never Decays.

Sold by all dealers in the United States, Canada, and all over the world in the sanitary yellow box. Three sizes—Pro-phy-lac-tic Adult, 50c; Pro-phy-lac-tic Small, especially suitable for boys and girls, 40c; and Pro-phy-lac-tic Baby, 25c. Made in three different textures of bristles—hard, medium, and soft. Send for "Tooth Truths," an interesting booklet on the care of teeth. Florence Manufacturing Company, Florence, Mass., U.S.A.

Brush the upper teeth and gums downward, away from the gums. For the lower teeth and gums, brush upward.



The Pro-phy-lac-tic is curved to fit. It reaches all teeth and the crevices between them.

The large end tuft reaches and cleans the backs of back teeth at the same time the serrated bristles clean crevices between the teeth.

Pro-phy-lac-tic
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
Tooth Brush

Florence Mfg. Co.
Pro-phy-lac-tic
REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF.
MEDIUM
Pro-phy-lac-tic
MADE IN U.S.A.
GUARANTEED FLORENCE MFG. CO.
"A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS"
THE WORLD'S STANDARD TOOTH BRUSH. PRESERVES THE TEETH.
GUARANTEE
IF THIS BRUSH FAILS TO GIVE THE SERVICE WHICH YOU THINK IT SHOULD RETURN IT TO US AND WE WILL SEND YOU A NEW BRUSH WITHOUT CHARGE
FLORENCE MFG. CO
FLORENCE, MASS.
THE BRISTLES FIT THE TEETH AND CLEAN BETWEEN THE TEETH WHERE DECAY STARTS
"A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS"
1 2 3 4 5 6
MARKED WITH ONE OF THESE IDENTIFYING SYMBOLS YOUR BRUSH HUNG ON ITS HOOK
REG. IN U.S. PAT. OFF. DRIES QUICKLY AND ALWAYS HAS ITS OWN PLACE.
THE LONG TUFT CLEANS THE BACK TEETH AND INNER SURFACES OF ALL THE TEETH
"A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS"

© 1924 F. M. Co.

ALWAYS SOLD IN THE YELLOW BOX . . . . . "A CLEAN TOOTH NEVER DECAYS"